★ May 5, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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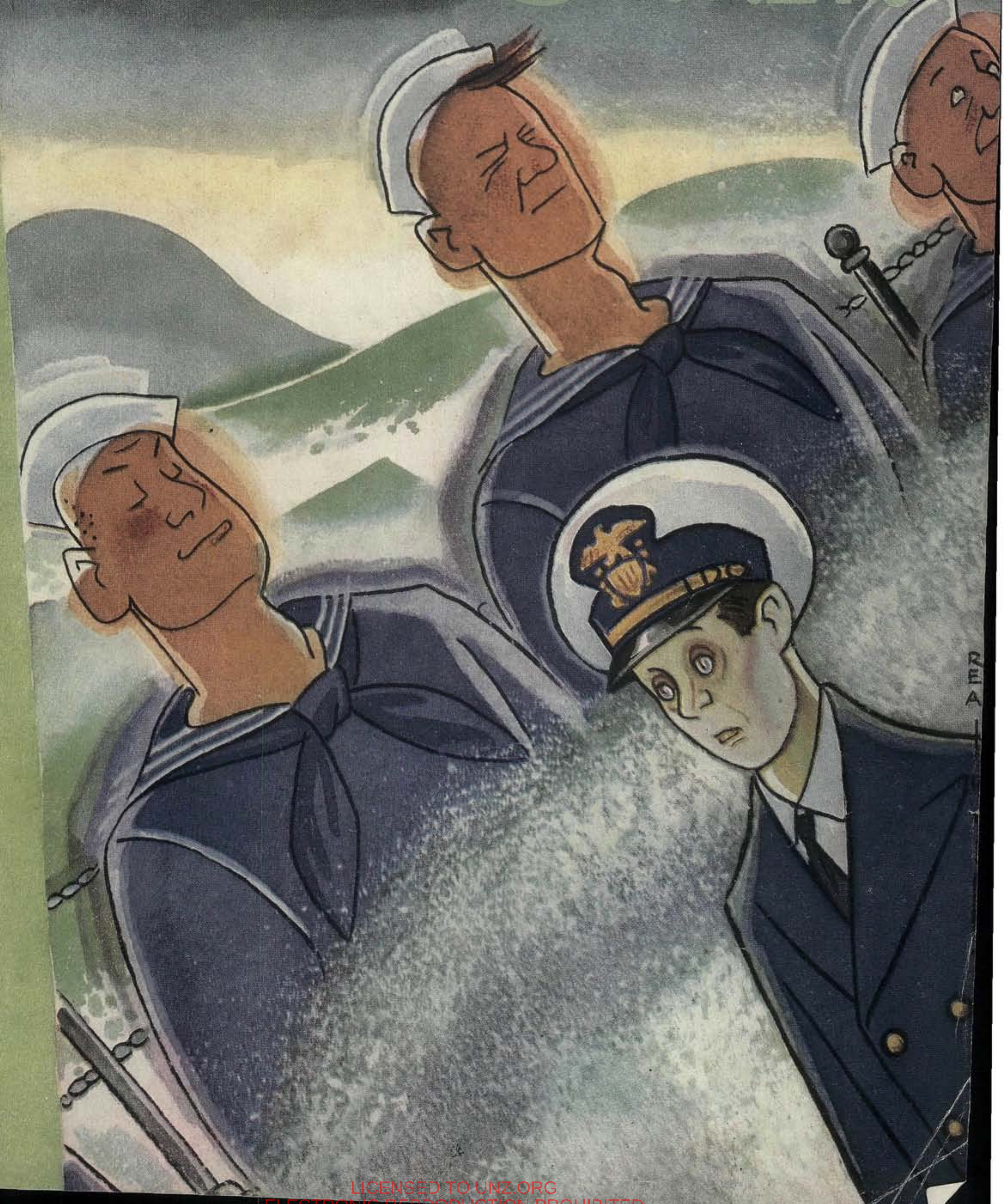

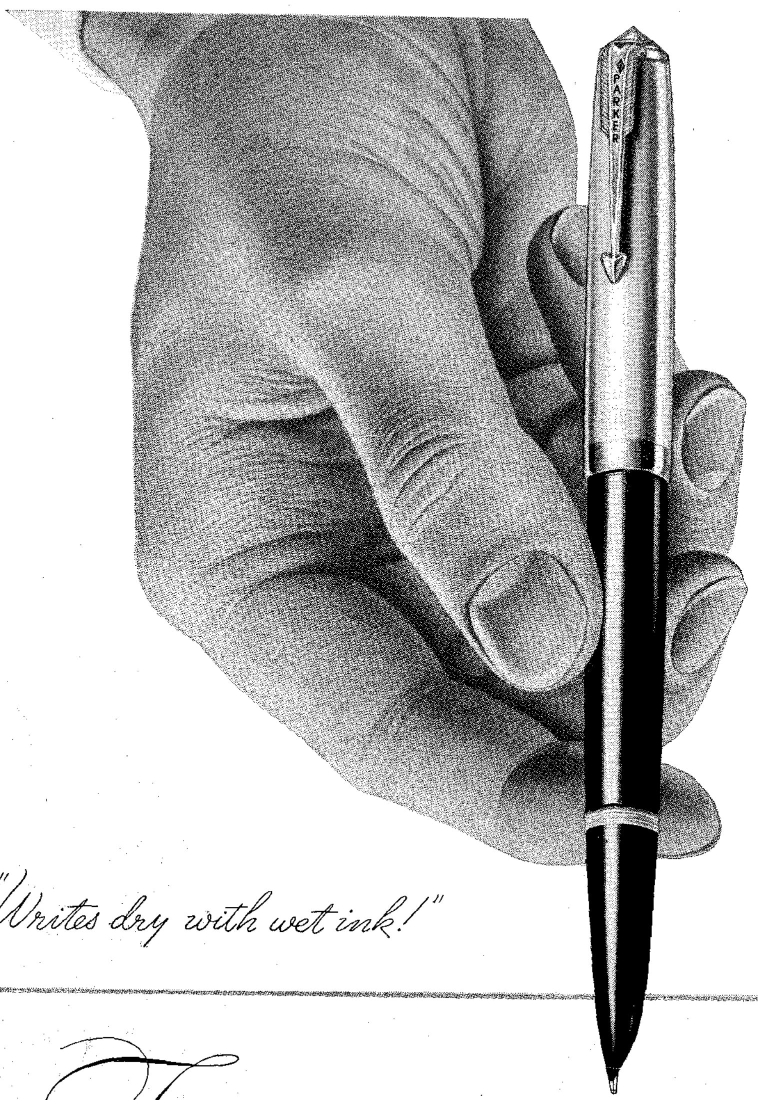

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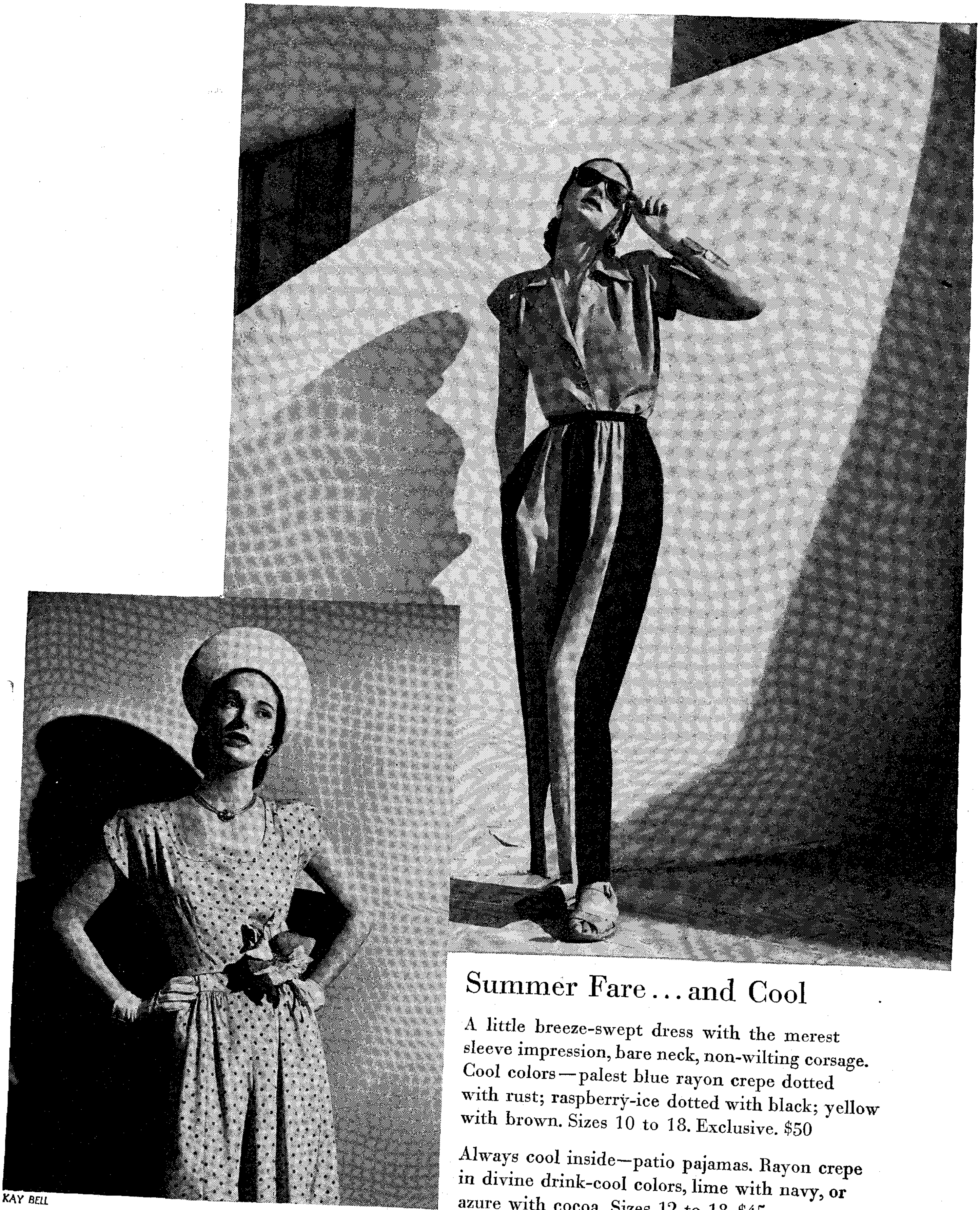

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a *little better without its somewhat patronizing air.* Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 6, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—George Kelly turns up after a long time with a play about a vain and foolish woman who nearly wrecks several lives. In spite of the valuable presence of Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon, it is a little disappointing. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

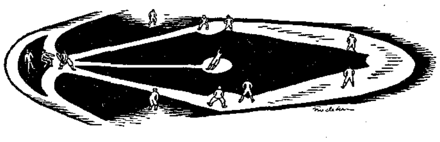
The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 12.

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title rôle is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on *Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of* his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders do their best, but it isn't quite enough. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 12.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Too Hot for Maneuvers—A comedy written and directed by Les White and Bud Pearson, with a cast including Richard Arlen and Jed Prouty. Produced by James S. Elliott. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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Carmen Jones—A brief return engagement of the Oscar Hammerstein II version of Bizet's opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Among a great many other things, it contains sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, and songs by Cole Porter. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—*Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey* presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eve. at 8:15; other Eves. at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Closes Sun., May 6.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

King-Coit Children's Theatre—Presenting "The Garden Wall": Fri. and Mon., May 4 and 7, at 4:15 P.M.; and Sat., May 5, at 4:15 and 8:15 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. For tickets, call CA 5-8995.)

Heckscher Children's Theatre—Presenting "Annabelle Steps In" and "The Tenth Word": Fri., May 4, at 7:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

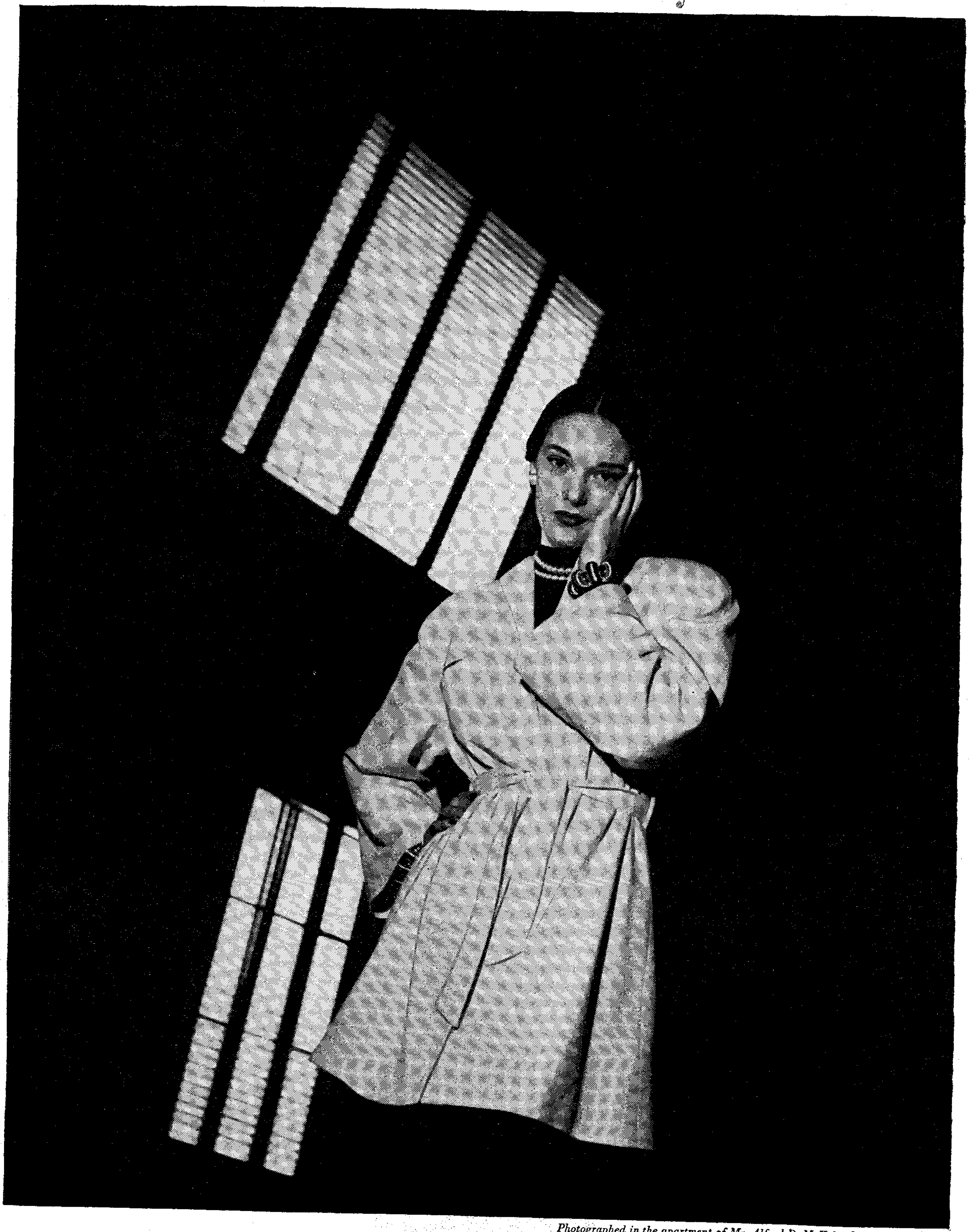
(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras play soothing dance music in the serene and spacious Trianon Room.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—The admirable

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 12, May 5, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

Bonwit Teller new york



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irene Bordoni making with those mighty eyelashes, Eddie Mayehoff and his monologues, Pearl Bailey and her come-hither songs, all helped out by the music of the Herman Chittison trio; *no dancing.*

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—The practically impeccable Jimmy Savo and his frenzied pantomiming. Also, Beatrice Kraft, the dancer, and Phil Moore's band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White and a song about a meat ball, Imogene Coca and comedy about almost anything. Besides that, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and Edmond Hall's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and *circumstance à la carte.* Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band provide the incidental music. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—In this gilded palace, a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor, sound effects, and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dick and Gene Wesson, who seem to impersonate most anyone, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, zooming about the Persian Room again in that power-dive fashion of hers, with Bob Grant's orchestra for background. Mark Monte's orchestra, which plays for tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge, is also around the Persian Room later on.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Interesting mainly for the music of Cedric Wallace's trio and Garland Wilson's piano; no dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as pleasant as a roof can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the street. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing daily and stay on through the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—John Sebastian and his accomplished harmonica and Carol Bruce and her songs will be in the Wedgwood Room, along with Leo Reisman's orchestra and his mordant dance music, through Wed., May 9. On Fri., May 11, the Starlight Roof will open, with Cantu, the magician, some acrobats (you know the Waldorf), and Nat Brandwynne's orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle, singing one of those standard repertoires, and a collection of delectable show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra. On Wed., May 9, Jane Pickens will replace Miss Carlisle. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness. . . . **zanzibar,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Lionel Hampton's band and Maurice Rocco, who almost make a trip to Broadway worth the nuisance. . . . **400 club,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman's orchestra bouncing around in rather odd surroundings. . . . **copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's band and a typical Copacabana floor show; Joel Herron's orchestra in the Cabana Room. . . . **biltmore,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra (through Thurs., May 10). . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **lincoln,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **madison,** 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra (to be replaced by Sonny Dunham's on Mon., May 7) and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the evening air. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it now has Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo piano; dancing. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster and Stuff Smith collaborating in a new band. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio, in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

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ART

Army Art—Work by men of the Second Service Command of the Army of the United States: Art Students' League, 215 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The *thirteenth* biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., May 6.

Jean Charlot—Oils and mural sketches of Mexican life: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

James Edward Davis—Abstract paintings, in some of which plastics are used for spatial effects, and several plastic mobiles: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Degas and Renoir—Nudes: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 17.

Werner Drewes—New abstract and non-objective oils: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

European—At the **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: Picasso, Renoir, Manet, Braque, and other French artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5. . . . **niveau,** 63 E. 57: Utrillo and Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **carstairs,** 11 E. 57: fifteen paintings by six Impressionists. *Daily* 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safe-keeping since the beginning of the war are now back in the Museum. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Groups—At the **matisse,** 41 E. 57: nudes by Balthus, Miró, Masson, and eight other modern artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5. . . . **barzansky,** 664 Madison, at 61: landscapes by *J. V. Gatto, Samuel Rothbort, and others.* Thurs., May 3, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . **durlacher,** 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 26.

William Gropper—American legends and the current scene: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

David Herron—Abstract-looking city architecture made more abstract in paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Fernand Léger—Recent paintings: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

Franz Lerch—Landscapes and portraits in a restrained Expressionist manner: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. *Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.*; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Max Liebermann—A large private collection of graphic art by the German Impressionist: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 19.

Charles Locke—American landscapes-with-figures, echoing French rococo and neo-Classic pastoral painting, and also our native Romantic: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Molly Luce—Farms and picnics, exaggeratedly realistic: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

André Masson—New work, including several lithographs: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Claude Monet—A large exhibition of his work; a benefit for the children of Giverny, where Monet lived: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work (through May 13); and another retrospective of Georges Rouault (through June 3). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 19.

Wolfgang Paalen—The usual techniques by this rebel Surrealist, plus smoke paintings, space-objects, and other novelties: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Portraits—The annual show of the National Association of Portrait Painters: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., May 6.

Man Ray—Drawings, paintings, and photographs: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Thurs., May 3, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Guatemala: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 19.

Louis Schanker—Ten abstract oils: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Josef Scharl—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 19.

The Steigs—Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by seven members of the family, including William, and photographs by an eighth: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Barbara Stevenson—Oils in which Rouault's influence is, at times, evident: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 12.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Paintings of the Hudson River School and other early American landscapes. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 16.

Hale Woodruff—Oils and water colors by a social-minded artist: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Jazz Concert—James P. Johnson, piano; with an orchestra and chorus conducted by Josef Cherniavsky. Fri., May 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

American Music Festival—The first two in a series of programs of contemporary music, sponsored by Columbia University: the N.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Howard Hanson, Sat., May 12, at 3 P.M.; The Walden String Quartet, Sat., May 12, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

Salmaggi Opera Company—"Rigoletto," Sat., May 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Chamber Opera—"The Scarecrow" by Percy MacKaye and Normand Lockwood, sponsored by the League of Composers. Tues. through Fri., May

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BOEING

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM
THURSDAY, MAY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 12.

8-11, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., May 12, at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

University Women's Chorus—Lowell P. Beveridge conducting. Fri., May 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Golden Hill Chorus—George Mead conducting. Sat., May 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Organ Music Festival—The American Guild of Organists presenting a series of recitals at the following churches: St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 111, Mon., May 7, at 5:30 P.M.; St. Bartholomew's, Park at 50, Tues., May 8, at 4:30 P.M.; St. Thomas, 5 Ave. at 53, Thurs., May 10, at 5 P.M.; Grace Church, B'way at 10, Fri., May 11, at 12:30 P.M.; and St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46, Fri., May 11, at 4 P.M.

Bell Chorus—Thomas Richner conducting. Tues., May 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Benefit Concert—Robert and Gaby Casadesus, piano; Stella Roman, soprano; Robert Kitain, violin; and others; in a program sponsored by the Save the Children Federation. Tues., May 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For information about tickets, call LE 2-5040.)

Kate Keith Field—Soprano. Tues., May 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Liturgical Music—New compositions by Darius Milhaud, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Leonard Bernstein, and other modern composers, presented by Cantor David J. Putterman and a choir. Fri., May 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Park Avenue Synagogue, Park at 87.)

Variety Program—Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Alexander Kipnis, bass; Tossy Spivakovsky, violin; and others; in a program sponsored by the Hunter College Faculty Club. Fri., May 11, at 8:45 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., May 3, at 2:30 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., May 4-5, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 6 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tues., May 8, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs. and Fri., May 10-11, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sat., May 12, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs., May 3, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Wed., May 9, at 2:30 P.M., Thurs., May 10, at 8:30 P.M., and Fri., May 11, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sat., May 12, at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 31. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries —dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Planetarium—"Why the Weather" is the title of the May lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Garden Exhibition—The annual City Garden Club tour, a benefit for naval hospitals and the Seamen's Church Institute: the gardens of the Janet Roper Club, 3 E. 67; Mrs. Eustace Seligman, 126 E. 74; Albert Milbank, 168 E. 74; Oscar L. Richard, 885 Park, at 79; Mrs. Alvin Hirsh, 885 Park, at 79; and Garrard Winston, 7 E. 92. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695.)

Photography—At the AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 79: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 20. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 10.

Circus—The history of the circus in America since 1797, shown in posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Costumes—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . COSTUME INSTITUTE, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

Auctions—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Prints by Dürer and Zorn, owned by Lennie S. Sundheim; also drypoints by Roland Clark, to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross: Thurs., May 3, at 8 P.M. . . . Paintings by modern artists, including examples by Guy Pène du Bois, George B. Luks, and Louis Eilshemius, collected by the late Arthur F. Egner: Fri., May 4, at 2 P.M. . . . Rare books and manuscripts from the library of the late John Gribbel: Mon. and Tues., May 7-8, at 2 and 8 P.M. . . . American and English eighteenth-century furniture, silver, and china, owned by the late Katherine Dunham Bennett and others: Thurs., May 10, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbel Brothers—Paintings and bronzes, including examples by Whistler and Bonheur, from the collection of the St. Louis Art Museum: Fri., May 4, at 2 and 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, Harold E. Stassen, and others, in the eleventh in a series of discussions of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., May 5, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 6, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 5, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 12, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., May 5 and 12, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., May 6, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer (from San Francisco), Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger (from Europe), Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer (from San Francisco), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel (from Europe), Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Colonel Blimp—Very touching and quite dramatic story about the life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey represents the spirit of the Empire. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Thurs., May 10.)

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

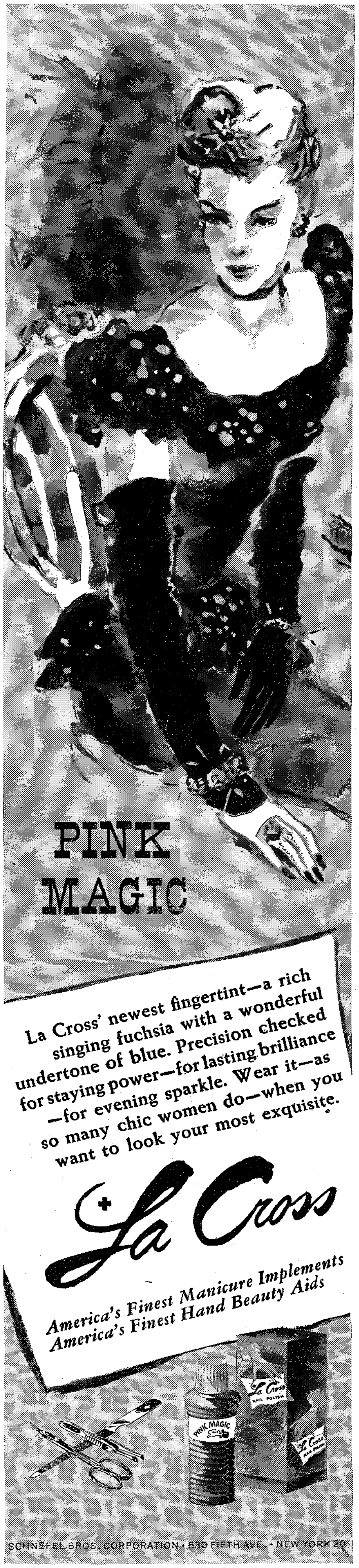
Dark Waters—Fairly good psychological horror picture of the Louisiana bayou country, which subsides at the end into routine melodramatics. Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., May 4.)

Double Indemnity—James Cain's melodrama of murder for insurance, not too much softened in the filming. With Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 8-10.)

The Fighting Lady—Actual shots in Technicolor taken from an aircraft carrier and its planes in the Pacific. As good a documentary as this war is likely to produce. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., May 4.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Mainly about the four Smith sisters and their emotional problems. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames are in this extremely attractive version of Sally Benson's stories. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., May 4-7.)

Murder, My Sweet—A version of the murder mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely" and very nice in-



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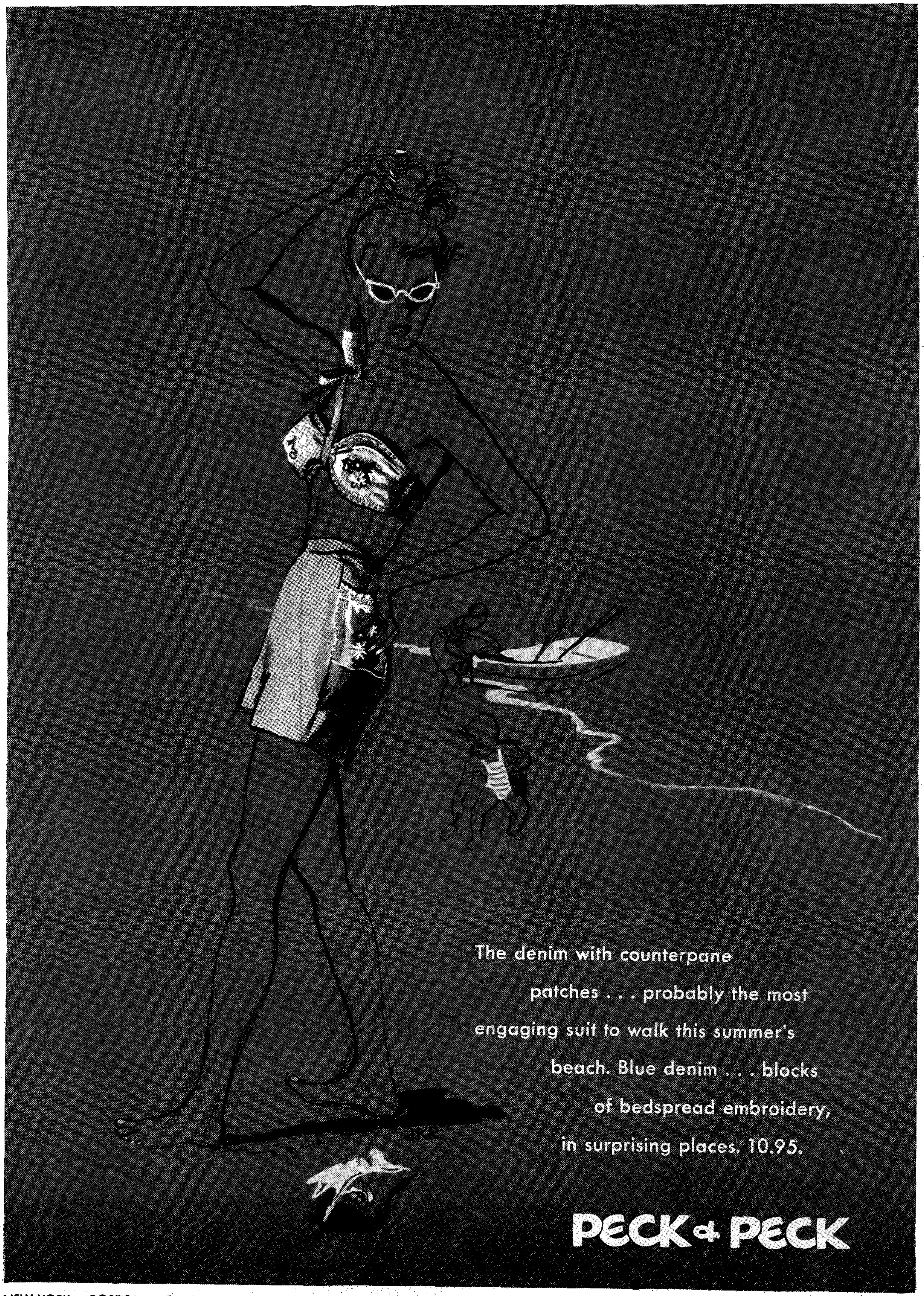

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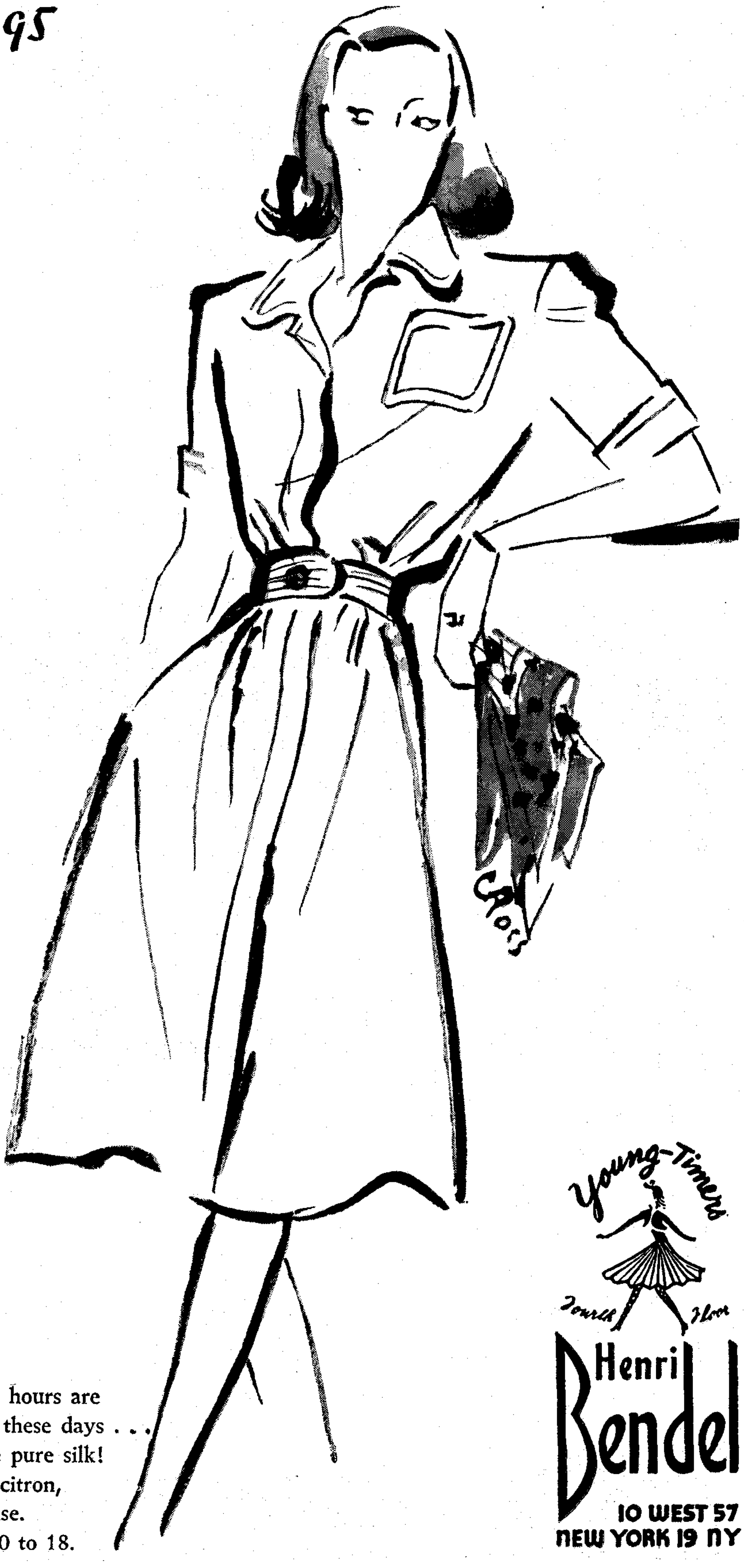

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

deed as these things go. Dick Powell is the detective whom practically everybody beats up. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., May 3. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., May 4. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., May 6-9. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 8-9.)

The Silver Fleet—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., May 10.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 4. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May 9. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., May 4-7. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., May 6-7.)

Thunder Rock—Honest and rather engaging English fantasy about the dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 3. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Tues., May 8.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., May 5. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 8-10.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 8-10.)

The Constant Nymph (1943)—The latest version of this old reliable. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, Alexis Smith. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., May 3. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., May 4-7. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., May 7-8.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 5.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 8-10.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 11.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., May 5-7. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 8-10.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., May 4-5.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Frank Capra's comedy about a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., May 4-7.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and the familiar Victor Herbert songs. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., May 4-7. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., May 8-9. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., May 9.)

Nine Days a Queen (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 8-9.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., May 8-9. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., May 9.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 3.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., MAY 3** (at 4 P.M. only): "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., MAY 4-6**: an excerpt from "Hamlet" (1920); and "The Last Laugh" (1925), German films. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., MAY 7-10** (at 4 P.M. only): "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor. . . . **FROM FRI., MAY 11**: "Moana" (1926), documentary film, directed by Robert J. Flaherty.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be

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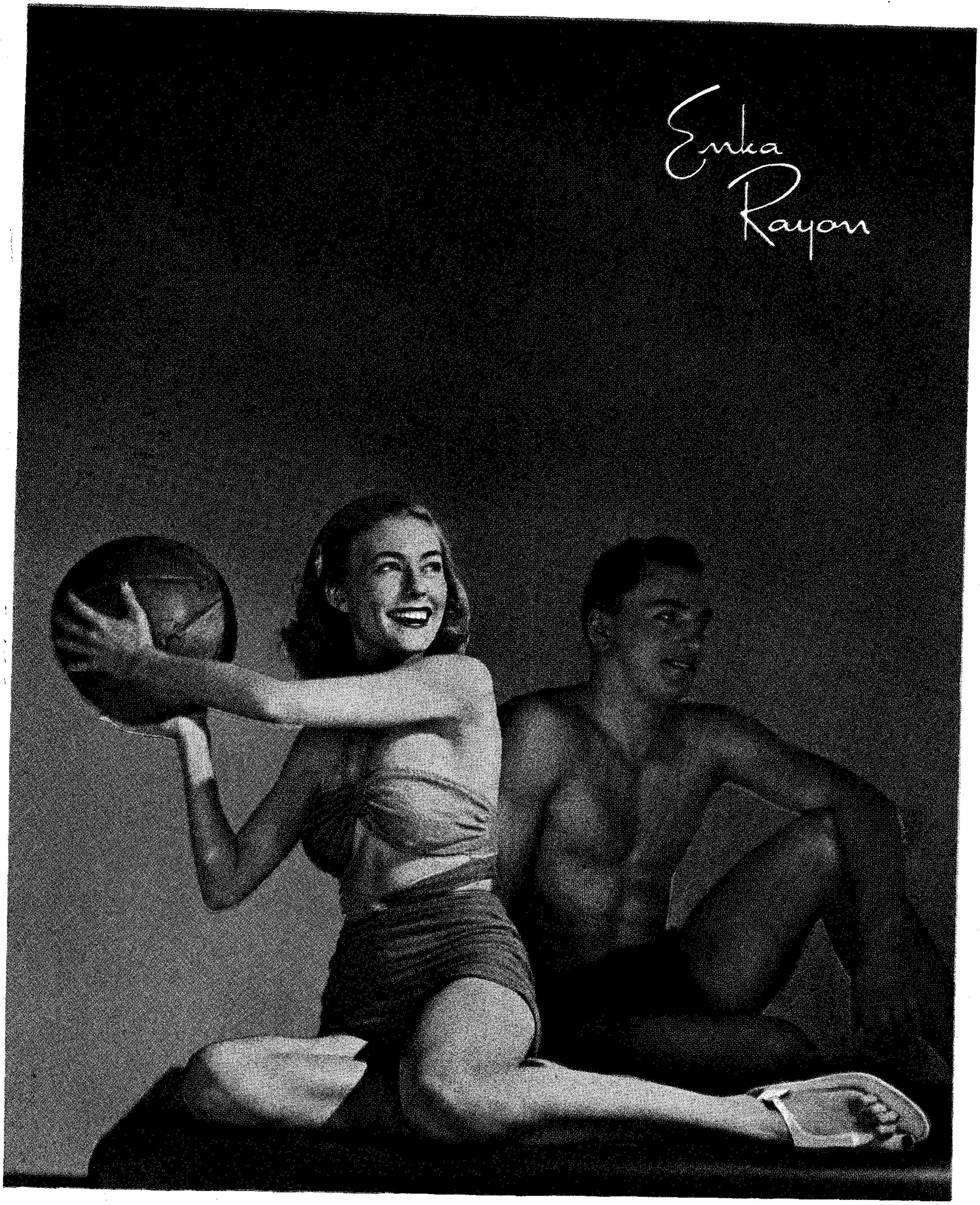

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made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

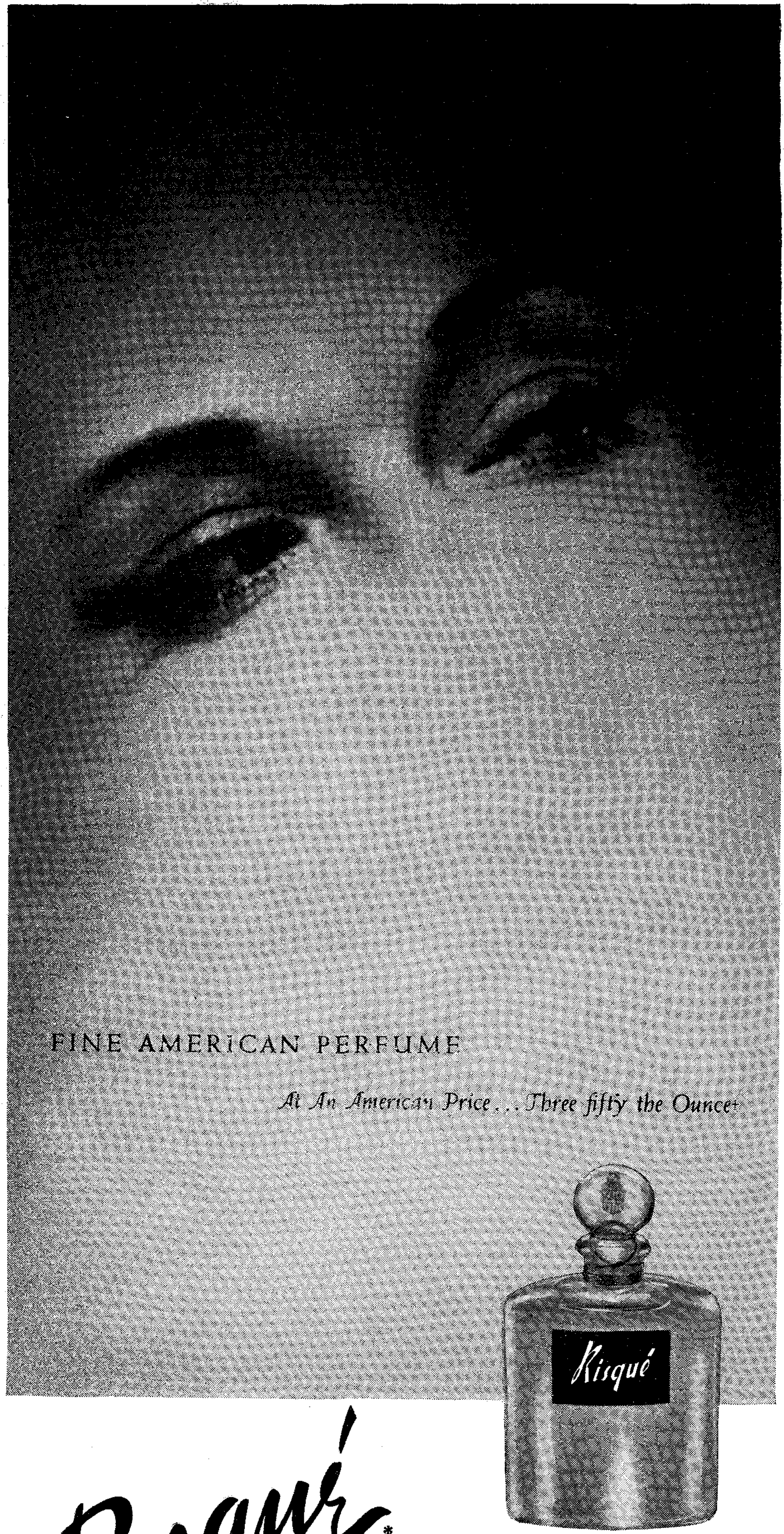
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M.; men to work in hospitals one or two days or nights a week at various necessary jobs. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS**, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 225 W. 34 (PE 6-1700).

Salvage—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during the next two weeks, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).



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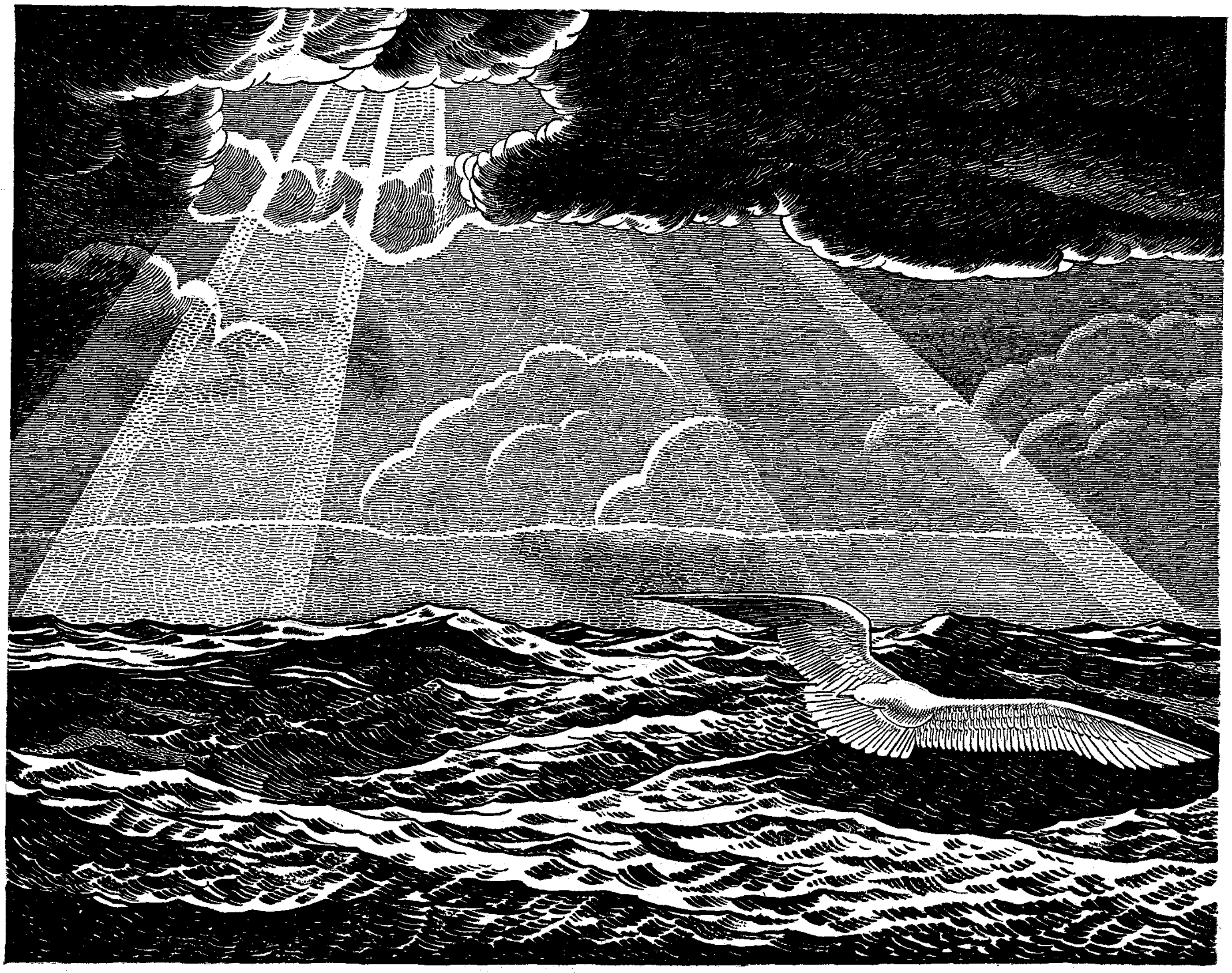

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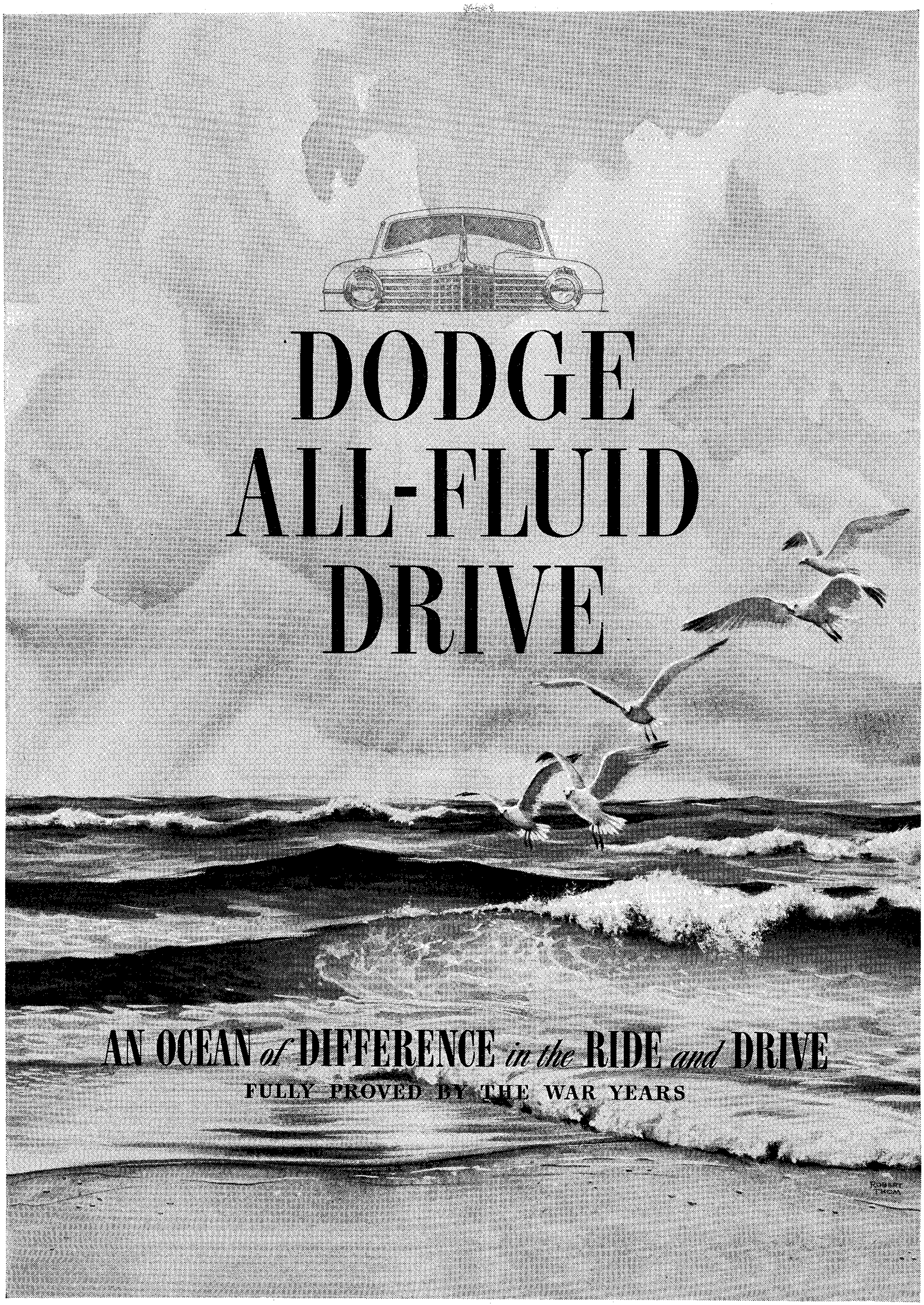
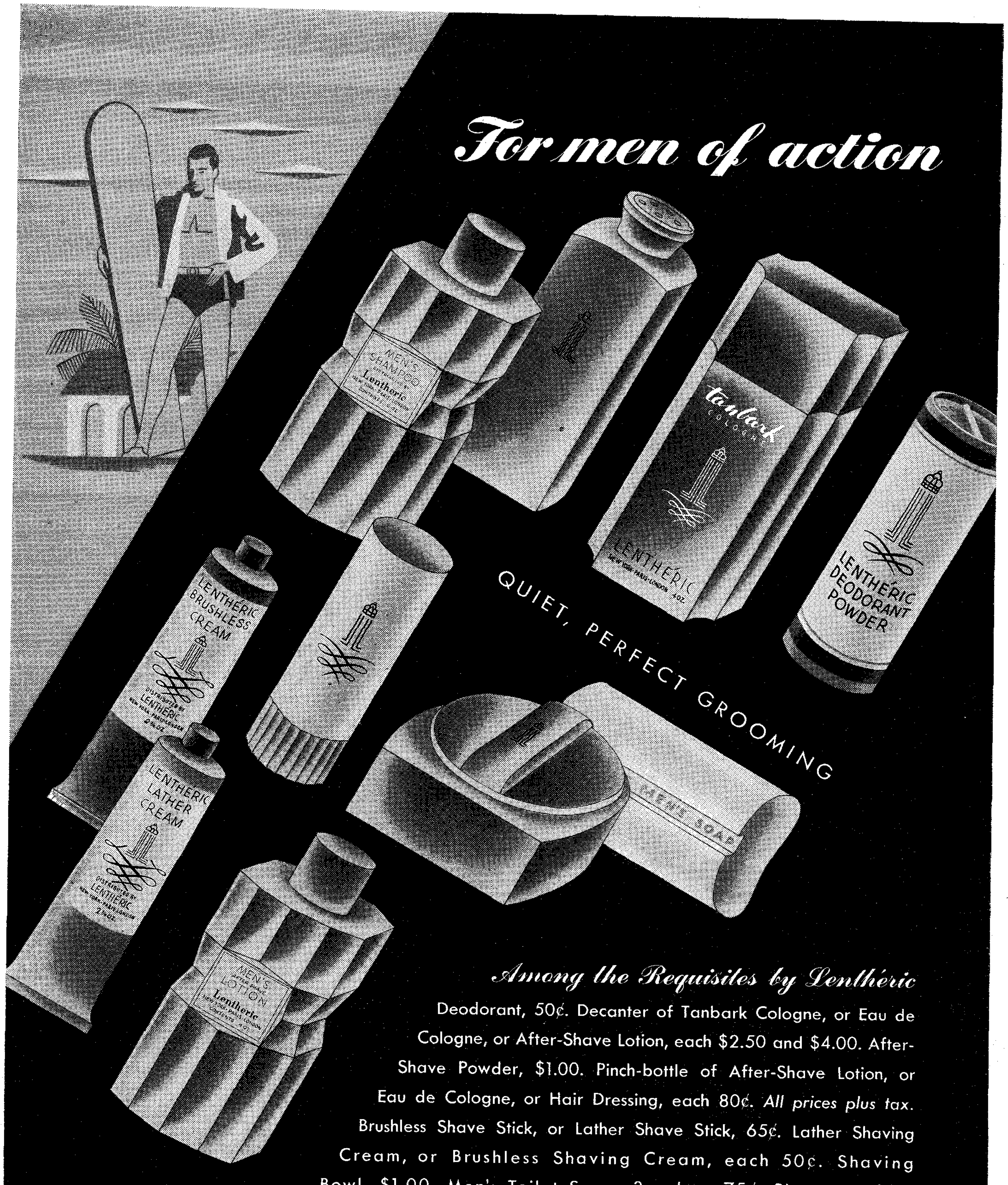

DODGE
ALL-FLUID
DRIVE
AN OCEAN of DIFFERENCE in the RIDE and DRIVE
FULLY PROVED BY THE WAR YEARS
ROBERT THOM



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Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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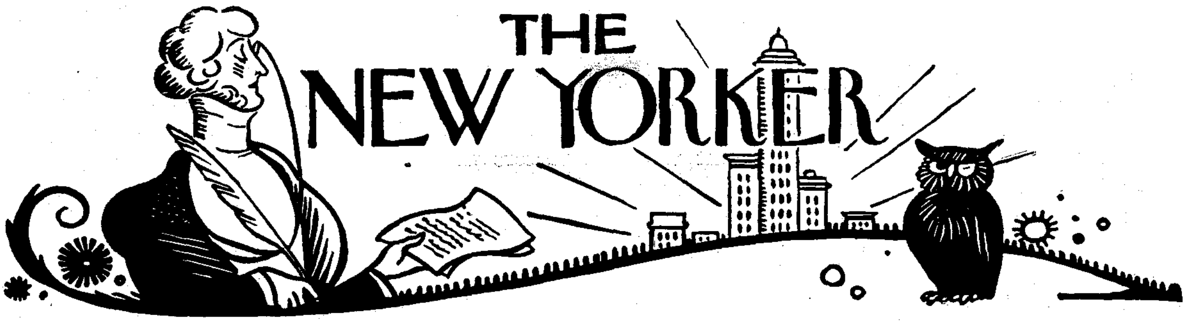

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FINAL victory in Europe came when American and Russian soldiers got drunk together on the Elbe, but it was final in deed only. Final victory came again when the Associated Press could hold life's liquor no longer and spilled it on the town. Still it wasn't final. The bellman waits beside his bell, the plate-glass window trembles behind its wallboard shield, the citizen paces his hotel bedroom twiddling with his rattle and sampling his bottle of booze. This is the Devil's New Year's Eve, with midnight refusing to come. Final victory came for a third time when Italian patriots poured the last avenging round into Mussolini's back and spat in his dead face. It still isn't final. And when the clock strikes and the bell rings and the word is said and the last blood is squeezed from what Jan Masaryk called "Hitler's vulgar Valhalla," even then victory isn't final. Everyone knows that, too. Already the celebrant savors the moment just past midnight, the wearing off of the wine of victory, and thunder in the morning.

IT was T. V. Soong, on the afternoon of the second day, who managed to open the United Nations Conference. We were sitting in the peanut gallery of the Opera House, almost asleep after twenty-four hours of platitudes, when Dr. Soong remarked, "If there is any message that my country . . . wishes to give to this Conference, it is that we are prepared . . . to yield if necessary a part of our sovereignty to the new international organization in the interest of collective security." Immediately the audience clapped—the first time a speech had been interrupted since the show started. Everyone had been waiting for the sound of life, but it had not come. Various words had been tried by various speakers—by Truman and Stettinius, by the Governor and the Mayor. The word "unity" had been tried, but it was obvious that we were witnessing not unity but multiplicity. The word "order" had been tried. But the eye and the ear could find nothing but disorder anywhere in the world. Then Dr. Soong raised his trumpet and blew the word "sovereignty," and everybody jumped.

IT is an awkward paradox that the first stirrings of internationalism seem to tend toward, rather than away from, nationalism. Almost everything you see and hear in San Francisco is an affirmation of the absolute state, a denial of the world community—the flags, the martial music, the uniforms, the secret parley, the delicate balance, the firm position, the diplomatic retreat. Ninety per cent of the talk is not of how people shall be brought together but of the fascinating details of how they shall be kept apart. And under all is the steady throbbing of the engines: sovereignty, sovereignty, sovereignty.

Statesmen and diplomats are, of course, nationalists both by instinct and by profession. When they are on foreign soil, at a congress, they are doubly cautious and wary. Poets would make better delegates—poets, or barbers, or machinists' helpers, or soldiers. Poets have been singing this stuff for years uncounted, and they are still singing it. We emerged into the city after the first plenary session and found copies of the *News* being hawked on Market Street, with Archie MacLeish's latest song on the front page. Someday people will put faith in poets, who saw things centuries ago in perfect clarity.

WE feel unaccountably hopeful that something good will come, not from Dumbarton Oaks but from San Francisco's proliferative power. The Conference began in the midst of deep disturbances and tensions. You could feel them in the roots of your hair. Over the city the Polish question hovered like a foul bird. In the newspapers, in macabre juxtaposition, were pictures of the naked victim of German cruelty and pictures of the well-dressed American platform speaker. Even California itself contributed a tiny blob of darkness to the scene: a group of preservationists (we saw by the papers) were attempting to restrict residence in a certain area to "people of the Caucasian race." But although the air was heavily charged with cosmical disturbances, it was not oppressive. It was buoyant and alive. People were shouting that they wanted order and would not accept a spurious document. Soldiers want it, and they are represented here and they are talking.

And it is now a matter of record that the first applause of the United Nations Conference on International Organization was evoked not by the dulcet platitudes of high resolve but by Dr. Soong's tough excursion into cost accounting. As it stands, Dumbarton Oaks won't cost China or any other country one centimeter of sovereignty. But it is an extremely important fact that China thinks it should. We tried some years ago to build a building without a cent of cost to anybody, and look what the people have paid for it recently.

IF we had been Stettinius (and nothing seems more unlikely), we would have opened the meeting with a text from Walden, fifteenth chapter, second verse: "One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud honking of a goose, and, stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings like a tempest in the woods as they flew low over my house. They passed over the pond towards Fair-Haven, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commodore honking all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson's Bay by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice . . . It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, if you had a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard."

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Incidental Intelligence: "Carrier War," by Lieutenant Oliver Jensen, U.S.N.R., a volume measuring eight and a quarter by ten and three-quarters inches, is published by Pocket Books.

President Truman has renewed his subscription to *Adventure* magazine.

Berchtesgaden

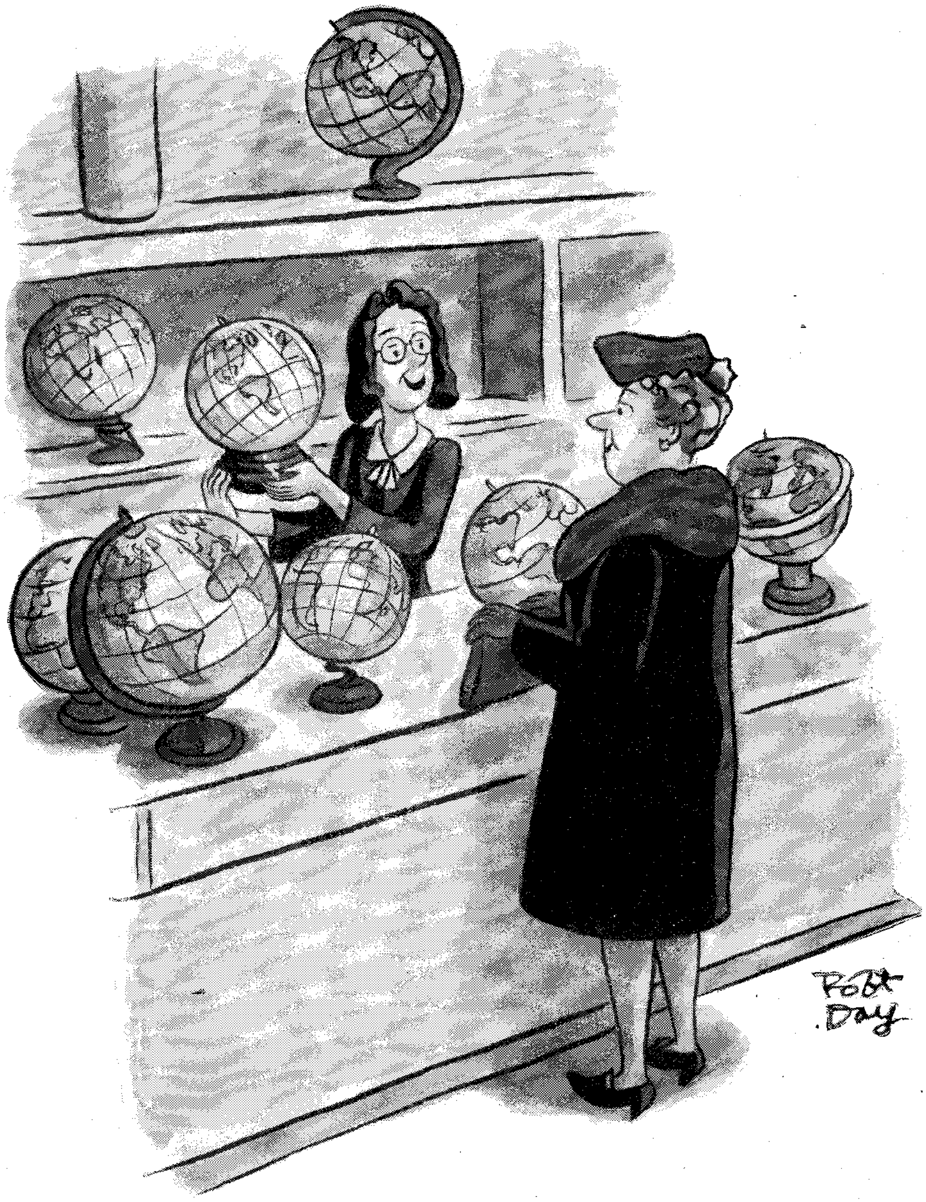
IN 1924, after Hitler had finished the prison term during which he wrote "Mein Kampf," he retired to the Bavarian Alps and rented a small chalet on the northern slope of the Obersalzberg, a mountain near the town of Berchtesgaden. In those days, Berchtesgaden was a commonplace winter resort; there was a little toy industry, an early Gothic abbey, and salt mines which, in medieval days, had supplied most of Central Europe. Hitler's rented chalet, which had been built before the World War by some now-forgotten German businessman, was called Haus Wachenfeld; it was of whitewashed stucco with brown-stained woodwork, and was two thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by pine woods and cherry orchards. The royalties from "Mein Kampf" (*not* the Reynal & Hitchcock edition) enabled Hitler to buy the place. During his rise to power, he received so many important weekend visitors there that on occasion some of them had to sleep in the garage, or under a tent pitched on the lawn. When he became Chancellor, in 1933, he ordered extensive enlargements which, all told, took five years.

The Berghof, as Hitler renamed the remodelled Haus Wachenfeld, looked like a large white double-decked California bungalow, until it got clouted last week. It had a wide terrace, a summerhouse above it, a garage cut out of the mountainside, and, of course, a nice, deep bomb shelter with complete housekeeping facilities. There were other buildings on the grounds of the Berghof, among them a guesthouse and a sort of headquarters for Hitler's adjutants, press staff, and bodyguards. Most of the first floor of the Berghof was taken up by the Great Hall, which was indeed a great hall. It was on two levels, connected by a flight of several steps, and contained a number of cozy nooks where groups of guests could chat without being heard in the next nook. Tapestries ornamented the walls, two huge bronze chandeliers provided light, and the floor was covered with carpeting, over which were scattered toothsome Oriental rugs. Hitler's study, which he liked to call his workroom, was on the second floor, next to his living quarters; it was a large chamber with two full-length windows and glass-front bookshelves. The guest rooms in the Berghof were furnished in ornate, heavy, eighteenth-century German fashion, lightened by framed water colors done by the host. The terrace was a gay spot in the summertime, with groups of white wooden tables and chairs sheltered by striped awnings. The peacetime precautions against unwelcome visitors included two lodge gates on the road leading to the house, sentries, watchdogs, electrified barbed wire, and Keep Out signs.

Impressive as the Berghof was, it was absolutely nichts compared to the Adlerhorst, or Eagle's Nest, which was built right at the top of the neighboring Mt. Kehlstein. It took three thousand workmen three years to build the Adlerhorst and the road leading up the mountainside to it, or almost to it. News of this retreat, which was put into use in 1939, reached the outside world through the French Ambassador, who was entertained there by Hitler during the course of some high-powered diplomatic activity. The Ambassador was an impressionable man, and the Adlerhorst hit him right where he lived. He was driven almost to the mountaintop on a winding road which seemed to be no more than a shelf cut out of the mountainside. Finally the car stopped before a pair of bronze doors. After the proper signals had been given, these opened, and the car rolled into a marble-walled chamber, three or four hundred feet long, which was lit by a lot of bronze chandeliers. The Ambassador was conducted through a tunnel into a huge, copper-lined elevator with a carpet on the floor and leather seats for ten passengers. The car ascended a four-hundred-foot shaft inside the mountain. At the top, the bedazzled guest found himself in a circular room whose wall was mostly glass. Here Hitler conferred with the Ambassador at a table around which thirty could comfortably have sat. There wasn't much else to the Adlerhorst—just a few sitting rooms, sleeping quarters for eighteen, and an electrical kitchen—but it was home.

Brackets

TWO rather frowzy old gentlemen, pacing through a warehouse district last Tuesday, passed a modest lunch cart. One of them inquired of the other if he'd ever eaten there. "Yup," his friend said. "They give you a pretty good plate of stew. But the prices! My God, you'd think you were in Bickford's."



"They aren't guaranteed, of course, against San Francisco."

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The Chicken Pull

WHEN we were informed the other day that Mabel Dodge Luhan, of Taos, New Mexico, was back in town, we polished up a couple of durable aphorisms and hopped over to her apartment, at the Gladstone, for the ritual visit. We found her in good health and spirits, a state of mind which she ascribed to the fact that she had recently finished writing a novel. Mrs. Luhan received us in a sitting room that was banked with fading flowers and hung with cheerful bird and floral prints. Her husband, Tony, who is an influential Pueblo Indian, was out on the town, she informed us. "He's probably at the movies or taking a Turkish bath or racing around with some of his boy friends," she said. She added that Tony probably would have had little to say to us in any event, since the mood for speaking English is still seldom upon him. The title of her novel, Mrs. Luhan went on, is "Let's Get Away Together." It gave her practically no trouble at all; it wrote itself.

"I really had nothing much to do with it," she said, curling up snugly on the sofa and tucking a rug around her legs. "It just flowed from my pencil. Dr. Brill, the psychiatrist, had told me that soldiers who are discharged from the Army want to get away to a place in the country. That's exactly the way Johnny, my favorite character, felt, and so did his buddy, Bob, and Steve, that jockey Johnny knew at Harvard, and Johnny's girl, Gretchen. I hardly got balled up at all, even though I don't know any soldiers and never was in a camp. Of course, the only way to have it end was for them to establish heir coöp near Taos. I didn't pick that ending at all. The coöp picked on me. I have no interest in coöps and I don't know anything about them, but I worked it out all right."

Mrs. Luhan opened the book at random, in her mind. "They are up in the mountains where Frieda Lawrence lives now," she said, "and that poor girl, Gretchen, can't cook. But it turns out that Elilezara's wife is a wonderful cook. They just stare at the mountains and lie on the beds waiting for lunch and Gretchen polishes her nails. Then I kill the jockey." We roused ourself and asked why. Mrs. Luhan said that it wasn't her idea and that her conscience was clear. It was one of the ruthless demands of her publishers, Smith & Durrell, she said. "Hal Smith told me, 'Mabel, there's no place for him—you've got to kill off that jockey.' So I killed him at the chicken pull. You know, the Indians bury a chicken up to its neck in the ground and then ride by on their horses and lean down and try to pull the head off. Those Indian horses go like dynamite and Steve wasn't used to the one he rode and it cut between two buildings and broke Steve's neck. You don't want to hear all this, but poor Steve had on his best racing clothes. That night they buried him under the ice plant. Does that seem very improbable? But anything can happen out in our country."

Mrs. Luhan stopped a moment and then turned to topical matters. All the artists have left Taos, it seems, because all the cooks have gone to California to work in war plants. "I could have had a pair of Japs from a relocation center," she said, "but I asked the people around town how they would feel about it and they told me they'd kill them. Taos is a lawless place. I sometimes think there'll never be a servant class again. Who wants to work for ten dollars a week?" Just before fleeing to New York, Mrs. Luhan herself tried cooking, and failed. "Cookbooks are no use in Taos," she said. "Taos is up about eight thousand feet and cookbooks are written for sea level. All their directions about time and heat are wrong." She said that she couldn't understand why nobody had ever thought of writing a high-altitude cookbook.

Bio

ON the twenty-ninth floor of the Time and Life Building, in a large room lined with steel cabinets, are Magazine *Time's* "bio files," a collection of meaty facts about newsworthy tycoons, cinemactors, tennists, and the like. The clips on each person are kept in a separate envelope which is marked with his name in the upper left-hand corner; in the right-hand corner is an identifying phrase, such as "Seattle lumberman," "German admiral," or "Pin-up girl," as well as a notation indicating whether the subject is alive or dead. Under "A" is filed an envelope neatly marked "Adam—First Man—dead," full of dispatches, no doubt, from *Time's* Garden of Eden man.

Waiting

IF horse racing were allowed, the meeting at Jamaica would now be in its fourth week. We found, when we stopped off there last Friday, that racing could start up in a day or two after the lifting of the official interdiction. The track and grounds are in good shape; the flower boxes in front of the grandstand are blooming with white daisies; the caterers have the kitchens all scrubbed up and ready; and the tote machines, six hundred and fifty of them, have just been oiled and overhauled by the men from the American Totalisator Company. There are three hundred and twelve horses in the stables, all getting their exercise every day, just as if the meeting were going on. The reason for all this activity is, we gathered, twofold; there has been some hope that the formal announcement of the defeat of Germany would be followed by the lifting of the racing ban, and horses and race-track property have to be looked after carefully in any case; otherwise they go to seed.

As for the horses, they're having the time of their lives. Not since 1911 and 1912, when the reform element stopped racing in all but a couple of states, have race horses had such a holiday. They get their regular workout every day, but the tempo is more leisurely now. Though the horses are happy, the trainers aren't. In addition to supervising the morning gallops of their charges, deciding when to send them to the blacksmith or the dentist (this is the time of year when horses go to the dentist), and master-minding their training, the trainers occasionally have to double as grooms and exercise boys. The shortage of stable help is so severe that Walter Chrysler recently sold a couple of his two-year-olds simply because he had nobody to handle them properly. Still, he got $40,000 for them, which isn't too bad.

Most of the leading jockeys are still in the South. Eddie Arcaro and Bobby Permane are at Aiken. Last year's leading rider, Ted Atkinson, has been called up for induction. The horses are beginning to arrive at Belmont, though. Two dozen belonging to Colonel C. V. Whitney checked in lately, and sixteen of William Helis's, including Pericles, the colt which cost $66,000 two years ago and hasn't been raced yet. Pericles is supposed to have the finest conformation of any horse in the world. There was a to-do when it got around Belmont that Elizabeth Arden's stable—three carloads of horses—had left Santa Anita and hadn't been heard of for three weeks. This turned out, however, to be just a false alarm; the horses were still in California with Miss Arden.

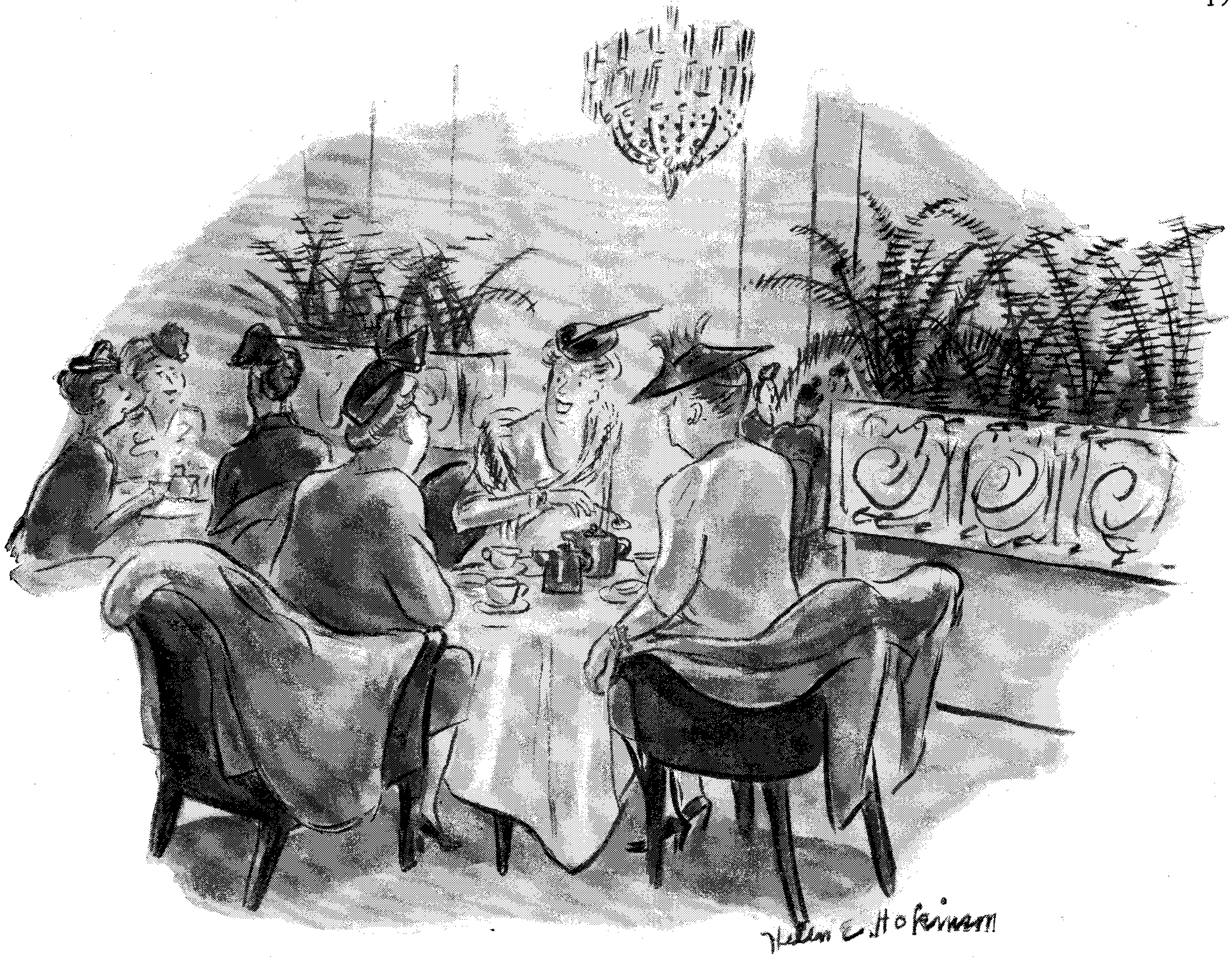
Vade Mecum

A LADY went into Brentano's last week and asked for a Latin-English dictionary. "*You* know," she explained, "one of those parallel-column things, so you can find out how to say, 'Call me a taxi' or 'Where is the ladies' room?' " Brentano's kicked that one around for a while, then cautiously inquired for just what purpose the lady wanted the Latin-English dictionary. "I'm going to Latin America," she said.

Of the Sledgehammers

THE subject of this small biography is Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov, a man about whom a good deal is likely to be written in future weeks. Well, the Molotovs have an eight-room apartment in the Kremlin, right next to Stalin's, and a big country house outside of Moscow, right next to the Litvinovs' country house. Mrs. Molotov is a slender, blue-eyed blonde. She was born in the Ukraine and was once known as the best-dressed woman in Russia (pop. 193,000,000). Her present job is coördinating the work of several war plants; before that, in peacetime, she was Vice-Commissar of Food in Charge of Fisheries, and before *that* she was head of the Russian cosmetic-and-perfume trust. She has one brother, now residing in Bridgeport, Connecticut, a gentleman who has asked us to allow him to remain anonymous. The Molotovs have been married twenty-five years and have two daughters, one adopted. Sonia, the adopted one, is sixteen; Svetliana is a year younger. Both girls are in the Russian equivalent of high school. Before the war their father used to go skating with them and take them to see Deanna Durbin movies, but there's no time for that now. When their father can spend an evening at home, he gets out of his dark suit (his "American clothes," he calls it) and puts on white duck pants and a white Russian blouse.

Molotov was born in 1890, near the Volga River, in the village of Kukarka, now called Sovietsk. (Incidentally, the celebration of his fiftieth birthday resulted in a widespread change of place names; the city of Perm became Molotov and the city of Nolinsk Molotovsk, for instance.) His original family name was Scriabin, and he will neither confirm nor deny rumors that he is the nephew of the Russian composer of that name. At any rate, his father, an unprosperous merchant of Kukarka, encouraged him to go to college and make something of himself. In 1905, he enrolled at a secondary school at Kazan and within the year became a Bolshevik. Like all the revolutionaries, he took a forceful-sounding revolutionary name. "Molotov," so we're told, is the genitive plural of the Russian word for sledgehammer, and means, literally, "Of the Sledgehammers." His early career, like that of other revolutionaries, was a somewhat dreary matter of arrest, de-



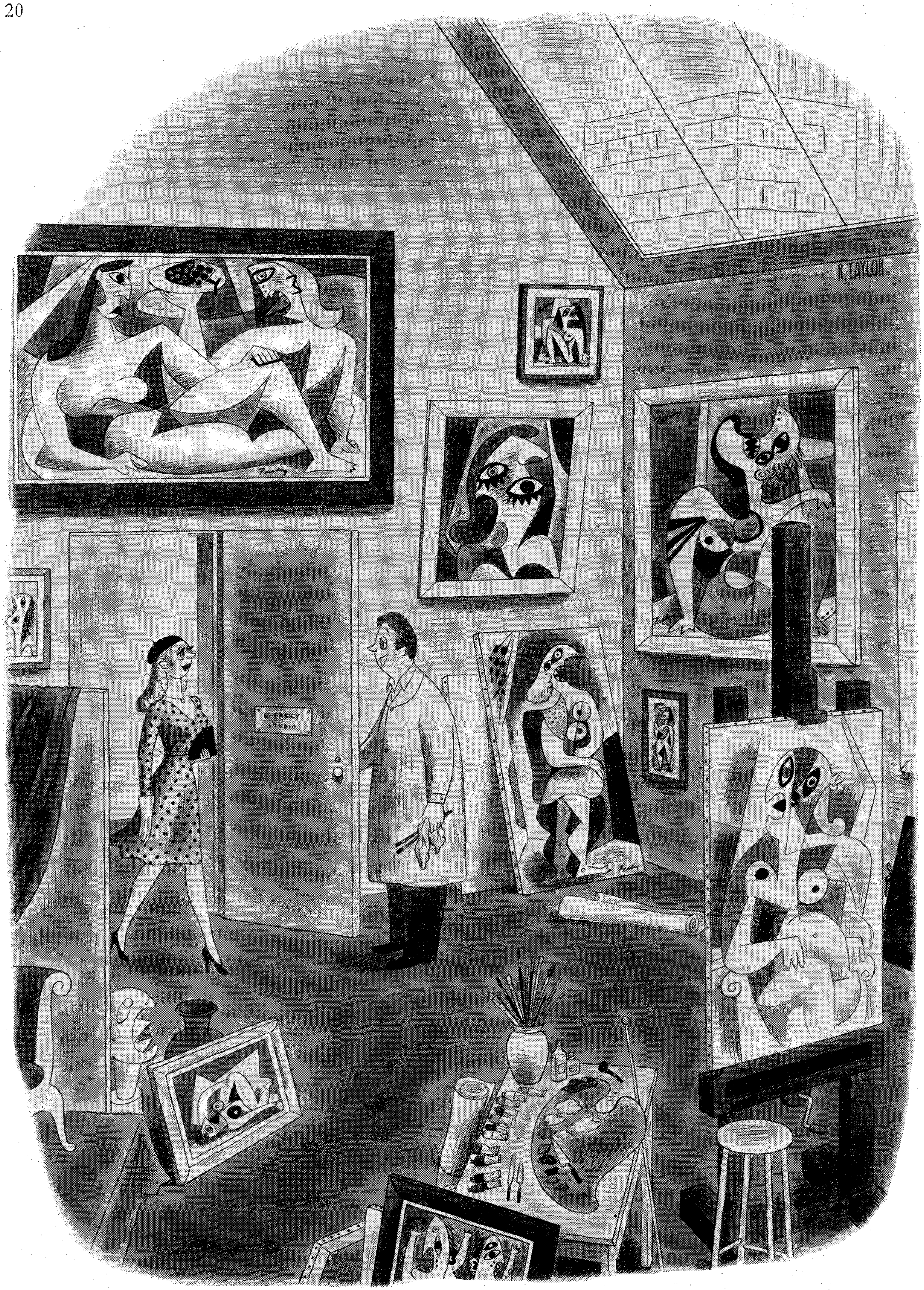
"Isn't it all wonderful! I'm so happy for Gabriel Heatter."

portation, exile, and the like. Finally he was sent to Siberia, but he escaped. At twenty-seven, he was a member of the Bolshevik Military Revolutionary Committee, which directed the Revolution. Since then, he has acquired all sorts of state honors, being at the moment Vice Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, Vice President of the State Committee of Defense, People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs, a member of the Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, and a Patron of Camp Artek, a summer resort for kids in the Crimea. In this last-named capacity, he allows ten-year-olds to call him *Papochka*, which is Russian for "Popsy."

Unlike Stalin, Molotov does not talk while watching movies, nor does he smoke much. He is not specially fond of vodka, but does like an occasional nip of cognac. He likes informal little parties and doesn't, it is thought, enjoy ostentatious ones. He speaks some English, but usually talks to English-speaking reporters and diplomats through an interpreter. At one of his press conferences, a foreign correspondent, who happened to be the only one in uniform, argued about something Molotov's interpreter had said. Molotov looked at the correspondent, did a double take, and then asked an aide who the man was. After he had been told, he remarked, "My, doesn't he look warlike!" This may not sound like much, but in Moscow it passes for a Molotov anecdote. Molotov keeps his desk neat and is said to be in perfect physical condition, except for the fact that he is nearsighted. It may be useful to the reporters at San Francisco to know that when he is nervous or excited he takes his pince-nez off and puts them on very rapidly; or again, it may not. He used to be a journalist himself, back in the days when *Pravda* was an underground revolutionary organ and the staff went in and out of the office disguised as paperhangers with their copy written on wallpaper. An Army photographer who covered the Yalta conference was much impressed by Molotov's cap, amiability, and general competence. He was unobtrusively everywhere he ought to be, the photographer told us, and always smiled without special request when he saw a camera pointed at him; he was no lens louse, but he was obliging.

Juste

WE know a progressive-school teacher who the other day found one of her little pupils doing a spirited crayon picture of a naval action involving American, British, and Japanese vessels. Some of them were plunging to the bottom, some were aflame, others were colliding, bows-on. After finishing the picture, the young artist sat before it for some moments, deep in reflection, then added her title: "Boating."



"Ah, Miss Redfield—pretty as a picture this morning."

BLACK AND WHITE

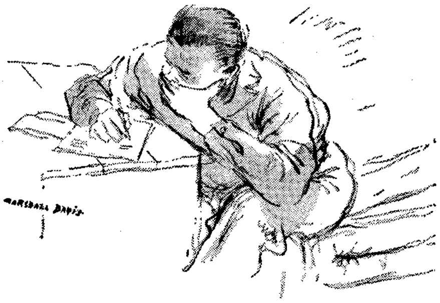
IT comes as a shock when we discover that black and white are not the only colors there are, morally speaking. Old as I am, it took the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong to show me just how many shades of gray really do exist. To this day I can't decide if I did right or wrong in the case of Mrs. Alves. Yet I had the whitest of intentions.

After the Eurasian girls who had been living with me slipped out of Hong Kong into Free China and I began to live by myself with my baby and my servants, a Portuguese girl named Jessie used to visit me fairly often. I depended a lot on Jessie, who came from Kowloon, the other half of town, on the mainland. She helped me maintain the illusion that I was not lonely, though most of the local Europeans were in prison camp and my best Asiatic friends kept disappearing into China. Without Jessie's gossip from Kowloon, I should probably have become melancholy. She had ever so many relatives and she came from a community which was unfamiliar to me. Through her I learned to know the different Portuguese groups there surprisingly well, considering how little I saw of them. There was a lot of juicy scandal in Jessie's reports. Hong Kong Portuguese are a fascinating study, perhaps because they are mixed with the local races and with Indians and yet maintain a good many traditions from Lisbon. You don't realize how interesting the Portuguese are at first, because the women put you off. They wear black and they don't try to be pretty after they are twenty-five. They turn sallow then and go in for spectacles and lank, greasy hair. They know they will be married anyway; the family attends to that, usually finding husbands within the circle of cousins. When they marry, the Portuguese women become good housekeepers, terribly fond of money.

At that time, about a year after the surrender, the Portuguese were standing the rigors of war pretty well because of the hoarding instinct of the women. Each family had a cache of tinned food and rice and precious coins (paper money was suspect), put away somewhere very secretly indeed and never admitted to conversation. There was a girl named Laura whose fate was a warning to all good Portuguese. Laura had taught piano and lived in a crowded tenement for years, wearing musty black dresses and going out only with swarms of female relatives. Then one day the Japs made all holders of bank safe-deposit boxes come clean and show what they had. And in Laura's safe-deposit box were thousands of gold coins, an astonishing collection dating back for centuries and filling the box to the brim. The Japanese took it all. Laura had only a receipt to show for it. All over Hong Kong the little black-clad women with short legs, the dark-eyed girls, the good cooks and careful accountants told each other the story at mah-jongg tables, and they wept for Laura, who had put her trust in banks.

Miriam Alves was a vivid exception to this group, Jessie told me. To begin with, she was Chinese. Dominic, her Portuguese husband, was a born rebel and his marriage to Miriam was only one item in a long list of strange antics. They made a proper marriage of it; Miriam, like Dominic, was a devout Roman Catholic. It wasn't the fact that she was Chinese that made the wedding exceptional; interracial marriages were an ordinary thing among Hong Kong's Portuguese. It was Miriam's prettiness and the fact that she didn't settle down afterward to a life of black dresses and cooking. She continued to paint her pert little face and to go out to the smart ice-cream shops and to spend money. Jessie, who was related to Dominic, was on her side in this. Jessie was still a girl and she had ideas.

"Besides, Dominic isn't my idea of a good husband," she told me. "Why should men have all the fun? He neglects Miriam; he's neglected her ever since the honeymoon was over. He's always been spoiled by his mother, that's what it is. He thinks he can have whatever he wants. Our men are like that. Well, no matter what my mother says, I think Miriam's a very good wife, in her way. She feels very badly about not having any children. She prays about it all the time, and I myself personally have gone with her to the fortune teller quite often to find out how to win Dominic away from that woman."



"What woman?" I asked.

"Oh, Dominic has a concubine," Jessie said cheerfully.

"Another Chinese?" I was surprised. "Surely that's being rather lush and Oriental. How do his friends take it?"

Jessie shrugged. "Our men are that way," she said. "This concubine has borne him a baby. That makes it harder for Miriam, because she's Chinese and she naturally can't help thinking Dominic is right, in a way, to spend so much time with his child's mother. Sometimes she sends presents to the baby."

"That's awfully nice and civilized of her," I said.

"Oh, I like Miriam. Of course, she does use magic, too—I'm sure she does—trying to win Dominic back. Do you believe in magic?"

I THOUGHT often about the Chinese girl, loyal and tortured, spinning her plans and working away quietly to win her husband home, going back and forth between her confessor and her fortune teller. Then one day Jessie brought disturbing news. Dominic had disappeared.

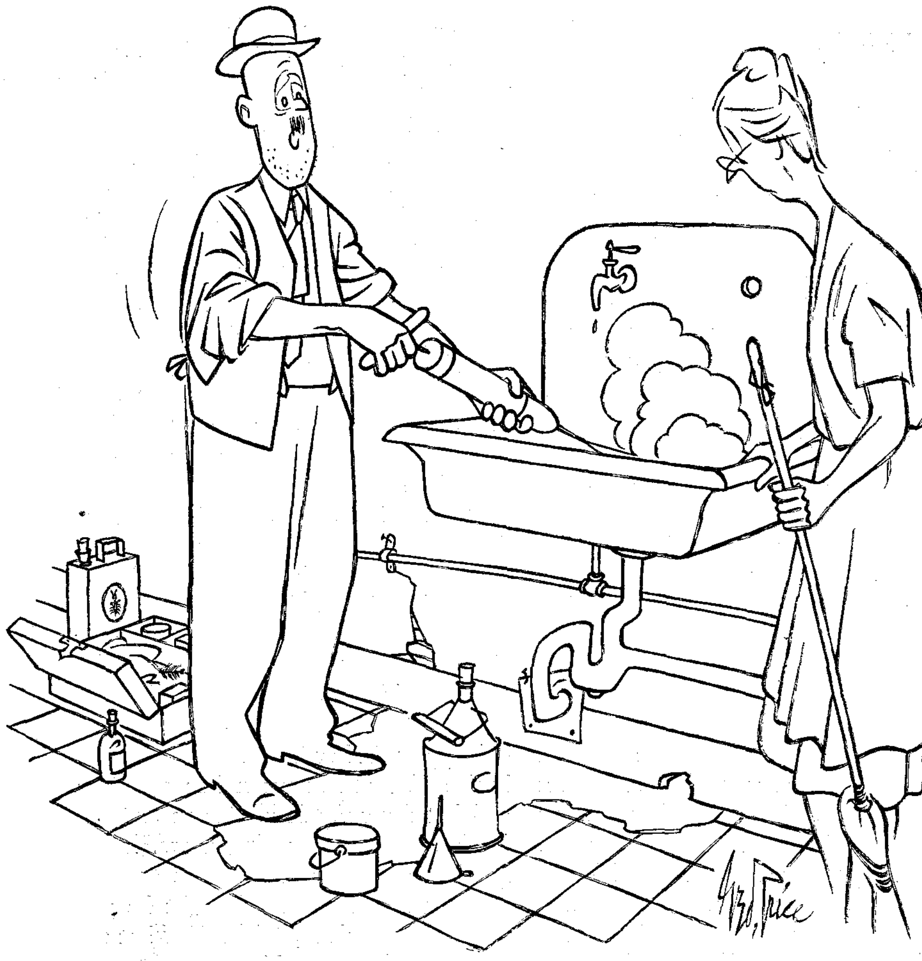
"For five days we thought he was with the concubine," she said, "but this morning the concubine came to ask Miriam where he was. And now we've got to make up our minds that the gendarmes have got him. He must have been arrested. There's no other way to explain it. Miriam came over with me this morning to see somebody who might be able to act as go-between. She's terribly upset."

For some months there had been a lot of official kidnapping and holding for ransom. It was one of the chief activities of the gendarmes, who really ran the city behind the façade of the civil government. They had certain ways of raising money—the black market in rice, the looting of warehouses, and now this kidnapping, called "arresting." Usually the arrest was made secretly or, if it was done openly, the charge was so obviously trumped up that nobody was fooled. If your husband or your son disappeared, you simply set about finding out the right man to pay and the right sum to pay him. The go-between was usually a Chinese or an Indian who enjoyed the protection of some gendarme and who worked it for all it was worth.

"Who is this man Miriam is going to see?" I asked.

"We think he had Dominic arrested," said Jessie. "His name is Tse."

"Oh, I know Tse," I said. He was



"I only hope I can take it as well as they do when my time comes."

• •

a Chinese who had been playing ball with the Japs. Hong Kong had always been a little town, and now it was shrinking rapidly. I sometimes felt that only a handful of nasty specimens remained to share the place with me. Among them, the nastiest was Tse. He was dangerous because he was clever and glib. His patron was a gendarme named Nakajima, and with this man's protection Tse had become so powerful that he boasted openly of his work, even to me, or perhaps especially to me. I don't know why he picked me out. Apparently he didn't know why, either. He seemed to think I was a desirable acquaintance socially and he kept me on hand to show off to Nakajima and to blackmail in the future, perhaps. Only the week before Jessie told me about Miriam's husband, Tse had insisted on my coming to a dinner party at his house.

"Nakajima is beginning to think you don't *like* gendarmes," he said, staring at me with his shoe-button eyes. He was a little fat man, hairier than most Chinese.

So I swallowed my feelings about Tse and went to his party, because, like everyone else, I was a little afraid of him. His house was one I had visited in the past, when it belonged to an Englishman who was now in the detention camp. Tse had set up a Japanese room in it, complete with soft matting to squat on, and had decorated it with cacti and orchids.

"Do you like them?" he asked, when I paused before one of the pots of orchids. "I took them from the Botanical Gardens. Nobody else thought of doing that."

He showed me a few rare Chinese books, apparently waiting anxiously for my praise. He behaved sometimes like a student trying to impress his teacher.

There were several minutes to kill before the great man Nakajima arrived, and Tse called a servant, and a little girl was brought in and introduced to me. She was a remarkably pretty child, about six years old, with enormous eyes. Tse fondled her and gave her some candy. He looked very squat and ugly sitting there on the matting, with his legs folded under him in the fashion the Japs had taught him.

"Your daughter?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I've just bought her; two hundred yen it cost me. I plan to bring her up here in the house," he said. "She's the daughter of a famous actress. Well, here's Nakajima."

Nakajima was the usual gendarme oaf. Dinner was a stiff, silent affair and I was enormously relieved when I could take my leave of Tse, with his cacti and his slave child and his gendarme. I was furious at him for making me come. Life in Hong Kong did that to me. I had become spiteful and capable of deep, revengeful hatreds, and Tse was marked down in my heart. I remembered a story he had insisted on telling me about what happened to a man who tried to cut in on his racket of arranging releases for prisoners. Tse had him jailed and sentenced to two years' hard labor. Nobody can survive that long a sentence in a Japanese prison. Tse reminded me of what he had done to this man, and boasted of it.

"We had to do it," he said, his pudgy face sanctimonious. "He was actually guilty of *extortion*."

Now Jessie was telling me more about Tse. Everywhere I turned, I heard Tse's name. It was a threat. It was also becoming a bore.

"Tell me more, Jessie," I said. "We'll have to do something about this."

Miriam went home after seeing Tse and stayed there. "Tse comes in every day," Jessie reported a week or so later. "He walks around the place as if he owned it, and he admits now that he knows where Dominic is. It seems that this is an old quarrel. A long time ago, long before the Japs came, Dominic got the better of Tse in some real-estate deal, and Tse said then that he would get even someday with Dominic. He's polishing off a lot of old grudges, and everyone in town is afraid of him now. He tries to make love to Miriam. He keeps guards around the house. He says Miriam must not sell anything there, because Dominic is a prisoner of the state and all his property is to be confiscated."

"What's the charge?" I asked.

Jessie waved her hands helplessly. "*We* don't know. We don't even know where he is. Most prisoners are in the main gendarmerie over there in Kowloon, but Dominic isn't, or Miriam would be able to send him food and clothes. Perhaps he's dead of starvation already. Tse says that he himself personally brings him food, but you know what that means. He probably goes and looks at Dominic and laughs. Miriam's just about wild. She's trying everywhere to raise the ransom money."

"How much is it?"

Jessie, the Portuguese, looked sly and said she didn't know.

"Anyway, it shouldn't be paid," I said angrily. "I wish you'd take my advice, Jessie—go and report it. There'll be no end to this man if you don't. You may get Dominic out, but Tse can go right on arresting someone else, or he might go after Dominic again. You'll never be free, your family."

"I know. That's what Miriam says."

"Well then, report it!" I snapped. Jessie's dramatics irritated me sometimes.

"But how? Where?"

"Some man higher up. This sounds to me like a private racket. I should think any gendarme outside of the group that Tse deals with would do the trick. Tell Miriam to bust right into the gendarmerie in Kowloon and talk."

"She'd be afraid," said Jessie doubtfully. "Can't you do it?"

"No, of course not," I said. But the idea attracted me and at last I did evolve a practical plan. Among the Japanese of the civil government was a Mr. Hayashi of the Foreign Affairs Department, who had incautiously once said in my presence that he was disgusted with the way the gendarmes were running things. He was not the only one, of course. Nearly all the civilians in the government thought the same. They had always felt that way, at home in Japan and elsewhere. It was a combination of genuine principle and jealousy of the gendarmes' power. The civilian officials were afraid of the gendarmes, however, and they never did anything but complain in a querulous, secret manner.

I persuaded Jessie to take Miriam to Mr. Hayashi, mention my name, and make a report.

THE day after he had talked to Miriam, Hayashi invited me to come and see him at the Foreign Affairs headquarters. He motioned me to a chair beside his desk and glanced quickly around the big room, to make sure nobody was within hearing distance. It was a cautious gesture that was instinctive with all of us those days. "That Chinese girl," he began. "Why did you send her here?"

"I thought it was your job," I said ingenuously. "She's a Portuguese and they're foreigners, aren't they? Neutrals?"

"Yes, yes, but we can't interfere with the gendarmes' activities. A civil case, yes, but this is military."

"But is it? Tse isn't military. He isn't even Japanese. Don't you think that probably the head of the gendarmerie over in Kowloon—Shimizu—doesn't even know this is going on?"

Hayashi looked thoughtful behind his thick spectacles and drummed on the desk.

"I wouldn't believe your law system could be hoodwinked so easily," I went on. "It couldn't have happened under the British, I tell you that. Of course I understand *your* position, Mr. Hayashi; you're powerless against the gendarmes. But—"

"Powerless? Not at all," said Hayashi angrily. "In my capacity there is nothing to prevent my calling this matter to Shimizu's attention. I shall do so, of course."

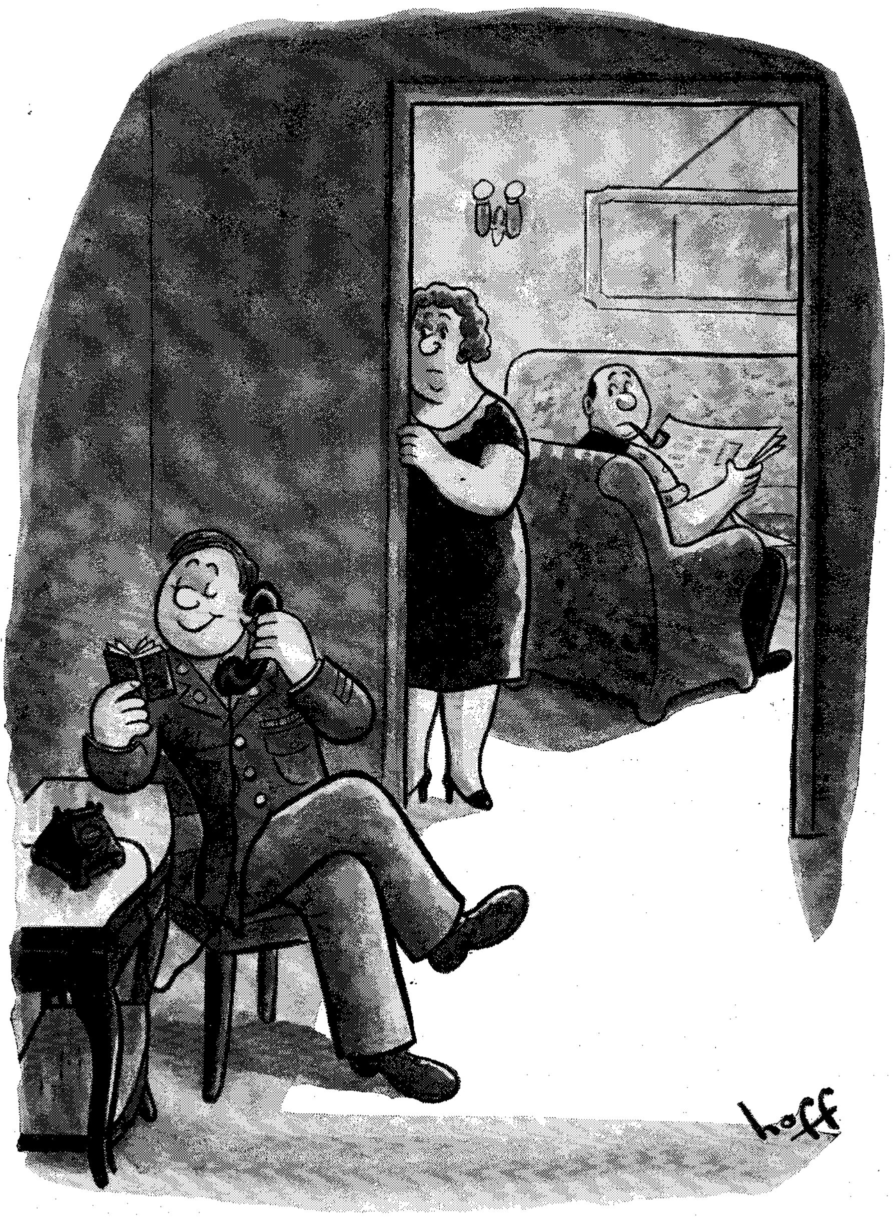
"Oh, that's *splendid*."

"It isn't," he said glumly. "It's going to make a lot of trouble. I wish you hadn't brought it up. There is one thing you must promise. Keep yourself out of this. There will be retaliation, and your name must not be mixed up in it at all."

"But I'm not mixed up in it. I only told a citizen what department to appeal to."

"Exactly," said Mr. Hayashi. "Your position as a white is shaky anyway. I won't go ahead with this unless your girl friends can promise me they won't mention your name, no matter what happens. Do you understand?"

"But what can happen? The girl is being oppressed by an extortionist,



that's all, and the authorities should be glad to have it brought to their attention, in the interests of law and order. They'll be grateful."

"Mmm," said Mr. Hayashi. "Just tell Mrs. Alves what I said."

Each of us was aware at the end of that interview that the other was not so dumb as he pretended.

THE Kowloon gendarmerie was torn into small pieces before that affair was finished. Sitting quietly at home, getting my information from Jessie, I was amazed at what I had done. I was scared, too. Mighty forces entered into the struggle. The chief, Shimizu, called in Nakajima and demanded an explanation, and it developed that Dominic Alves was not in the regular jail at all. He was hidden away in a private jail that Tse used for such cases. Nakajima had been providing guards, and, until the Alves case, nobody outside cared about the legality of it.

Nakajima managed to keep himself clear until one afternoon when Miriam was called in and questioned. He did the questioning himself, a rather odd fact, considering everything, but that is the way gendarmes run things. A man designated by Shimizu was there, however, listening. Tse was also there.

"Now, Mrs. Alves," roared Nakajima, "you allege that this man Tse tried to collect money from you in payment for your husband's release! You're lying, aren't you?"

"I am not lying," Miriam Alves said. Through the whole thing she maintained a dignified, courageous demeanor. Dominic owed a lot to his wife's behavior during the investigation.

"You are lying!" shouted Nakajima.

"No. Mr. Tse said he wanted eighteen thousand yen."

"Eighteen thousand?" screamed the gendarme. "Now I know you're lying! It was twelve thousand!"

"Why, no," said Miriam in surprise. "Eighteen thousand. It was always eighteen thousand."

Nakajima turned around and gave Tse a terrible look. Before Tse could say anything, however, Shimizu's man interposed in a quiet voice, "Then there *was* some mention of money, Nakajima?"

Tse was sent home while they cogitated, and then another officer moved in on the case and they continued with the questioning. "Who told you to go to the civil government?" they asked Miriam.

"Nobody told me," Miriam said. "I just went."

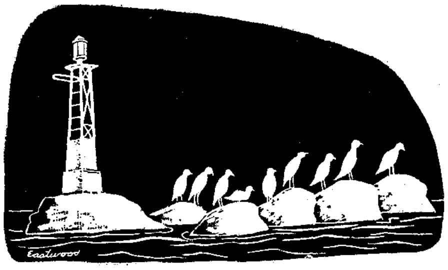
"Why did you go to Mr. Hayashi?"

"Because he's in the Foreign Affairs Department and I thought this was a foreign affair."

"Are you sure nobody told you to go to Hayashi?"

"Quite sure," said Miriam.

"Isn't this whole thing a tissue of lies made up by some enemy of the gendarmes?"



"I've told the truth," said Miriam. "I did it for my husband."

It is quite characteristic of gendarme justice that before they let her go home they gave her a flogging. Miriam was stripped, except for her slip, and beaten with a whip—eight lashes. She still maintained that she had told the truth, that her husband had been illegally imprisoned, that Tse had tried to extort money from her, and that nobody had told her to report it to Hayashi.

Then Shimizu's man said she was a good girl and a brave one and that her husband was a lucky man. If he didn't treat her well after this, she was to come and complain to the gendarmes. They were very jolly and laughed a lot. Then Dominic was brought in and they let Miriam take him home. He was very

POEM FOR SPRING

Once more, once more the unaccustomed Spring
Has broken the rope and, like a young Llewellyn,
Skims through the wood, her waxen feathers flashing.
Against black conifers, among green laurels dashing,
She moves as lightly as a draft of air.

Once more, once more, these are the nuptials thrilling
Of heaven and of this world.
Like choirs, the voices of young blooming trees
Unfurl to the moon. Oh, the smell of their music, the
sweet sound of their smell
Rise in my heart with unendurable pain.

I am too old to witness this again.
The rosetted bridal wreath, unearthly white,
Is sewn like stars into the silken night.
The satin dogwood floats through groves of plum,
A bride beside the flowering Judas tree;
Earth opens wide her late-pursed mouth to sing
The hymeneal music of her daughter, Spring.

Sane movement of autumn into winter I can bear:
The closing down of the gates, slow evening inventory.
I have no care how bitter is the morning, or how fair.
But oh, the tormenting promise to the young! Once I was
one of these.
My heart, too, opened and closed—
Nothing so undemanding as a wish, so still as hope:
More fierce, more sweet, it was expectancy.

New leaf unfolding on the ancient tree,
Unfold in each young heart! Give ecstasy its reason;
Flower into fruit, fruit into heavy fall,
For winter's season.
Then, by the last wind shaken, follow the loud heart
Taken unto its rest, with all its grief dispersed,
Love reimbursed by loss, loss filled with vacancy,
Commingle with it where as earth it lies,
Its nourishment youth's purchase on the skies.

—CLINCH CALKINS

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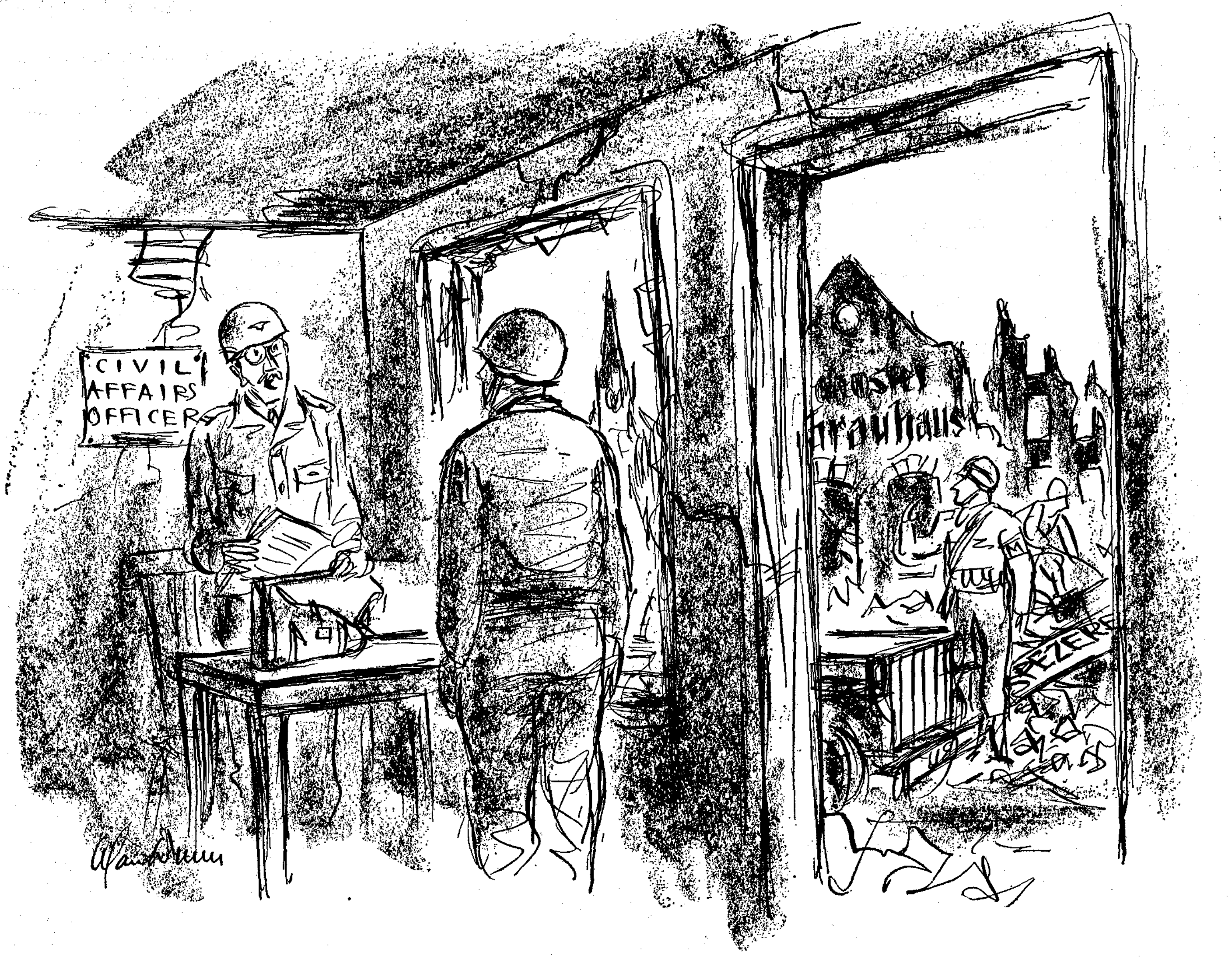

"I'm sorry, but I don't know how to turn on the gas. I'm here to stabilize the currency."

• •

thin and dirty and he needed a shave. He cried when he saw Miriam.

WHEN the soldiers came for Tse, he had already decamped. He had had ample warning, after all, and he got away with a couple of suitcases. The orchids and the cacti and the little slave girl were left behind. Nobody had seen him since in Hong Kong up to the time I left there.

Nothing serious happened to Nakajima, but he was probably scolded. Anyway, from what I heard later, he was in a foul mood when he tramped into the Department of Foreign Affairs to see Hayashi. He raved and ranted and pounded on the desk until Hayashi got up enough courage to telephone his chief and put in a complaint, and then Nakajima went away. There was a rumor among the Chinese that he was demoted, but the Chinese are always too optimistic.

Hayashi was grumpy the next time I saw him. He told me about the meeting with Nakajima and said, "Tell your Portuguese friends to be very careful for a while. How do I know this man Alves hadn't done something wrong, after all?"

"I don't know," I said. "I never met him myself."

"Well, I wouldn't meet him now if I were you," said Hayashi.

So I didn't. When Jessie wanted to bring the Alveses over to thank me, I begged off. "After the war we can meet," I said. "Until then, let's forget all about it. It was Miriam, anyway, who did it all. She's a very brave girl."

"She's a good wife," Jessie said, "and terribly grateful to you."

"That she is. I was embarrassed yesterday," I said, "on the street. It started to rain and I didn't have an umbrella or anything, and Miriam was passing by in a sedan chair. She was on her way to the cathedral. She made me take the chair and she went on on foot."

"She'd do anything for you," said Jessie.

"I was surprised to see her going to church over here," I said. "Surely the Kowloon cathedral is more convenient?"

"Oh, that." Jessie was silent for a second. "She always comes over here to church," she said. "That's so she can meet her boy friend. Dominic goes to the other church, so this is the only safe place, do you see?" —EMILY HAHN

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Edwin Denby in the Herald Tribune*]

With Moylan's arrowy exactitude a special gift of hers is the young pliability of her straight back joined to her tact in effacing or moving forward a shoulder or turning out an arm in its socket.

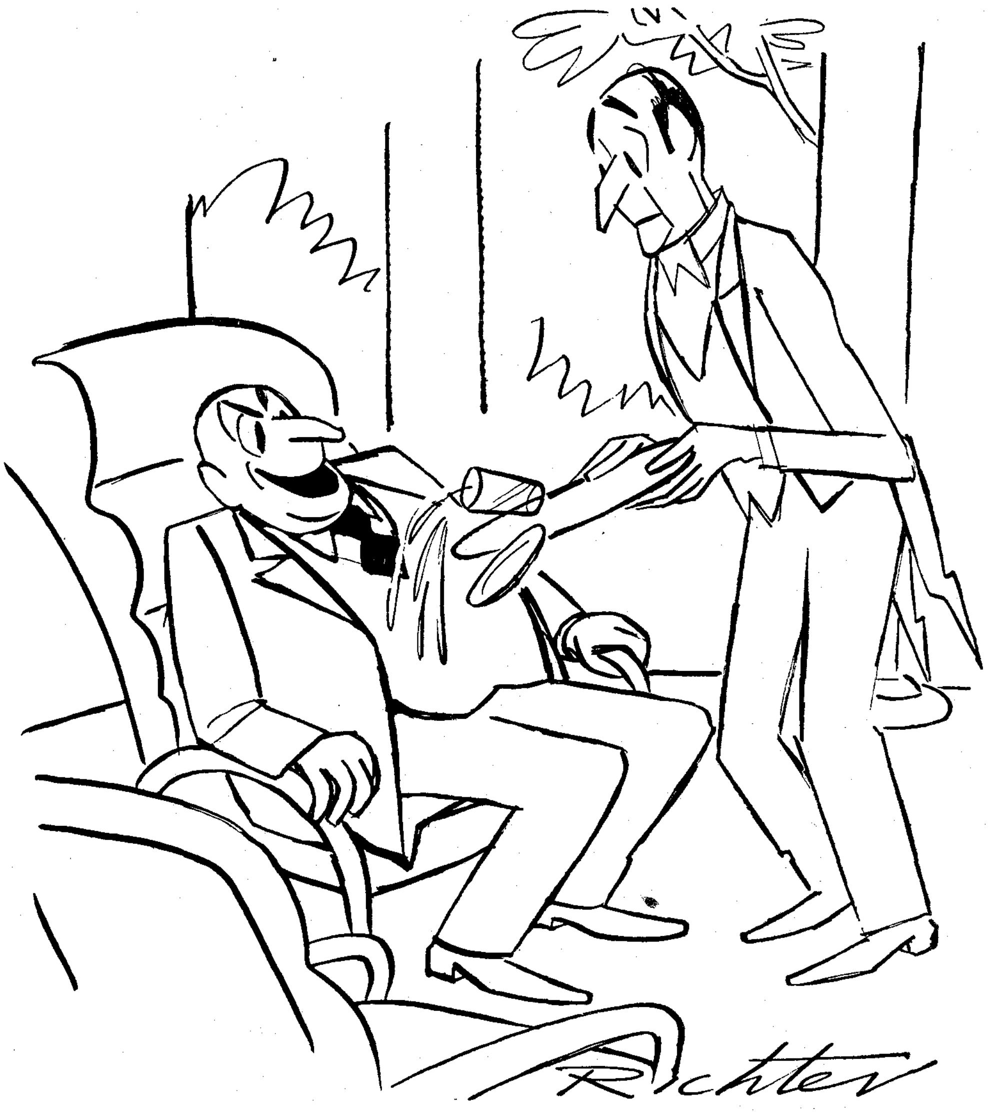
HOW TO GET ALONG WITH PROFESSORS: AN AD-HOC MODUS VIVENDI

FOR the better part of the past year, during which I have been engaged in projects so mysterious that I do not know the combination of my own safe, my work in the government service has thrown me increasingly into the company of professors. My immediate office is shared by two of them. One is, in normal times, a professor of biography and political science at Dartmouth, the other a professor of history at Harvard. Both are Rhodes scholars and both, of course, possess degrees which entitle them to be called doctor. Their attitude toward me is sympathetic and they have encouraged my ambitions to acquire an honorary degree so as not to be the only non-doctor in the room.

These two colleagues are the soul of tact, and they frequently inquire into the mysteries of the newspaper world, which they believe I represent, but it cannot be denied that both in conversation and in their federal writings, which it is my occasional duty and pleasure to read, they often employ such Latin tags as *sui generis*, *ibid*, *de facto*, *ad hoc*, and *imperium in imperio*, and that this makes me extremely nervous. It has also made me competitive, since I have become anxious to meet them on their own ground. "I am going to be *in absentia* tomorrow," I said to one of them the other day, in an effort to fit in. "How's that?" "Ah, yes, it's the locative, if you like," he replied. If I like! I'm crazy about it. On another occasion, after a good deal of thought, I concluded a remark about the weather with the phrase *mirabile dictu*. "Let's see—it's the supine, isn't it?" said my colleague, giving me an encouraging nod. You can imagine in what condition this left me.

Two other colleagues are on the Harvard and University of Michigan faculties, respectively, and the man who stands *in loco parentis* to us, as it were, is a big Elizabethan and Tudor authority from the University of Pennsylvania. This professor, whose attitude toward me is that of a kindly sage who has rescued a promising younger person from a rather doubtful environment, is a veritable Roman candle of expressions like *in medias res*, *modus vivendi*, and *pari passu*. Another University of Pennsylvania professor whom I sometimes have occasion to consult in line of duty enjoys the multiple distinction of being a former Guggenheim Fellow, president of the American School of Indic and Iranian Studies, Inc., a past president of the American Oriental Society, the author of "Manuscript Illustration of the Uttaradhyayana Sutra," and the second generation of his family to be a Sanskrit scholar. I do not wish, in this little canvas, to overemphasize the *oscuro* at the expense of the *chiaro*, if I may lapse into Italian for the moment, and it is only fair to add that this particular pundit has never thrown any Sanskrit in my direction and that he is a reliable judge of bourbon. Still another professor who occupies a commanding position in the hierarchy in which I work is the Coolidge Professor of History at Harvard. And so it goes. It does no violence to truth to say that in my present line of business I am practically the only male civilian whose *status quo* and *modus vivendi* is not, *ipso facto*, *ad hoc*, *pari passu*, and very nearly *ab initio* that of a professor. *In propria persona*, I am in a hell of a fix.

I MENTION all this because it has been on my mind for some time and because it probably explains how I came to peek at the *American Historical Review*, the official periodical of the American Historical Association. Many of my colleagues are members of this association and some of them have regaled me with anecdotes of its doings, so when I caught sight of the July, 1944, issue of its quarterly *omnium-gatherum* in the office last week, I took it home with me, hoping for a kind of indoctrination that would enable me to stop flinching during working hours. My eye was at once caught, *nolens volens*, by the lead article, "Abraham Lincoln and the Tariff," by Reinhard H. Luthin, identified in a footnote as a "lecturer in history in Columbia University and joint author with Harry J. Carman of the



"Confound you, Jenkins! Er—I mean ha, ha. Accidents will happen, old fellow."

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volume on *Lincoln and the Patronage*." This article commenced as follows:

> The controversy between "high-tariff" and "low-tariff" groups has remained constant in American history.[1]

I traced that [1] down to the bottom of the page, and this is what I found:

> [1] Orrin L. Elliott, *The Tariff Controversy in the United States*, 1789-1833 (Palo Alto, 1892); Carl W. Kaiser, jr., *History of the Academic Protectionist-Free Trade Controversy before 1860* (Philadelphia, 1939); Robert R. Russel, *Economic Aspects of Southern Sectionalism*, 1840-1861 (Urbana, 1924), pp. 37-40, 65-66, 151-56; John G. Van Deusen, *Economic Bases of Disunion in South Carolina* (New York, 1928), pp. 19-21, 59-103, 328; Jesse T. Carpenter, *The South as a Conscious Minority*, 1789-1861 (New York, 1930), pp. 19, 29-30, 56; Ulrich B. Phillips, *The Life of Robert Toombs* (New York, 1913), p. 148; Avery Craven, *The Coming of the Civil War* (New York, 1942), pp. 215-16, 224, 321, 401; James C. Ballagh, "Southern Economic History: Tariff and Public Lands," American Historical Association, *Annual Report*, 1898 (Washington, 1899), pp. 223 ff.

Well, in point of sober fact, I never got beyond this first sentence and accompanying footnote, although, as a matter of courtesy to Dr. Luthin, I appointed a *locum tenens* to finish the article for me.[1] I never got beyond this sentence because I realized that, despite my increasingly relentless mastery of the Latin tag, there was still a big obstacle to my associating on equal terms with my professorial colleagues—my propensity for making undocumented remarks. I resolved to cure this. "Old Father Sun is certainly out today," I said to the first man I ran into in my office the next morning, and before he had a chance to reply, I continued, "Charles Greeley Abbot, dir. since 1907, Smithsonian Astrophys. Obs., *The Sun*, *The Sun and the Welfare of Man*, *The Earth and the Stars*, *Fundamentals of Astronomy*, pp. ff. *et seq.*, *passim*, *pari passu*, and *ad astra per aspera*."[2] The man I addressed looked at me with delight. " 'Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,' " he said. "*Ecclesiastes XI*, 7, c. 200 B.C. We're having a little lunch today at the Brookings Institution, old man—just a few kindred spirits. I hope you'll answer *adsum* to our roll call."

I suppose I should have taken this *cum grano salis*, for when I showed up at the Institution it appeared that no lunch had been scheduled. It turned out that the man I had been talking to was not a professor but someone who had come in to fix the radiator. Tomorrow is another day, however[3]. Plainly I am in the groove, and the first Rhodes scholar I meet is going to get both barrels, rain or shine. Abbot[4] also has quite a lot to say about rain.—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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[1] This *locum tenens*, a Yale man, ended up with a bad case of *delirium tremens* and I had to appoint another *locum tenens* in his place, all of which ran into money. Ah, *lacrimae rerum!*

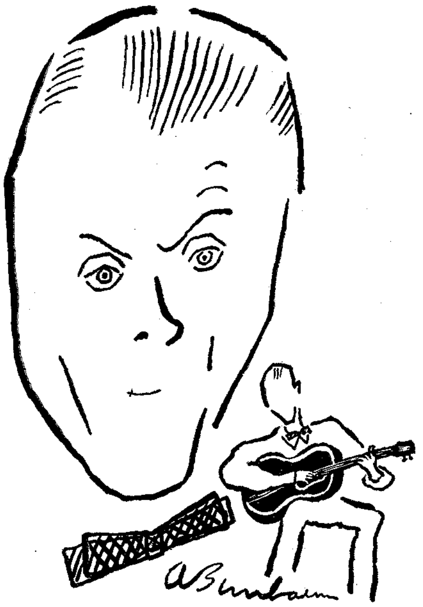
[2] Actually, I said a whole lot more than this, but I am omitting full documentation in this account in order to leave room for the advertisements.

[3] Thursday.

[4] *Cf. supra.*

PROFILES

SPOKESMAN WITH A TEMPERATURE—II



EDDIE CONDON, who is perhaps the world's greatest hot guitarist when he is not too busy acting as the self-elected spokesman for the hot-music industry, was born on November 16, 1905, to John Henry and Margaret McGraw Condon in Goodland, a small town in northern Indiana. His arrival on earth was approximately coincident with the discovery, or invention, by Booth Tarkington, not many miles south in Indiana, of the new American youth. The Condon childhood was, however, more in the vein of Mark Twain's Middle West than of Tarkington's. The senior Condon had a mighty brood—Eddie (who began life as Albert Edwin) had been preceded by five sisters and three brothers—who were supported on the proceeds of a saloon, or, as it is called throughout the Gaelic world, a store. "I came into the night-club business legitimately," Eddie has since said. "My father was a storekeeper." Eddie left home at fifteen and doesn't recall a great deal of his family life, but it seems to have been tumultuous. He is apt to sum his early childhood up in one sentence: "The first one up in the morning was always the best dressed and the best fed." While Eddie was in his beginning teens, his father suffered one of those technological setbacks which are the plague of even the greatest American industries: the county went dry. Condon, Sr., removed himself and his family to the town of Momence, in Illinois, which was still wet. Momence was perhaps a better milieu in which to carry on in the Twain tradition. Though it had long before become a railway town, it was on the banks of the Kankakee, which eventually empties into the Mississippi.

Wanderlust soon beset the Condon offspring. Clifford, the oldest boy, went off to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he got into the business of making locks for bank vaults. John, the second son, finished his last term at high school and reminded his father of a promise that he could go on a little canoe trip. When permission was given, John and a classmate embarked on the Kankakee. They paddled slowly downstream until they were out of sight, and then started hustling. Their voyage didn't end until they had reached New Orleans, where, after a consultation, they found that neither of them had any intention of ever returning home. California seemed more promising than the banks of the Kankakee, and they quickly discovered that the Southern Pacific had a rather decent selection of freight trains. John was on the road for quite a few years before he settled down in Chicago as a steel broker.

The senior Condon moved his family to Chicago Heights, a rather forbidding suburb of Chicago, before he lost Pat. Pat, the third son, and a fairly musical one, preferred tinkering with a ukulele to school, and one day at recess he hopped an Elgin, Joliet & Eastern freight when it stopped for water on the other side of a field adjoining the schoolyard. From that day forward, except for occasional further stops for coal and water, Pat has never ceased to move. A few seasons ago, between trains, he did make a hurried professional appearance now and then (his instrument today is the guitar) along Fifty-second Street, but these pauses were so brief that they hardly count.

Eddie's sisters, a more sedentary lot, spent their time taking turns practicing on the family piano. Eddie, too, made his musical beginnings on the piano; he is, in fact, a guitarist only by second choice. He learned piano more by a process of absorption than by rote. He didn't bother to learn how to read music until he was in his early twenties, but he was an apt, though self-taught, student of chromatics, and soon was working out the chords which today distinguish, at least to experts, his guitar playing from the work of all other hot guitarists. He advanced rapidly enough in his piano playing, but he discovered that the span of his hands was so small (his left thumb is remarkably short) that he couldn't play eighths and tenths, so he turned to a ukulele Pat had left behind him. He soon recognized the limitations of this elemental instrument and got himself a banjo. From this, he graduated, eventually, to the guitar. There were still difficulties in his way. His sisters played the piano out of a sense of duty; he wanted to make music for the fun of it, which bothered his parents considerably. His sisters remember that he had to do most of his practicing downcellar, where, a modern Lincoln, he strummed by the light from the open furnace door until all hours. In short order, he was playing nights around town in one of those amateur orchestras that used to get jobs at Odd Fellows and Elks dances. To be sure of being on hand at these parties, though, he had to go to bed early and then get up and sneak out as soon as the house was quiet.

Staying up late at night and being bright the next day, an accomplishment Condon now has at the tips of his fingers, did not come natural to him, and in school he was a drowsy and lacklustre scholar. By the end of his second school year in Chicago Heights, he was the local king of jazz by night and the village idiot by day. Since Clifford had made a locksmith and a man of himself in Cedar Rapids, Eddie's parents decided that he might be able to do the same for Eddie, and they began to consider shipping him out there for a tryout. Things went on in this uneasy fashion until the day his spring-term report card arrived, giving him nothing but a quarter credit in physical education, along with the news that Eddie would be repeating his entire year's course in the fall. "I think," his father said at breakfast that day, "the time has come for you to choose between school and the banjo, and I think I know what the choice will have to be."

The story of Condon the hot musician would have ended there if it hadn't been for something that has all the earmarks of a coincidence—word arrived from the locksmith brother that there was a job for Eddie in Cedar Rapids. The job was not in the vault-lock business, however; it was in a band that played local dates. Condon's teammates were only semi-pros, but he was happy in his work. Next spring, Hollis Peavey, an Iowa clarinetist who had an orchestra called the Jazz Bandits, needed a banjoist to go on the road with him, and someone suggested young Condon. There was a little trouble about getting him a union card—the Cedar Rapids local wouldn't issue one to a musician who couldn't read music—but Peavey got the matter fixed up in Waterloo, Iowa, where the union could apparently recognize untutored genius. The Jazz Bandits played lakeside dance pavilions through Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin all summer, travelling across the country in an automobile big enough for the whole band and its instruments and bearing Peavey's name in large letters. When the band broke up for the winter, Condon went to Chicago with some of his companions, and soon found himself catching a train for Syracuse, to play in a band with the late Bix Beiderbecke, the celebrated cornettist. When someone in the band pointed out Beiderbecke in the station, Condon looked dubiously at the cornettist's badly fitting jacket and broken-peaked cloth cap. "Is this the guy I've been hearing about?" he inquired of his friend. But he didn't have any doubt about it once Beiderbecke put his instrument to his lips. Whether a winter's association with Beiderbecke had anything to do with Condon's style on the guitar is still being debated by students of such questions. Condon spent another summer barnstorming with Peavey, and the next winter Peavey took his band to Winnipeg, where it played dance music in a restaurant every evening. It was in Winnipeg that Condon made his only voluntary experiment with physical education. He discovered that ice skating was pleasant. Having proved that exercise can be fun, he decided to leave the matter there. He went back to Chicago in the spring, and he and Peavey amicably parted company.

IT was 1922, and the golden age of night life in America was beginning. In Chicago, as in most of the great cities, the new aristocracy of bootleggers was in the ascendancy, and a good many of them, conscious of their noblesse oblige, were following the tradition set by their Roman or Florentine ancestors by becoming patrons of the arts. In general, the other night-club owners were following suit. Musicians were a dime a dozen in the Randolph Street bookers' offices, but someone was always opening a new joint, and whoever opened it was always eager to give his patrons not only the best Chicago-style champagne, Scotch, and Canadian ale but the best Chicago-style music. Condon found the town and the gaudy night life it offered invigorating; Chicago was just waking up when Iowa and Winnipeg were going to bed. The music in Chicago seems to have been better than the drinks, for in the course of the prohibition boom, the city turned out a lot of other musicians who have since become celebrated—Gene Krupa, Bud Freeman, Benny Goodman, Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschmaker, Joe Sullivan, Jimmy McPartland, Joe and Marty Marsala among them—and who have made Chicago-style music cel-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Why, Myrtle! Haven't you been putting on a little ectoplasm lately?"

ebrated. Condon existed on a straight beer diet in that era; his habit of supplementing this regimen with a daily quart of milk is a very recent development. "Those were the days," one of Condon's current jazz-concert operatives, a Massachusetts cornettist, says. "In a speak, the boss always ran his place the way he wanted to, and he never let anybody he didn't like in the joint. How I went to work for one of the big ones was like this. He was King Solomon, and he had a string of places in Boston. He comes up to me in a bar and he says, 'I like you, punk. How about you go to work for me? I pay you a hundred a week.' After six months, he says, 'I like you more, punk. Now I pay you a hundred and a quarter. O.K.?' " The musician sighed. "*That* money, and all you had to do was play. No asking the boss how was his wife and his kiddies and his old aunt in Chicago, and no sitting with the big spenders. I had the best job I ever had, a job for life, until the boys shot the King one night in the washroom."

Around this time something else was happening to jazz music. For several years a young jockey named Red McKenzie, who could make eighty-four pounds and had a nice seat on a horse, had been riding in his home town of St. Louis, on the Maryland tracks, and down at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans. He had heard a trumpeter named Louis Armstrong playing on a river excursion boat operating out of New Orleans in the winter and on another boat working out of St. Louis in the summer, and when he got too heavy to ride and was marking time by bellhopping in a St. Louis hotel, he spent his idle time trying to imitate Armstrong with a comb and a piece of tissue paper. He and Jack Bland, a young banjoist, and Dick Slevin, an infant who could keep time with them on a kazoo, were standing on the sidewalk outside the hotel one summer's day in 1925, playing hot music, when Gene Rodemich, who had a large and successful dance band, heard them and suggested that they go along to Chicago with him. The trio's down-to-earth music had no place in the smooth, solemn stuff Rodemich was putting out, and it is not altogether clear what he thought he was going to do with his discovery. At any rate, the boys decided to go with him. In Chicago, Isham Jones, whose stately dance music was the passion of Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley, and whose radio hour had approximately the same effect on young ladies the country over that Frank Sinatra has been having these past couple of years, happened to hear the sidewalk trio, and he too got interested in them. He took the young men to the Chicago recording studios of Brunswick, and—since he was one of Brunswick's best-sellers—the officials listened to what he had to say. Red McKenzie and his pals played "Arkansas Blues" and "Blue Blues" into a microphone, said they thought they would like to be called the Mound City Blue Blowers, in honor of McKenzie's native town, and went back to the hotel in which they were staying. The resulting record began to sell so rapidly—it did better than a million copies before it was through—that it hardly seemed worth while for the trio to go back to St. Louis. New York and Europe were waiting to see in person the makers of "Arkansas Blues," and the boys saw no reason for disappointing them.

When the Blue Blowers came back to Chicago, in 1927, Condon, who had worked his way through every spot in town that could support a four-man band, was looking for something new to do. He and McKenzie met for the first time and decided to work together. They tried their hand, with the assistance of Muggsy Spanier, Bud Freeman, and several other reliables, at recording a few familiar classics—"There'll Be Some Changes Made" and "I've Found a New Baby" for Brunswick, as the Chicago Rhythm Kings, and then things like "Liza" and "Sugar" for Okeh, as McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans. It was when Condon made these records that he first played a guitar. The records are still selling in England; two weeks ago, Condon got a royalty check for twenty-seven dollars.

Condon finally felt that he had enough courage to go to New York, which he had never seen and which all musicians considered the Big Time, and he came here, but only as a visitor on vacation. Almost the first person he ran into was an old friend from Chicago, Bee Palmer, a girl who helped make the shimmy a million-dollar business. She was opening at the Château Madrid, a cheerful hideaway in the West Fifties, and she wanted a band who could play her sort of music to open with her. Eddie, feeling enormously lucky, gave up the idea of a vacation and went back to Chicago to pick up the best men he could find. He returned in a few days with Krupa, Teschmaker, Freeman, Sullivan, and McPartland and tried out with them at the Château Madrid. The management's answer was no. It was the first time these innocents had ever heard the word; it had never occurred to any of them that there were people in the world who could listen to the kind of music they played and not like it. While they were looking at one another, blankfaced, along came the band leader who calls himself Pancho (there is simply no keeping the admiring purveyors of sweet music out of Condon's life history) with the suggestion that they go up to Newport, where he was taking a big orchestra for a party the Princess Miguel de Braganza was giving. The boys played their music at this affair, and again the answer was no. Back in New York, Pancho got them a booking at the Palace with the dance team of Charles Sabin and Barbara Bennett. Sabin and Bennett were practitioners of what was known as society ballroom dancing, which didn't blend too well with what Condon and his men were trying to do. This time the answer was a double no—one from the management of the Palace, which hastily cancelled the band; one from *Variety*, which was quite impolite about the music. These final noes were enough for everyone, and the band broke up.

SERVICE MEN PICK-UP STATION

Condon was still attracted by the idea of playing New York. Working in other bands, he got as near it as the Castilian Gardens, on the Merrick Road in Long Island, and Pelham Heath Inn, in Westchester—both roadhouses of vast and fond memory—before he reached Broadway in Red Nichols' band. Condon, Krupa, and Pee Wee Russell played with Nichols in the Hollywood, one of the gaudy restaurant night clubs of the day, but Condon professes not to have been too happy, even though, what with recordings and talkie shorts, he was doing as well financially as he ever had done. It wasn't long before McKenzie, who was floating around town, and Condon were reviving the Mound City Blue Blowers, this time with McKenzie playing the comb,

OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY

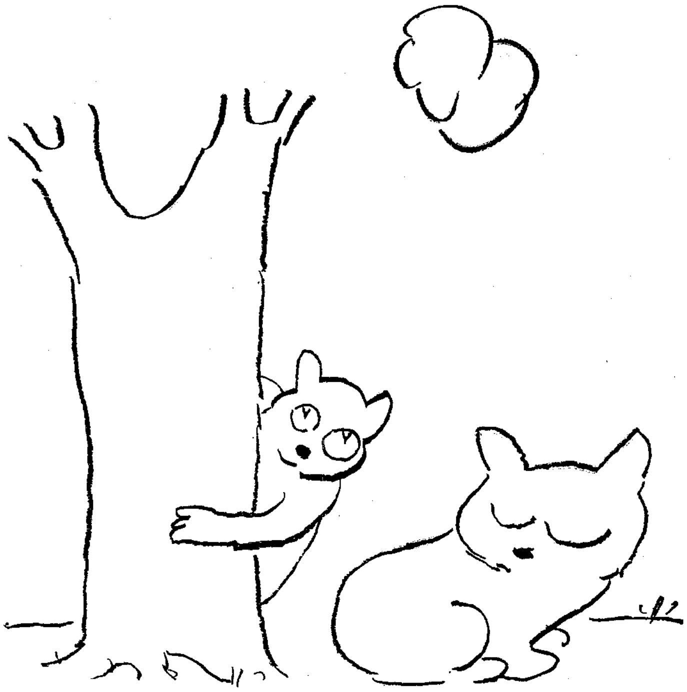
the band's instruments without drawing even a second glance from the law. The boys got themselves work at the Club Napoleon, which didn't happen to be on the federal calendar that year, and stayed there until a newer and finer

and not the old habitués of the great days of New York night life. Once again hot musicians were a dime a dozen, but this time there was no expansion in the night-life business to absorb them. In the next four years, Condon never

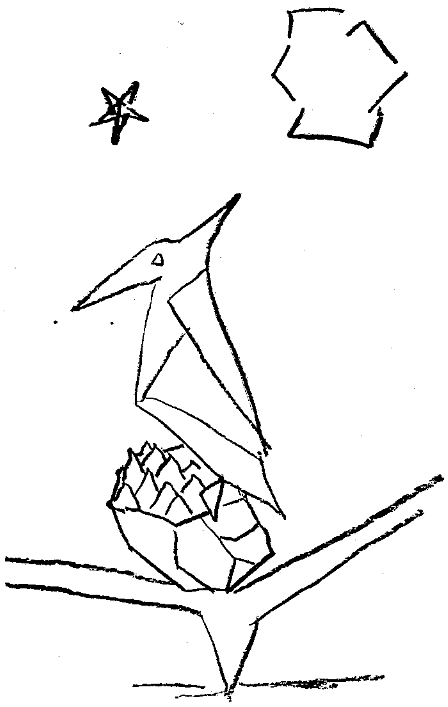
to forty musicians operate at his bidding, playing the kind of music they are fond of and want to keep alive.

MUSICIANS are a gregarious lot, and Condon, when he is not en-

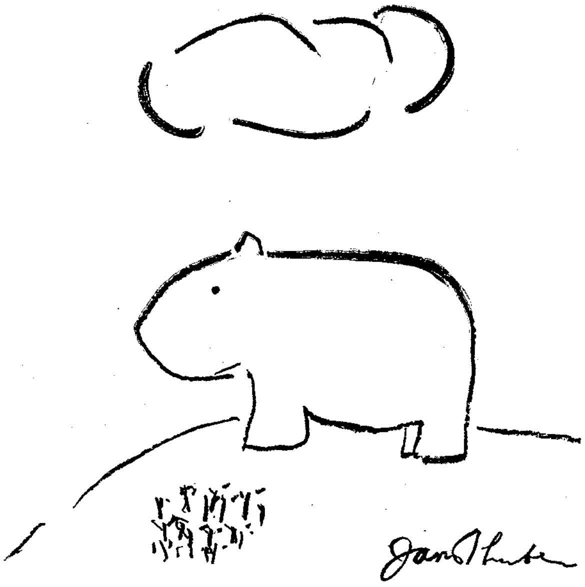
OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY



The Troth, Plighted (right) and Unplighted



A female Volt with all her Ergs in one Gasket



A Gloat near a patch of I-Told-You-So

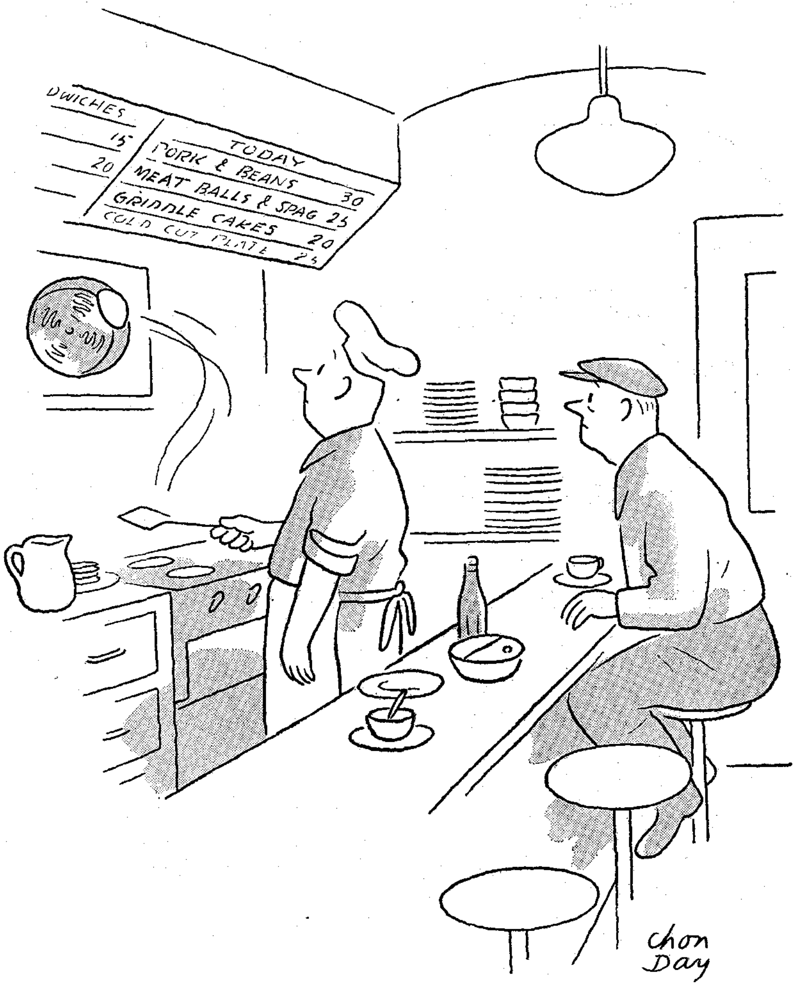
• •

Condon the guitar, Jack Bland the banjo, and a new hand, Josh Billings, the suitcase. "Suitcase" has come to mean, in the hyperthyroid prose of the musicians' trade press, the paraphernalia a drummer encumbers himself with, but what Billings played was just a plain suitcase. "Our band was a handy little outfit," Condon says, "one we could set up on a dime." They tried a vaudeville tour, playing for Ann Pennington, but they had been out only three weeks when she was offered a job in a musical show called "The New Yorkers," and the boys could hardly blame her for accepting. She had a parting suggestion for them—someone named Perona, who owned an elaborate establishment called the Bath Club, was looking for a small band and she had put in a word for them.

The Blue Blowers tried out before Perona at the club while he ate lunch, and were hired. Having Billings at the suitcase may have been just what the band had needed. There was apparently nothing much to Billings' technique. He just sat with the suitcase upended in front of him and drew strange but rhythmic rustlings from it by stroking it with a pair of whiskbrooms, and occasionally, when a bass-drum effect was in order, by languidly kicking it with one foot. The effect on the customers, however, was stupefying, and the band was at the Bath Club nine months. The job seems to have been rather simple—fifteen minutes on the stand, forty-five minutes running up a tab at the bar, then back to the instruments. In his nine months at the club and at the private parties the band was invited to play at, Billings kicked his way through a good many suitcases. When one wore out, he and Condon cruised Sixth Avenue, where the luggage shops always had a supply of goods conveniently stacked along the sidewalk. Billings, a meticulous artist, sometimes had to kick the entire display of a dozen establishments before he found a suitcase with what he considered the proper resonance. He retired from the trade quite a few years ago, full of honors. Today he is an engraver in Chicago.

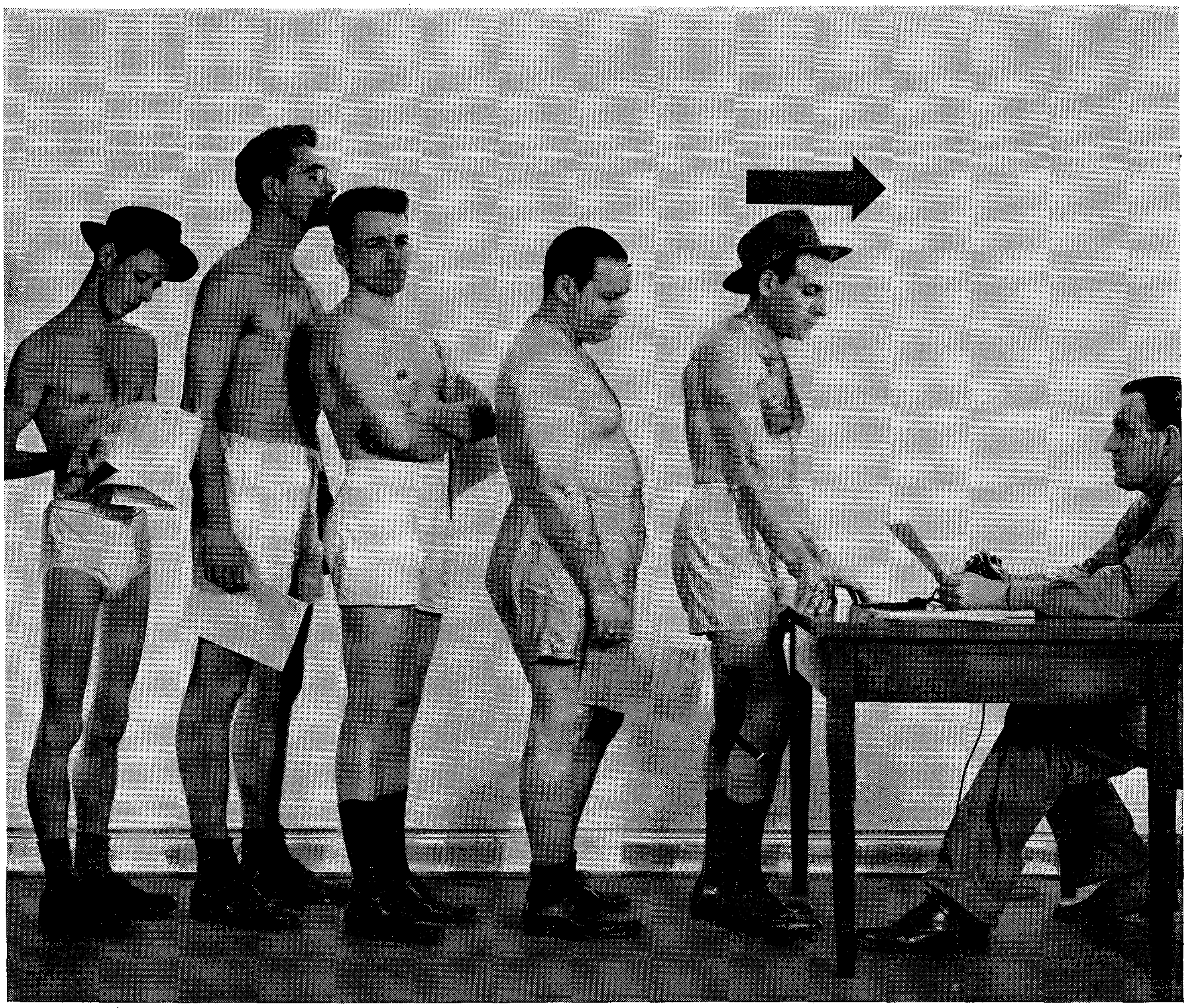
Those days were possibly the zenith of the hot musician in America. The McKenzie-Condon group spent a cheerful winter in Florida, playing nothing but private parties at Palm Beach and managing to acquire almost no tan at all. Back in New York in the spring, they got an engagement at the first of the Stork Clubs, the one hidden away on West Fifty-eighth Street. Only one untoward incident marred this pleasant life. One night the boys arrived at the club fifteen minutes late for work but in time to see the federals finish chopping up the front of the place and, in accordance with the merry custom of the Hoover days, get to work on the fixtures. Jack Bland, whose portly build and preoccupied air give him something of the look of a plainclothesman, idled in and rescued the band's instruments without drawing even a second glance from the law. The boys got themselves work at the Club Napoleon, which didn't happen to be on the federal calendar that year, and stayed there until a newer and finer Stork rose upon the ashes of the old.

There is no telling to what splendor the McKenzie-Condon boys, and all other hot musicians in the country along with them, might have risen if repeal had not raised its grim head late in 1933. Almost overnight an empire which had weathered the depression for four years vanished. Even such pillars of the industry as the Merry-Go-Round and Marlborough House tottered and fell. Scores of musicians, rendered homeless by the holocaust, huddled together for warmth in dusty basements along Fifty-second Street or in the Village. A few of these basements—among them the Famous Door, in which Condon and the late Bunny Berigan, a trumpeter whom some people think was second only to Bix Beiderbecke, set themselves up to make a little music—did well enough for a time, but the repeal night-club operators tended to be uncultured chisellers who didn't appreciate real jazz and the repeal customers who came along were largely sightseers and not the old habitués of the great days of New York night life. Once again hot musicians were a dime a dozen, but this time there was no expansion in the night-life business to absorb them. In the next four years, Condon never worked as much as a whole month at a stretch. It was at the end of this period, one night in 1937 when he was standing at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-second Street, contemplating his problems, that he decided that something would have to be done about the plight the hot-music industry was in. Not long before he had been out of a job for six months in a row, and three jobs had blown up on him in rapid succession. What he had to do, he made up his mind, was become the industry's unofficial bureau of public relations. Ever since then, he has been trying to convince musicians and the public, by talking to anyone who would listen and to quite a few who wouldn't, that hot music is as important as he thinks it is. Talking is only part, though an important one, of his public-relations work. Lately, in what he calls jazz concerts, he has been backing up his conversation about hot music with even more convincing demonstrations of the art. In these concerts, anywhere from a dozen to forty musicians operate at his bidding, playing the kind of music they are fond of and want to keep alive.



MUSICIANS are a gregarious lot, and Condon, when he is not engaged in one of his many business activities—the delivery of his impromptu lectures, the making of hot-music records, the conducting of concerts in concert halls or on the air—is apt to be found where they gather in their off hours. The crossroads store in the Village is Julius's bar, an ancient clubhouse for musicians, retired police sergeants, journalists, and seekers of atmosphere. The resident manager, Pete Pesci, is an ardent believer in hot music, and he acts as receiver of telephone messages, post office, loan bureau, general counsellor, and ticket agent for the hot musicians in his district. Without resorting to door-to-door canvassing, he sold $219 worth of tickets to one of the Condon Carnegie Hall concerts this past winter. The midtown clubhouse is Reilly's bar, on West Fifty-second Street, where the musicians have set up another message center. By looking in on or calling up these establishments once a day or so, Condon can keep abreast of developments in his parish, and it is not easy for a hot musician to come to town without having Condon get in touch with him about playing a concert or sitting in on a couple of recordings some of the boys are about to make.

Condon can be as unsparing of his colleagues as he is of himself. The other Friday, a sergeant who had been a rather good piano player in private life reached town on a weekend pass. His best girl, a handsome young lady, was at her nightly stint of dancing in a musical comedy, so the sergeant tried Reilly's and found that Condon was at a recording studio in midtown. Once there, the sergeant was quickly pressed into service and put in two hours of hard work recording for posterity. The recording session had just ended when Julius's was on the wire with a request that a piano player be dug up right away to help out Condon's old comrades Miff Mole and Muggsy Spanier, who were playing down at Nick's, in the Village; the incumbent had fallen and cracked an ankle. A message for the sergeant's young lady was left at both Julius's and Reilly's, and Condon packed him off downtown in a cab. The sergeant finished up at four Saturday morning, too tired to do more than have a hamburger somewhere with his girl before he went to bed. He was at the Blue Network studios at eleven-



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Doctors, editors, congressmen and thoughtful citizens are concerned by the same stark fact: *40% of America's young men are unfit for military service.*★

This doesn't make us a nation of weaklings. Ask our enemies! And it's no reflection on the men themselves. Most of them are serving usefully in other ways. *But it does show that America's health is far below what it should be.*

Three chief remedies have been suggested — preventive medicine, physical training, and diet. The last is often overlooked. But it has been officially estimated that *about ⅓ of all Selective Service rejections are caused directly or indirectly by nutritional deficiencies* — lack of food or improper food.

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★*Report of the Senate Subcommittee on Wartime Health and Education, January 2, 1945.*

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KISS and TELL
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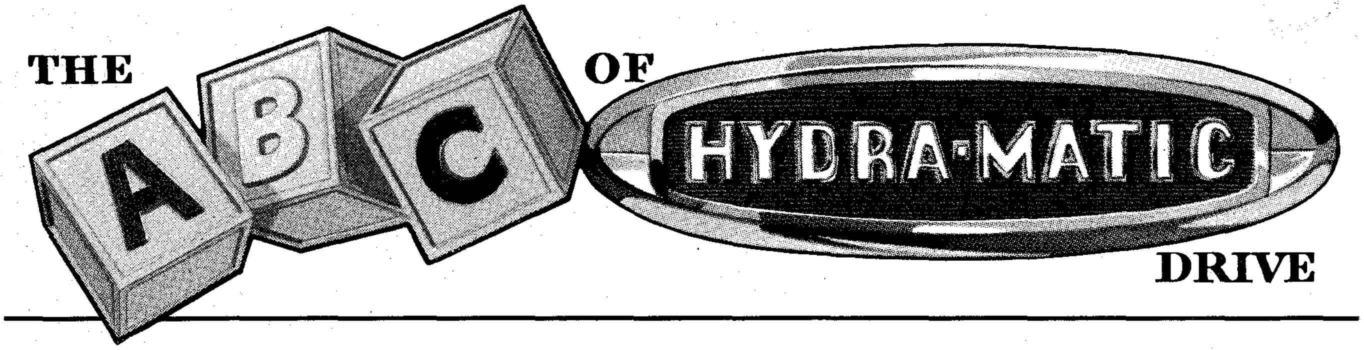
thirty that morning to rehearse for Condon's Saturday-afternoon radio program. He was through at a quarter to two. The young lady was in her dressing room for the matinée by that time. He lunched alone, reported at four backstage at Carnegie Hall for another Condon program, and was out at eight, by which time the young lady was once more putting on her makeup. At nine-thirty, the sergeant was on the stand again at Nick's. He finished at three. Sunday, at Nick's, there was a jam session in the afternoon, and he played there that night until four. Monday morning he was up early, to sit in on another Condon recording session, which he left just in time to catch his train from Grand Central.

Condon, who gets along excellently with his fellow-musicians, is regarded with mixed feelings by innumerable people who don't know him quite as well, and several of the remarks with which he has made, or marred, various occasions have achieved some currency around the town. He has been trenchant on the subject of Hugues Panassié, the French music critic who injected the phrase *le jazz hot* into the American language. Panassié, on the whole a severe critic, was complimentary about Condon's work on the guitar, but Condon would have little of it. "I don't see why we need a Frenchman to come over here and tell us how to play American music," he said. "I wouldn't think of going to France and telling him how to jump on a grape." His approach to people who have led more sheltered lives than himself can be perturbing. At a theatre party, he introduced himself to one lady by inquiring, "Madam, is that a hat or a threat you're wearing?" At a fairly sumptuous literary tea, put on in an East Side house that had been done over in a style that was modern to the point of being overpowering, he said to his host, so it is reported, "Quite a place, isn't it? Do you suppose anyone lives here?"

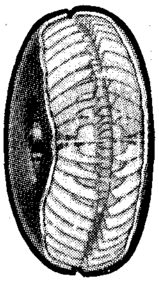
THE rewards for devotion to one's calling are not always in proportion to the loving care expended upon it. Condon, the infant prodigy of sixteen, was barnstorming through the Middle West as Hollis Peavey's banjoist at forty dollars a week, which was, and is, good money for a youngster. Only two years later, in one of his Chicago engagements, he was being paid $145 a week. He did rather better than that during the seasons at the Bath and the Stork, when, at cocktail parties, a casual tip for someone's pet number might run to a hundred dollars. McKenzie, the head man, was always the recipient of these trifles, but, as Condon says, "He saw that the stuff got around to the rest of us." In his late twenties, Condon's income may, what with this and that, have gone mildly into five figures. In his early thirties, after repeal, he had come almost full circle; when he and a group of his comrades opened at Nick's, in 1937, he was getting fifty dollars. In the course of the next seven years at Nick's, he more than doubled that figure, however. Even Condon's stage concerts, which began in 1941 at Town Hall and have been held in various places in and out of town every season since, were at first longer on prestige than on cash. It was not until the second season that Ernest Anderson, who is Condon's right-hand man in the planning of these concerts, could contemplate the next one with anything but foreboding. Eddie's Blue Network contract, which had him on a weekly program for eleven months, paid him five hundred dollars a shot, but a considerable portion of that disappeared for such incidentals as mimeographing, mailing, telephoning, and train and plane trips, to say nothing of musicians. On the radio concerts, the rule was share and share alike. Well-known musicians like Gene Krupa, the Dorsey brothers, and Sidney Bechet drew the same twenty-four dollars that a youngster who hadn't even begun to make a name for himself got. Twenty-four dollars was, by the way, the standard radio scale—six dollars each for two hours of rehearsal time (even though the Condon rehearsals never ran to more than two minutes a head) and twelve dollars for anything up to half an hour's playing time. What was left over was, minus the inescapable taxes, divided between Condon and Anderson. The stage concerts have grossed as high as forty-five hundred dollars, but the expenses, especially for musicians, are much higher than for the radio concerts. There is the further matter of recordings. Condon has been a staple on the Commodore Record lists for years (he got together



THE ABC OF HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

A

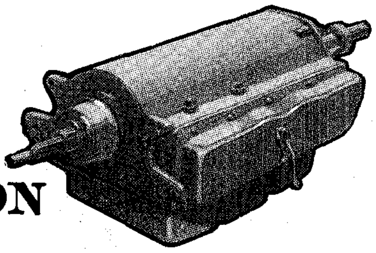
FIRST, TAKE A FLUID COUPLING



A fluid coupling is simply a cushion of oil between the engine and the driving mechanism of the car. It gives a smoother, more flexible flow of power to the rear wheels *. . . but it doesn't eliminate all clutch-pushing and all gear-shifting . . .*

B

THEN ADD A FULLY AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION



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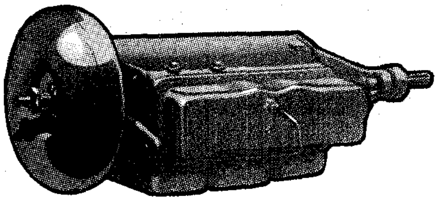

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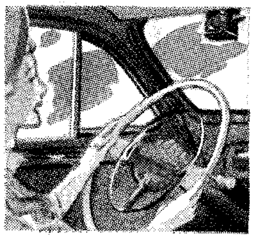

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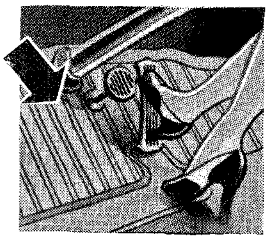

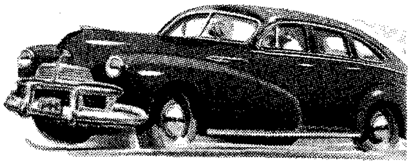

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ONE of the surest ways to win a fisherman's heart is to offer him a Four Roses Cold Toddy.

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1. Into a Toddy glass, put ½ teaspoonful sugar, ½ jigger water, 2 ice cubes and a generous jigger of Four Roses.
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LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
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A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

EDWARD CHOATE presents
Common Ground
A play by EDWARD CHODOROV
FULTON, W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

the first band ever recorded by Commodore), and a contract he recently signed with Decca (his first record under his new label made its appearance not long ago) should be reasonably profitable.

"JAZZ musicians are just like real people, aren't they?" an enthusiastic young woman said to Condon after she had talked to him for a few minutes at a party. "They're cute." Condon is a valuable spokesman for his profession because he can mingle with the outside world on its own terms and because he can listen to remarks of this sort without trembling. Hot musicians are an ingrown sect, and they prefer their own tribal customs, as well as their own company, to anything else. Their attitude toward modern civilization is a mixture of terror at coming in contact with outsiders and an unexpressed sorrow for ordinary people who can't play hot music and so have no reason for existing. Some of them even hate such vicarious contact with other races as is incurred in the playing of what the Chicago musicians used to call "prowler music"—that is, strolling from table to table or booth to booth in a barroom and asking the occupants if there's some special number they'd like the boys to do for them. Others are troubled by the problem of coping with the amateurs of jazz who sit around the clubs night after night and want the musicians to spend all their free time talking to them. Brad Gowans, an accomplished trombonist who used to be in the Condon band at Nick's, was once haunted by an especially virulent young female jitterbug who had a fondness for phoning her idol of the moment at five in the morning for a long, cozy talk. Gowans managed to keep from her for a long time the fact that he and another musician had a room in a midtown theatrical hotel which had perhaps better be called the Dartmouth, but she finally got the information from a waiter. "Brad," she said, cornering him at Nick's that evening, "can I call you up at the Dartmouth sometime?" "Sure," he said pleasantly. "But remember one thing—if *I* answer, hang up." (The Dartmouth, it might be noted, is never called the Dartmouth in the trade. In the disastrous months after the outbreak of repeal, so many penniless musicians beat their bills, leaving behind as security a prop trunk filled with Gideon Bibles and old *Racing Forms*, that the place used to auction them off every so often in an attempt to cut its losses, and the hotel has ever

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY" —Lewis Nichols, Times
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
NEW YORK
HENRY MILLER'S Thea. 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
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2nd YEAR! Albert Borde Presents
GERTRUDE NIESEN
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
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Buster West • Tim Herbert • Valentinoff
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
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"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS • JOAN McCRACKEN • DAVID BROOKS • DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN • Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

HEAT and EAT
B in B
BROILED IN BUTTER MUSHROOMS
FIT FOR A KING
From the Famous JACOB HOTHOUSES

LISTEN: MAY 5, 1945

On May 1, 1931, a young girl from Washington, D.C. stood in front of a CBS microphone and sang a song: *Dream A Little Dream of Me.* It was her first broadcast. Last Sunday night Kate Smith sang it again on her 2,174th broadcast on CBS. Standing next to her were Tallulah Bankhead and Joseph Dunninger, the mind-reader. But the millions of devoted listeners didn't need him to tell them what she was dreaming while she sang.

★

If you listened steadily to Columbia's report of President Roosevelt's death, you went to Washington 50 times, Paris and London 12 times each, three times to Guam, twice to Okinawa. You went to Belfast and Birmingham and Stockholm and Edinburgh. You heard broadcasts from 37 different places in the U.S. and 14 points around the world.

You heard a total of 21 hours and 51 minutes of report, tribute and discussion, and 24 hours and 35 minutes of special music—all dedicated to the President. Through radio you became, as he had become, a citizen of one world.

★

WCHS in Charleston and WPAR in Parkersburg (both CBS affiliates) are part of the West Virginia network which maintains its own Washington news bureau. It's an intimate and cosy bureau which reports mainly those things which are close to the heart of West Virginia listeners—stories about local Congressmen, where they eat, how they live, and so on. When Fred Vinson became Federal Loan Administrator, the network's Washington correspondents reported he had relatives all over West Virginia, and then read a list of their names. It pleased a lot of kinfolk.

★

Commercial: Want $1,000? Want to make $250 clear? Buy your $1,000 War Bond for only $750. *Advt.*

★

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

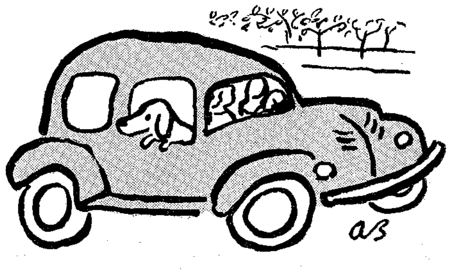
since been known simply as the Trunk Store.)

There are several secular regulations which govern the conduct of the tribe. The bouncers in the old bar-and-grill speakeasies always looked upon hot musicians as unnecessary help whose rude noises distracted the customers from their main purpose of getting drunk; the bouncers sometimes put their thoughts into action and worked out on the performers, who were generally heavily outmatched. Near Rockefeller Center there is a large and glossy chophouse which stays open all day for the convenience of radio people, but none of the Condon posse will set foot in it because the proprietor is an ex-bouncer.

Hot musicians are a unique race in that they cannot speak their own language. Part of their terror at meeting the world derives from the fact that they don't want to appear ignorant and unlettered. There is a racial literature, which appears in such publications as *Metronome* and *Down Beat*, a literature in which "clarinet" becomes "licorice stick" and "drum" becomes "suitcase" and in which words like "hepcat" and "jive" tumble over one another in intolerable profusion. The musicians are afraid that the public may be disillusioned if it discovers that its heroes cannot talk the way jazz musicians are expected to talk. This problem and others like it do not disturb Condon. He is sedate, even magisterial, in his dealings with the younger members of the hot-music public, but he is willing to smile when a girl in bobby-socks says "licorice stick" if it will help the cause of hot music.

THE demands of the mighty time machine of radio and the record studios have taken their toll of Condon, but it is an inconsiderable one. He has lately consented to abandon the wristwatch he used to wear, an old but unreliable friend, in favor of a presentation watch given him by some of the boys last Christmas to deprive him of his best excuse for being tardy, but he remains as unpunctual as he has always been in his progress through life. One business day may begin with a noon recording date. Condon still fondly believes that he can leave his apartment in the Village at 11:15 in the morning, stop and chat with the doorman, walk to the corner stationery shop, chat with the owner, make three phone calls while he is there, take a cab to the Victoria, get a shave, walk to the recording studio, which is off Times Square, and have plenty of time to talk to the men he has assembled for the recording date and to Milton Gabler, who supervises the making of all Decca and Commodore hot records, before work begins. Once at work, though, he is implacable and, for all their easygoing air, his concerts and recording sessions run off at top speed. Otherwise, nothing can hurry Condon in the leisurely completion of his appointed rounds. A masterful friend who tried to take him in hand a while ago actually succeeded in getting him to some appointment or other on time, only to discover that Condon had left, at the several stops they had made en route, everything he had started out with except the clothes he was wearing. "Well, that's what you get for rushing me," Condon said placidly. "Whenever I'm rushed into going anywhere, I always leave the reason for going behind."

Another optimistic fellow, into whose charge Condon had been given the afternoon before his final Carnegie Hall concert this winter, took Eddie to lunch. He ended up by eating most of the lunch he had ordered for Condon as well as his own, while Eddie had a glass of milk and a glass of beer (practically the gamut of his diet) and then, since his own apartment was handy, took Condon there. Eddie made for the sofa in the living room and dozed until four-thirty, an hour before concert time. Chivied by his friend, he got under way fifteen minutes later and they started for Carnegie, a mile off. Eddie decided he needed a shave, so they stopped off at the Victoria. Then he remembered that a couple of days before he had parked his guitar, which he was going to play in the concert, in the check room of the Taft, so they had to backtrack. There was a phone booth opposite the check room, and Eddie instinctively made a couple of calls. By the time the desperate shepherd had delivered Eddie at the stage door, it was twelve minutes to curtain time. Eddie stopped to autograph a dozen programs before going inside. He was bright-eyed and chipper when he walked backstage. "Don't worry, we'll have a concert," he told his factotum, Ernie Anderson, and started visiting with the forty-odd hot musicians assembled there. It was some



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The TRAVELER

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time later before Anderson was even able to get Condon to look over the program that he had sketched out for the concert.

The concert began, seventeen minutes late, when Condon sauntered out on the stage, guitar in hand, and walked up to the microphone which had been placed there for him. Eddie's eleven months on the radio did not do much toward teaching him that it is not very effective to begin a sentence at the microphone and end it ten feet away, with your back to the instrument. His remarks—for the benefit of those who sat in the back rows—went something like this: "We're ready to begin now. Takes a little time to get the posse all together. We'll start off with some of the old gang, playing some of that Chicago music, the way we used to play it and the way we're always gonna play it. . . . Hey, Maxie, Jess, Pee Wee, Miff, George, where are you? Come on out." As the musicians straggled from the wings, making a very small clump on the vast stage, Eddie found himself a chair and sat down on it, and the gang assembled behind him. Condon said, "Are you ready? One! Two!" and the music—Fats Waller's classic "Honeysuckle Rose"—began. The music, interspersed with occasional remarks by Condon, on or near the microphone, kept on going for two hours. It wasn't all Chicago music, or all one gang. Muggsy Spanier broke in with some Dixieland trumpet playing, and Sidney Bechet broke in with some New Orleans clarinet playing. Harry Gibson, who was a Juilliard scholar before he began to play the Condon sort of music, had a session at the piano. Red McKenzie sang brokenheartedly of some of love's commoner problems. Lee Wiley, a tall blonde, sang, in her slightly cloudy but persuasive voice, some of Gershwin's better thoughts on the same subject. A great deal more of the same went on before the finale, or afterpiece, which involved the services of all the musicians who had appeared at the concert—two pianos, half a dozen each of drums and bass fiddles, and a vast assemblage of brasses.

Out front, there were musicians, and musicians' wives, and there was Pete Pesci and a large portion of the clientele of Julius's and of Reilly's, and there were young privates and sailors and Australian and Canadian fliers. There was a row of youngsters home for the weekend from Lawrenceville, and some of the young men Condon had played for at Princeton commencements just before the war, and men who dated back to the Bath Club and even to Condon's Chicago days. There were gray-haired men and women who didn't seem to belong to any particular group, and who were probably just people who liked this kind of music. In the uppermost reaches of Carnegie was the faithful gallery that always attended the Condon broadcasts, and in one of the boxes there was Bee Palmer, the shimmy dancer, whose idea it had been, eighteen years before, that Condon should collect some of the Chicago hot musicians and bring them to New York. At about a quarter of eight that evening, Condon spread his arms in a "Cease firing" signal to his forty-odd musicians, and there was something very much like an ovation.

Condon is not fond of green-room amenities after a concert. He was out the back door of Carnegie Hall and across the street at a bar before half the audience had got their coats on. His wife was waiting there for him. Jack Bland and Red McKenzie, the old Blue Blowers, were there, too. "You want a drink, Eddie?" McKenzie asked. "I'm tired," Eddie said. "I want to go home." Then, rousing himself, he added, "Oh, what the hell! I'll have a beer and a glass of milk."

—ROGERS E. M. WHITAKER

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Condon.)

•

Mabie found room for his long legs and rested his head against the back of the seat, but his eyes were open and alert. They turned off the wide street and rattled along westward, not rapidly.—*From a story by Clarence Budington Kelland in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Sun was in 'em, maybe.

•

The present proceedings began in 1933 and are still far from ended.

The record, 58,000 pages long, is already of Penguin Island proportions—so huge that only two employees of the Department of Justice have, between them, read the entire record, each concentrating on one half and meeting midway in the legalistic morass.—*The Nation.*

Which one read backward?

•

SPIT AND POLISH ACROSS THE SEA DEPARTMENT

[*From the society page of the World-Telegram*]

There's a reason why the Duke of Marlborough isn't wearing his British Army uniform since his arrival from London. "These American domestics have never learned how to polish brass buttons properly," explained His Grace to his American mother.

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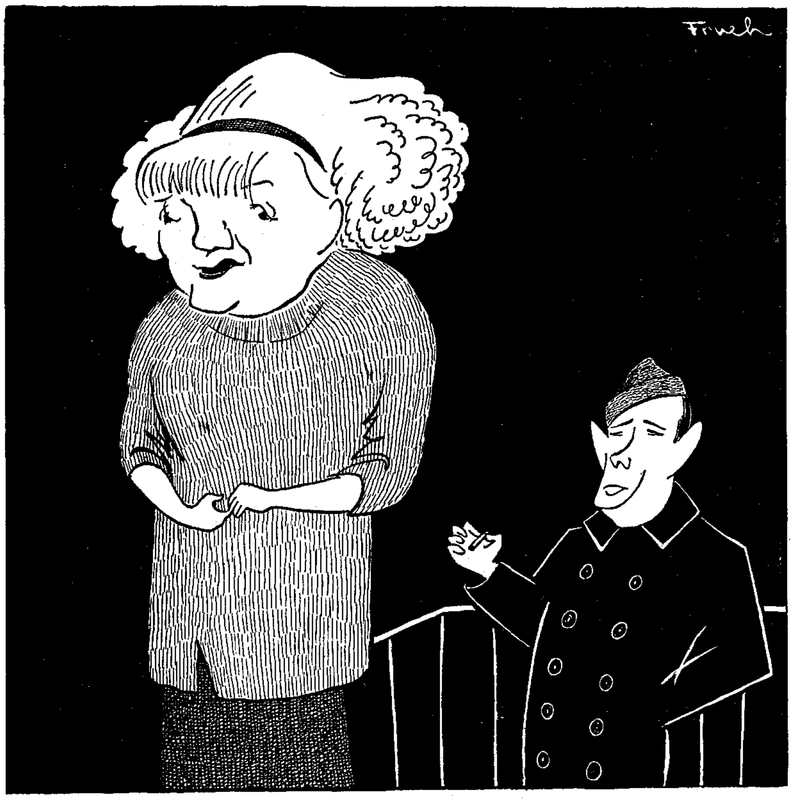
THE THEATRE

SOMETHING FOR HOLLYWOOD

IN writing “Common Ground,” Edward Chodorov probably had a fair enough idea for a short story or a one-act play; expanded to a full evening's entertainment, it is, I'm afraid, thin, talkative, and more or less abundant in theatrical clichés. The story, in very rough outline, has to do with five members of a U.S.O. unit who have been captured by the Germans in Italy. It is just before the fall of Naples, when the Nazis had not only a coherent front in Italy but also apparently sufficient time on their hands to badger actors. Anyway, the five are given their choice of performing for their captors or else enduring the displeasure of Colonel Hofer, which generally takes the form of shooting people against walls. For the purposes of this plot, it was obviously necessary for Mr. Chodorov to portray his little troupe as America in microcosm—there is an Italian guitarist, his Irish Catholic wife, inevitably a Jew (inevitably also, I guess, the most eloquent character on the stage), a Hollywood star who turns out to be of German descent, and a young woman whose national origins are not defined, so that it seems likely that she represents old American stock. I have nothing in particular against this Noah's Ark system of playwriting, except that perhaps I've been through it nineteen or twenty times too often already.



“THE GLASS MENAGERIE”

Laurette Taylor is wrestling here with the hard problem of getting her daughter married off. The rakish figure in the background is Eddie Dowling, who not only acts in the piece at the Playhouse but also had a hand in producing and directing it.

Mr. Chodorov's play, as you may possibly have figured out from the title, explains how these five are gradually brought to appreciate their common democratic heritage and their moral obligation to lend no aid or comfort to Fascism. The principal trouble with the play is that their final decision is so clearly indicated by the end of the first act that the last two are moderately anticlimactic, consisting on the whole of very long and familiar lectures about the privilege of living in a free country. There are passages in all this that indicate that Mr. Chodorov has an ear for prose and sometimes an agreeable wit, but nothing to stamp him as capable of political thought worth anybody's serious attention. Some of the other troubles with “Common Ground” may be that the Nazi *Kommandant* and his villainous aide have a 1920 von Stroheim flavor—the sneer, the sardonic laughter, the barked command—that makes it impossible to regard them as anything but fugitives from an old silent film; that a collaborating Italian captain, who delivers a ten-minute comic monologue in that language, is not only irrelevant but incomprehensible; that the use of somewhat arbitrary vaudeville routines and very convenient offstage gunfire, both of which came in with “Idiot's Delight,” now seem just a little dated and contrived; and that finally, when an actress breaks off in the middle of a song to sob, “No, no, I can't go on with it!,” the habitual playgoer is apt to be reminded a good deal more of Bea Lillie than of Duse. Another lady in the cast, incidentally, is forced to this same decision, and essentially the same line, when, after practically making up her mind to surrender her virtue in exchange for her life, she discovers that her suitor is torturing a young aviator in a room upstairs. After that, she can't go on with it either. Of all Mr. Chodorov's characters, in fact, I was really interested only in a drunken American correspondent who, having sold himself out to the enemy, tries to convince his compatriots that resisting Fascism is a very silly way to sacrifice your life. He is evidently a caricature, or at least a composite, but he is certainly a novelty on a stage that, as far as I know, has declined to admit that there are also traitors on our side.

The writing has been heavily stacked in favor of Philip Loeb, who, as the Jewish comedian, is given not only a lot of fine, rotund speeches, but usually also the right to top a line delivered by anybody else with a somewhat better one of his own. In spite of all their heavy handicaps, there are attractive performances by Nancy Noland, Mary Healy, Joseph Vitale, and Donald Murphy as the other members of the U.S.O. unit, and quite a fine one, I thought, by Paul McGrath as the renegade journalist. Luther Adler has a practically impossible assignment as the Italian captain and Peter von Zerneck, as Colonel Hofer, is almost as severely handicapped by that portrait of unmitigated depravity. The bombed-out palace designed by George Jenkins looked very impressive, though drafty.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

OF ALL THINGS

Senator Connally's announcement of Germany's unconditional surrender turned out to be premature. It was clear, however, that this forward-looking Texas statesman was not very far in advance of history.

•

Owing to developments in Europe, Hirohito now finds himself the sole proprietor of the Rome-Berlin-Tokio Axis. No one knows what he will be able to do with this costly toy.

•

At this writing, the air is full of news about the dire things that have happened to Hitler, Mussolini, Goering, and Goebbels. All these reports are so delightful that it is hard to choose between them.

•

The task confronting the Allies in Germany is a tremendous one. Some people think that it will be almost as hard to put the country together as it was to take it apart.

•

It is generally believed that Marshal Pétain will escape the death sentence for treason because of his great age. The French people may take the view that he was too old to know better.

•

Last week, Clare Luce was apparently convinced that the war in Europe was practically over. It seemed plain that she felt that it was safe for her to come home and leave everything to Eisenhower.

•

It is possible that correspondents covering the San Francisco Conference have overemphasized the Polish problem. The presence of forty-six nations at the meeting could easily be more important than the absence of one.

•

The small nations at the Conference insist that they should have a larger representation in the world-security organization. Too much of the program, they feel, is given over to the sponsors.

•

Happy Chandler's appointment as High Commissioner of Baseball should be an inspiration to all American youth. It shows that by hard work and clean living the humblest senator can rise to czardom. —Howard Brubaker

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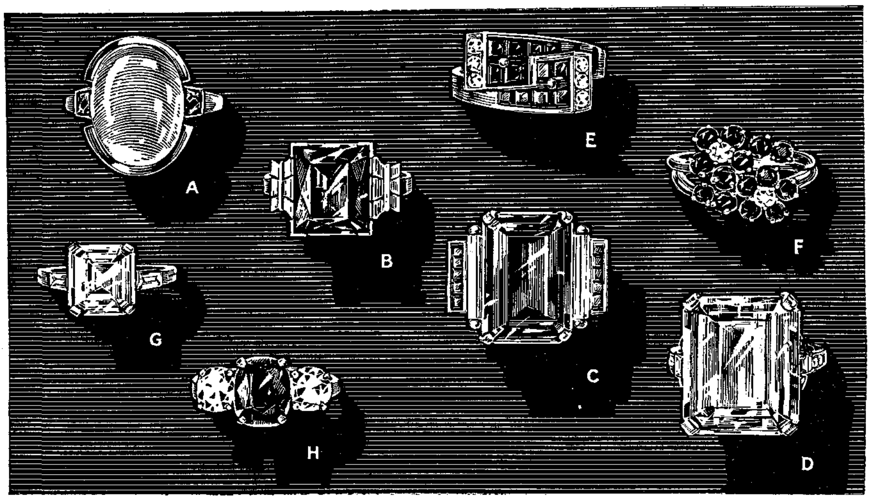

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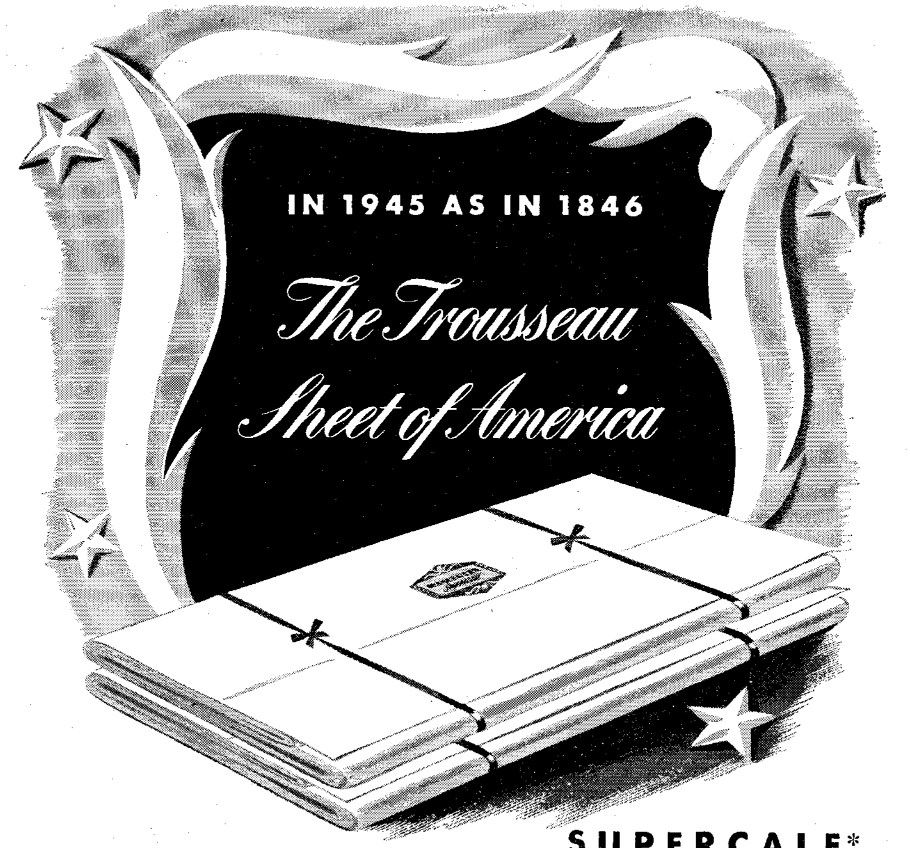
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE EVE OF ST. FRANCIS

San Francisco, April 24

THIS is the day before the event here in San Francisco. The ceremony will begin in a matter of hours now, and people are in an exhilarated condition, as in the hours before a wedding. The *Chronicle*, nervous as any mother, was out Sunday with a special Conference issue containing an article on the failure of the Delian League in the fifth century before Christ and a piece on the success of San Francisco in the twentieth century after.

The guests are assembling, and the place has been decorated in wild profusion with rhododendrons, iris, tulips, roses, palms, and flags. In the Veterans' War Memorial Building, secretaries and aides are being registered by girls who are delighted to be meeting strangers across the counter. The press keeps arriving and hunting around for its credentials, but the credentials themselves are a little late. All are seeking credentials. (It is on everyone's mind, as though some special permission were needed to bring peace to the world.) This is one meeting, I suspect, to which practically the entire population of the earth bears credentials. The soldier wears his on his left breast, the worker on the bib of his overalls, the wife on her parlor window. You have the feeling that mankind fully intends to crash this Golden Gate and that the extra button you wear in your lapel will be lost in the gleam of the great badge the people grasp in their sweaty fist.

Last-minute preparations center in the Veterans' Building. Tables and boxes and filing cabinets are being shoved around into strategic positions to block doorways. Sailors walk about with chairs on their heads. Apparently the Navy has been invited to this affair and has offered to help. Just off the main hall, the Associated Press has dug itself a foxhole for the duration. In a nearby corridor sits the editor of *Harper's* in a gold watch chain, beaming at the scene and taking small, legible notes. The hall is full of hammers and the cheerful sounds of the tangible construction that men perform so well. Along with this is the pervasive uneasiness about the other sort of construction, which men still find baffling. This uneasiness is as strong as the smell of paint in these halls.

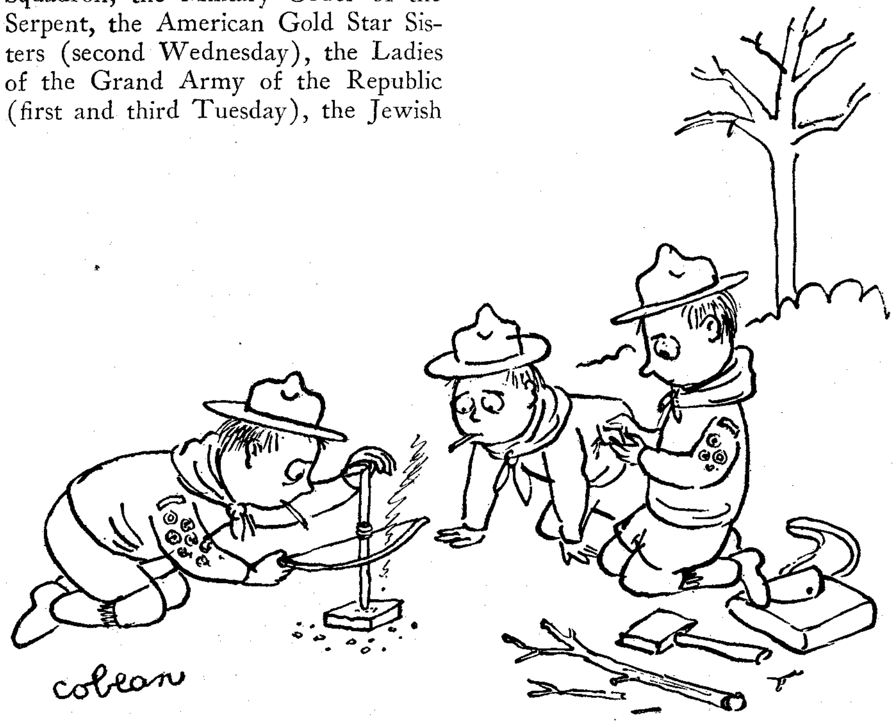
If ever there was a place and a time for the wedding of nations, it is San Francisco in the spring. There is a mildness and a peacefulness in this air, a sense of tranquillity and promise on this hill above the sea. Even the name of the sea is Pacific. The clear light and the abundant good nature of California are wine at a feast. Under the streets the trolley cables whisper night and day, like internal currents of hidden strength. Green things here are greener than they have any right to be, and the flowers are still fresh at the end of the day. In every store window the forty-six flags range close together, almost touching. In every bar, in every foyer, the foreign tongues blend. The city fathers have been out with their paint brushes. White signs at every curb say "No Parking Today—Peace Conference." The traffic lights shine in new colors. The ladies and gentlemen shine in new colors. Only the statesmen's hats are black. The revolving doors never stop turning as the whole world arrives for the party. The soldiery is everywhere, on its way to or from the enemy. Here, if ever I saw one, is a place for the nations' concord, under the sheathed sword and the flower and the flag.

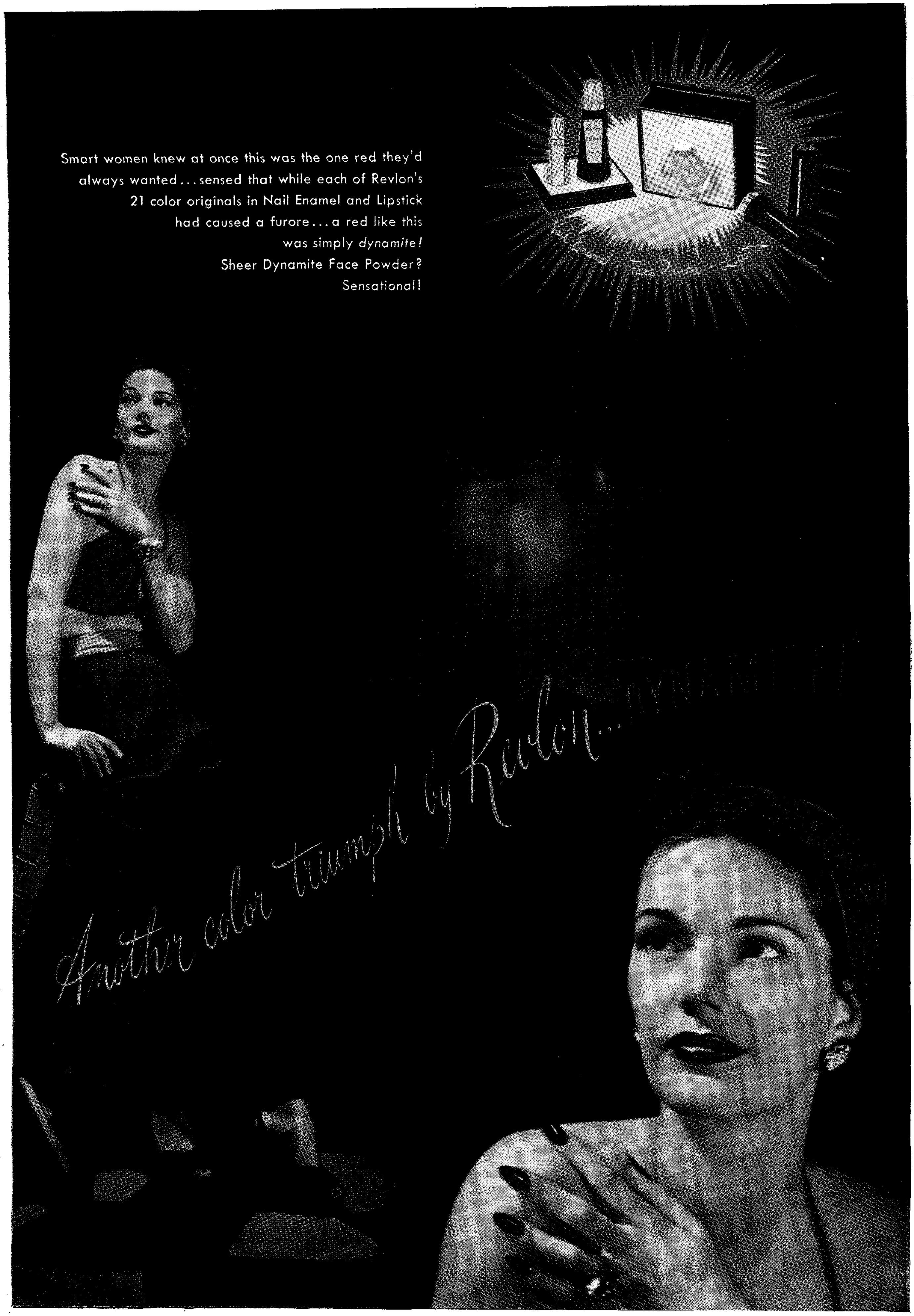
One thing about veterans' buildings—they are getting bigger and bigger as the years roll on. This one is enormous—a great Doric pile, with its flag at halfstaff for the most recently fallen warrior. It normally houses the United Spanish War Veterans and the American Legion and all their ramifications—the Indian War Veterans, the French War Veterans, the White Squadron, the Military Order of the Serpent, the American Gold Star Sisters (second Wednesday), the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic (first and third Tuesday), the Jewish War Veterans Auxiliary, the Dames of the Loyal Legion, and on and on and on. Memorial buildings have to be big these days. There's a veteran born every minute.

On one of the desks is the first press release of the Conference. It announces that Royal A. Gunnison of Mutual arrives by T.W.A. at 12:30, H. V. Kaltenborn of N.B.C. at 3 P.M. These are the first official wedding guests at the nuptials of the nations.

EVERYONE you meet in this town has just arrived from somewhere or is just leaving for somewhere. In front of me, in the long double line waiting for press cards, is a newspaperman just in from Cairo. Instead of bothering about accreditation, his boss simply armed him with a snapshot of an American cameraman he had known in Egypt and told him to hop over to San Francisco, find this man from the photograph, and get him to fix things up with the State Department. It worked perfectly. Behind me in line is a radio commentator who left his glasses in the washroom of the airport in Salt Lake City. The glasses turned up a couple of hours later, on the next plane. No trouble at all. Alongside me in line is an O.W.I. photographer who has just been shooting some Arabian princes. His camera hangs listlessly from his neck. His pictures, by radiophoto, are already in the Middle East.

In addition to the twelve or thirteen hundred official delegates and aides and

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Sheer Dynamite Face Powder? Sensational!

ALL AROUND THE BLOCK

What's aces in the *neighborhood?* Casual duds of practical Celanese*—slacks of Hawkskin*, easy-going shirts of feather-touch Flanneset†. Both fabrics, being made of Celanese*, the original synthetic yarn, are cool as a cucumber. Wrinkle-resistant. Dust-shedders. In other words, just the sort of fabrics that make up into truly sensible and comfortable clothes, perfect to wear for your home-work on summer weekends. Look for the Celanese label when you shop. It distinguishes good sportswear everywhere. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

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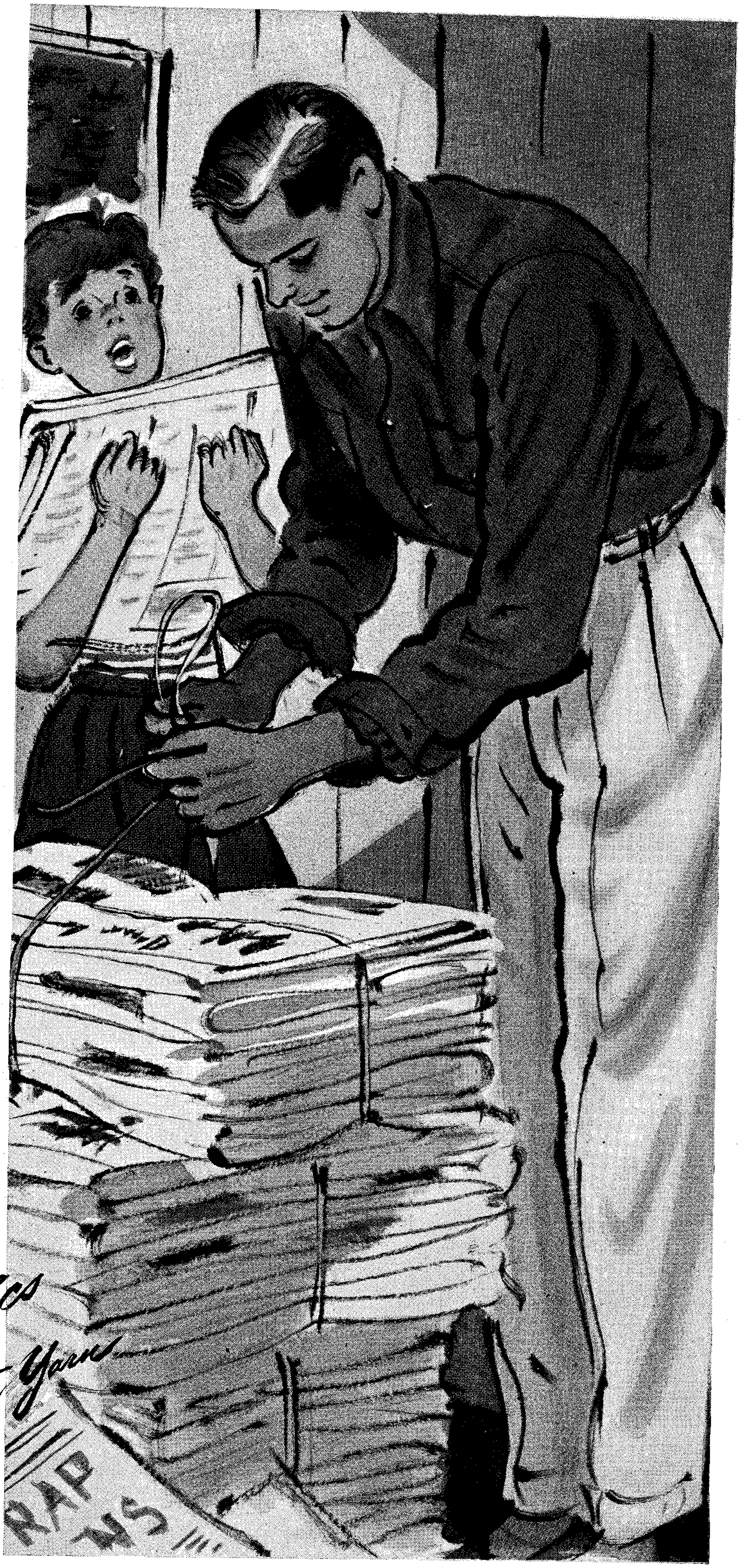
TO SPEED VICTORY



Celanese Fabrics of Synthetic Yarn*

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their secretaries and wives and daughters, in addition to the accredited press and its helpers and its wives, there are all the special individuals who somehow manage to show up at affairs like this. Foreign-policy students are here with their policies, economists with their economies, churchmen with their faith, poets with their songs, thinkers with their long thoughts, patriots with their loyalties, editors with their grave editorial problems. There is a little bunch of federalists in town, who gravitate naturally into international huddles to beat their lonesome drum. One man told me he was here to "absorb." An absorptionist. A few minutes ago an American Indian arrived in deerskins and turkey feathers and was photographed in front of the building with a pipe of peace. The town is full of official consultants. The United States delegation alone has more than a hundred of them, from forty-two organizations—everything from the American Bar Association to the Women's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace. Kiwanians, Lions, Rotarians, Women Voters, lawyers, Grangers, Catholics, Jews, educators, promoters, veterans, manufacturers—all are here to consult, all are struggling cheerfully with the immediate problem of bettering their hotel room, and the more remote problem of bettering the world. You never know whom you will encounter: I breakfasted next to Joseph Paul-Boncour, who would advance the French people, and dined next to Walter White, who would advance the colored. Because of language difficulties and homesickness, the delegates from the lesser countries cling rather close together, in knots, for natural protection. Each country has its special problem. Each thinks of itself as the bride. Each worries about its chastity in the event of nations' uniting for peace.

YESTERDAY, when I went in to lunch in the coffee shop of the Fairmont, the waitress put me at a table with a young Marine in a leather flying jacket. He had just flown in from Peleliu. "Look," he said. "What about this conference—I mean, do you think they're going to get anywhere this time?"

"They better," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "And this is the right moment. I don't know much, but I know one thing—the world isn't so big. I can see that myself. There's one or two nations could conquer the world now. Russia could, if she wanted to. And I know damn well we could, if we wanted to. That's why they got to do something with this peace idea. I hope this league is going to prove out."

The waitress came by and asked him if he'd have another cup of coffee. He declined.

"What's the matter—you afraid of our coffee?" she asked.

"Sister," he said, "I am scared to death."

Later, in the lobby of the St. Francis, I joined some rubbernecks who were waiting in the dim hope that they would see a secondary character like Anthony Eden or, if their luck held, a primary one like Hedda Hopper. A Californian in a fawn hat and smoking a cigar sat down on the stairs beside me. He was a thoughtful man who spoke busted English in a careful voice. "Look," I said. "What about this conference—do you think they're going to get anywhere this time?"

"Of course," he said. "Everything is arranged nice. You will see, undoubted. It is like lodge meeting, a matter of take and give. Arguments there will be, but in the end everything will be arranged nice. You will see I am right."

Three hours later he was still watching to see who would come through the door.

A SEAT in a hotel lobby here is as good as a seat in a theatre. All lobbies are piled high with baggage waiting to be claimed and sent up to the rooms. When I wandered into the Mark Hopkins, six wooden cases of Seagram's V.O. occupied the center of the floor, tagged for one of the delegations, and alongside them was a pair of large black boots, travelling alone. A few minutes later, Winchell arrived, escorted by two destroyers in felt hats. Across the street, in the Fairmont, Stettinius, I was reliably informed, would shortly occupy a ten-room suite complete with mosaic baths and a library of books including "Forever Amber" and "One World." News flashes in the papers said that Russians and American troops would soon effect a junction in Germany. In the lobby of the St. Francis, they had already joined.

But the rich and ribald spectacle of these pre-Conference hours neither conceals nor removes the sense of destiny and the sense of obligation which haunt the citadel. The accusing eye of millions of homesick young soldiers, the hungry gaze of millions of famished children, are trained on this hill tonight. Theirs is a fixed stare, which no one can evade. It waits for every delegate in the bottom of his glass. —E. B. WHITE

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Pale natural beige
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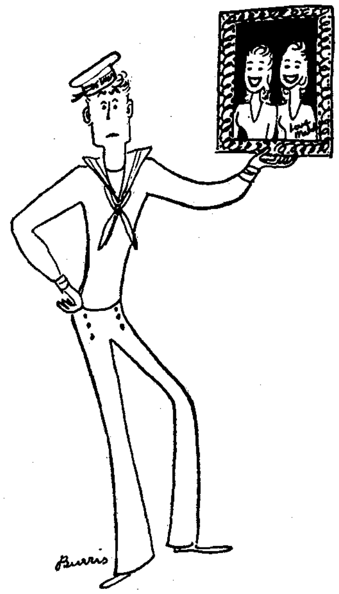
"But how can you tell the daughter from the mother—



...they both use Cream Revenescence"

It can't be as difficult as all that, Bill. Though we can see how a soft, smooth, dewy-fresh skin can fool you. But you can't blame the girls (any age) for wanting to protect ... to enhance ... to retain youthful-looking beauty. That's why they've come to depend on regular Revenescence care.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Horses and Homicide

IF you like them tough, "Salty O'Rourke" is certainly your blue-plate special. Like "National Velvet," it builds up to a horse race in which a jockey riding under false pretenses (this time it isn't a girl but just a small-time crook who has been barred from all the tracks in the country) wins on a horse which up to then had been considered suitable only for the glue factory. The odds, of course, are fabulous. That, however, is the extent of its resemblance to "National Velvet." With the exception of the heroine, who is in the rather unusual business of running a school for under-age jockeys, all the members of the cast are definitely criminal types. Salty, played by Alan Ladd with his usual smooth and sinister charm, is unfortunately transformed by true love (represented by Gail Russell) at the end, but before that he is a great one for seducing women, fixing horse races, and pulling his rod on fellow-gangsters. The jockey (played by Stanley Clements) is as nasty a little specimen as you could hope to see, whether he is arranging with other jockeys to throw a race, or taking a bribe to double-cross his employer, or merely getting drunk in a hotel room with some babe. Bruce Cabot, in the rôle of a bookmaker with whom I don't think I'd care to deal, apparently keeps enough killers on the payroll to cope with the National Guard. Mr. Ladd gets off with nothing worse than a bullet wound in the forearm and the threat of matrimony, but otherwise the carnage is pretty general and satisfactory. It is quite a picture, but race-track enthusiasts in the audience are probably going to be a little skeptical about a good many of the details, especially the idea that the greatest jockey in America could be barred from the tracks and then come back to ride under another name without being recognized by anybody in the business. Swope would have spotted him, I think.

"IT'S A PLEASURE" is one of Miss Sonja Henie's skating shows and it differs from all the others only in that it is afflicted with an extremely tedious plot concocted by Lynn Starling and Elliott Paul, who can now go back to Paris. The gist of it is that when Miss Henie's drunken husband (played by Michael O'Shea) is unable to perform at a big opening, she goes on in his place and naturally scores a tremendous success. I guess you can pick it up from there. It seems to be a characteristic of Miss Henie's films that she and her company wouldn't dream of putting on a show in anything smaller than Madison Square Garden. In this case, they get hold of an auditorium in Akron, Ohio, that would probably be O.K. for the World Series.

"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS," in which I saw Fatty Arbuckle when you were just about that high, has turned up again, this time with Dennis O'Keefe as the young man who has to get rid of a million dollars within two months in order to inherit seven. It has been modernized to the point of involving television and employs the services of such tidy morsels as Helen Walker, June Havoc, and Gail Patrick, but it may be that the primitive version was more effective. The script is full of such lines as "I don't think his bank is tottering. It's only teetering." Take it away.

"'DILLINGER,'" according to my private source, "manages to make bank robbery and murder seem like a terribly dull way to earn a living. I saw men killed with everything from tommyguns to broken beer glasses and just felt as if I were reading a bad detective story. Lawrence Tierney, as America's famous public enemy, is more irritable than anything else, and Edmund Lowe, described as 'the biggest bank man in the country,' struck me as a polite, middle-aged man who ought to be home mowing his lawn." On the whole, it appears, she didn't like the darn thing.

—W. G.

•

PSYCHOANALYSIS PLUS.

R. T. writes: Whenever I have a nightmare, I am always being chased by a cow. Can you explain this?

REPLY

Is it the same animal every time? Does she have a calf following her? What is she—a Jersey or a Holstein? Is she dragging a rope? Has she been dehorned? Does she remind you of a creature you have seen? If so, where? Is she brindled, ring-streaked, or speckled? Did you drink cow's milk as an infant? Answers to these questions are important as a prelude to analysis. In the meantime, thank your lucky stars that you are not pursued by a grizzly, a man-eating tiger, or a python.—*Chicago News.*

Or a psychoanalyst.

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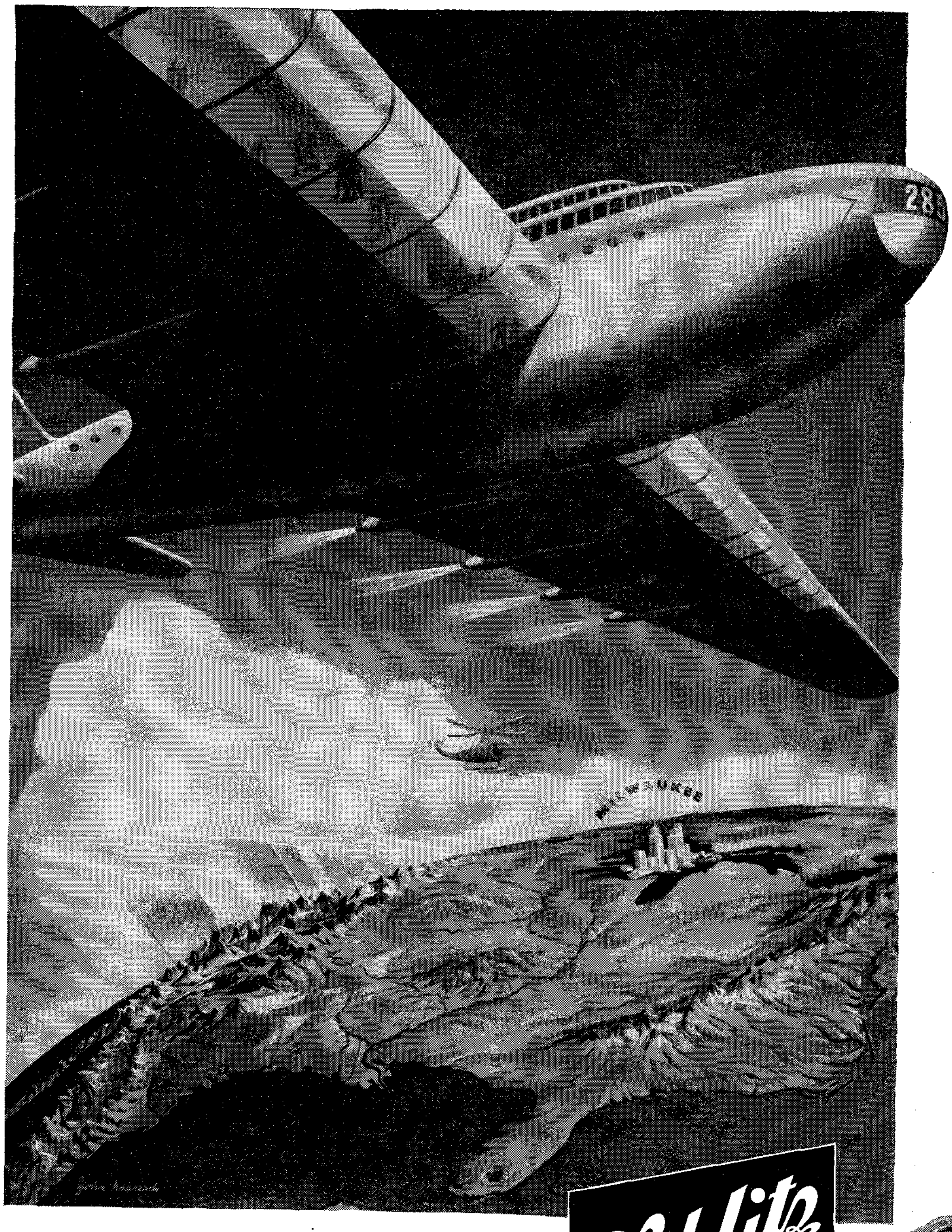
After the war is over, we'll travel in giant airliners that span the continent in a few hours or girdle the globe in a few days. But you don't have to wait till the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in SCHLITZ, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.



JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness

Schlitz
THE BEER
MILWAUKEE

Schlitz

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

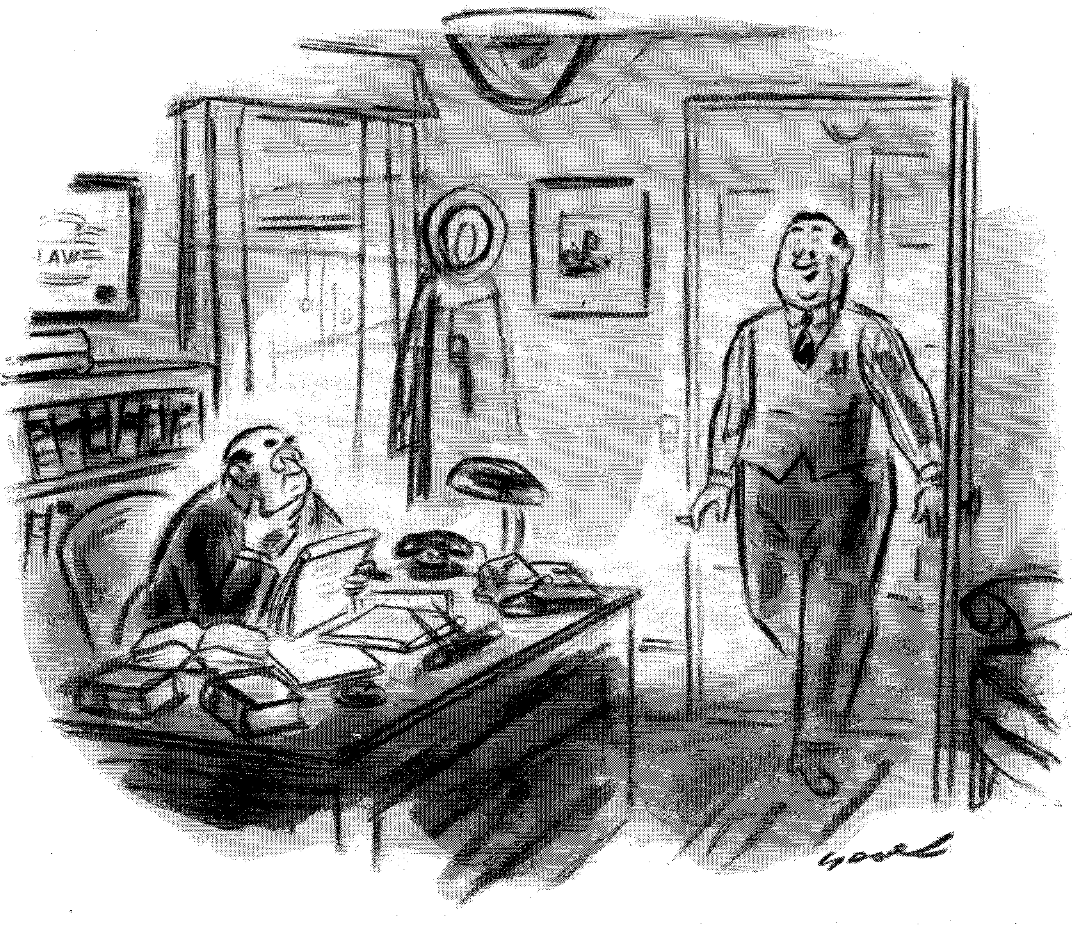
LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 25 (BY WIRELESS)

RAVENSBRÜCK is not in the prewar "Baedeker" of northern Germany. It will figure, however, as a very important name in any postwar handbook that stars places for their exceptional interest as historical Nazi torture centers. Ravensbrück has already become famous as the *Straflage*, or punishment camp, for women of all the occupied nations, is at this writing still in German-held Germany, and has more than thirty thousand inmates. In exchange for four hundred stout German women, three hundred of the healthiest French women that could be found were recently selected by the Ravensbrück *Kommandantur* and returned to Paris. Only eleven of them died on the homeward journey, which took nearly two weeks.

I talked to one of the younger survivors, the friend of a friend of mine. She had been part of the French bourgeois resistance movement. In May, 1943, she had been arrested by the Gestapo in her parents' comfortable flat in the St. Sulpice quarter of Paris. Her job in the resistance was the passing on of orders transmitted to her, as they were to hundreds of others, by the de Gaulle Free French of London, via the radio, in a surrealistic code that produced announcements like "Message for Colette. The China pears are dancing in my grandmother's garden." Somebody in France, perhaps under torture, gave both the code key and the code names to the Germans. The young woman was identified, thrown into the suburban prison of Fresnes, and, in March, 1944, shipped in a freight car, as a political deportee, to Ravensbrück. Colette—that is not her name—was twenty-five and, according to her friend, was a big-boned, attractive, still adolescent-looking brunette, individualistic, healthy, strong-willed. I saw her three days after her arrival in Paris on April 14, 1945. Her sorrowing blue eyes looked like the eyes of someone who has almost died. She said she had always been thin; her torso now seemed to consist only of her broad shoulder bones. Her black, curly hair looked lifeless, but, by whatever laws of chance account for the survival of anything in a Nazi camp, it had never been shaved. Her mind seemed quiet and clear. Her only trouble was loss of memory, which embarrassed her; she had suffered intermittent amnesia because she had been starved. She had lived through constant and humiliating horrors, some of which "*on ne peut pas nommer*." What she remembered most explicitly and chose to talk about were the thirty thousand women she had lived among in Ravensbrück.

Thousands of women dwelt and died at Ravensbrück, in terror, confusion, pain, and despair, without even knowing where they were. They were on a flat, featureless marshland lying between Stettin and Berlin. The camp is made up of twenty-five buildings, each of which was intended to house five hundred but in the past year has been crammed with twelve hundred. While Colette was there, the women slept four to a single bunk. They had to lie on their sides, the feet of two of them in the faces of the other two. Even the thirty to fifty who died every day afforded only a temporary relief, when their bedfellows carried them off to the pile of corpses which accumulated each night on the cold tile floor of the washroom and which crowded the living the next morning as they cleaned up for the first, pre-dawn roll call, in which there were always newcomers to take the places of the dead. The first call came at 2 or 2:30 A.M. Dressed in their blue-and-white striped prison dresses, with their numbers on their sleeves and a red triangle for political deportees, green for common criminals, and black for slave laborers who had refused to work, the horde lined up out of doors, in the cold and dark, to be counted. They were speechless and motionless, even when the woman next in line fainted or fell dead. It took about two hours for the counting call, which conveniently overlapped with the work call, which ended at 6 A.M. with orders telling what battalions were to do what labor for the day. The calls were supervised by uniformed women guards—superior Germans called *Offizierinnen*, who were the bosses, and inferior Poles called *Blokowas*, each of whom supervised a *Blok*, or house, and *Stubewas*, each of whom was merely in charge of a *Stube*, or room. Since Hitler had declared



"Hi-ya, Ed—finding any good loopholes today?"

the Poles to be subhuman, the rank they had been accorded was apparently calculated to humiliate the other Europeans, who actually minded only their cruelty. The Poles, terrified at the prospect of losing their jobs, all too humanly terrorized the prisoners as a means of holding onto those jobs, and they outdid the *Offizierinnen* in lashing the wavering women with the straps all the guards carried. Some of the straps had a heavy rubber weight at the tip.

On Colette's first day at camp, she was ordered, with several other women, to appear naked for a medical examination before an S. S. doctor, who made personal comments. Then he perfunctorily examined each woman's throat and carefully examined her mouth for gold teeth, which were noted down, since in death the woman who had them would still be valuable. The last six months Colette was in Ravensbrück, breakfast, which had consisted of a cup of ersatz coffee and a sliver of black bread, was omitted, because of Germany's increasing food shortage. After what should have been the breakfast hour, some women were marched off to the neighboring sandy marshes to dig drainage ditches, part of a *Geopolitik* arable-land scheme. Others were put to work sorting dead or captured Russians' uniforms, always without the buttons, which had already been salvaged by Nazi war-metal scavengers. The uniforms were always dirty, often bloody, and frequently lousy. The women thought it was from these lice that the many cases of typhus came, as well as what they supposed was cholera. Cholera or not, many of their comrades turned black when they died. Once, before Colette's arrival at the camp, some of the prisoners worked in the camp tailoring shop on the white Nazi uniforms destined for the final, disastrous winter campaign in Russia. Colette at first was marched two miles four times a day to and from work in an isolated, marshbound factory belonging to Siemens, the great German electrical firm, in peacetime admired by doctors for the world-famous and helpful therapeutic machines it produced. Her first march was to the factory after breakfast, or the lack of breakfast; her second and third marches were back and forth for the noon dinner—thin soup and black bread—which during her last six months there was the only meal of the day, for there never had been a supper. Toward the end, as the women trained for the factory work died faster and the Wehrmacht's needs

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increased, a Siemens factory unit was set up nearer the camp, to save strength and time.

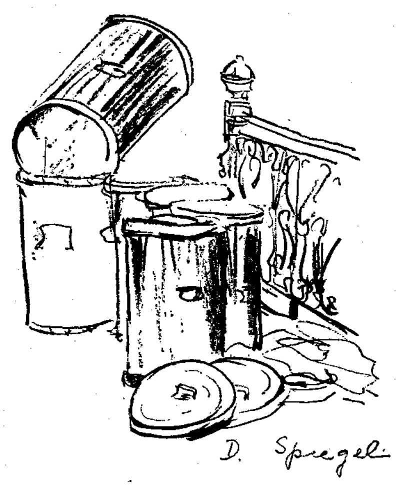
Whatever the women worked at, they worked an eleven-hour day without a breathing spell, except for the noon meal. If they paused even for a deep sigh, they were lashed or kicked by the women guards. The women around the age of forty stood it all best. The young became desperate. The old, usually bewildered mothers, arrested as hostages because they had sons or husbands in the resistance, perished fast. Colette came back after work, at six-thirty, to a camp that stank of dysentery and death. In wintertime, the plumbing froze. The toilets were clogged to their brim. It was always at least eight o'clock before she could find a place to wash in the washroom, less crowded than it was mornings, when the dead were also there. Washing every night was an act of morale which kept the more intelligent women going. Colette said that it was at first her will and then her hate that kept her alive. She had never hated anybody before. She learned to hate the Germans because what they had carefully organized and what she lived in, as part of a planned political program, made them different from all other modern peoples and isolated them from civilization. The theory that sadism was the thing that made the cruelties of the camp bearable to those who inflicted them seemed to her disproved by the fact that the guards who lashed at her were women, who in abnormality are more inclined to masochism. In the end, she felt that the cruelties were merely natural to a fanatical race, that it was the German spirit which inflicted them.

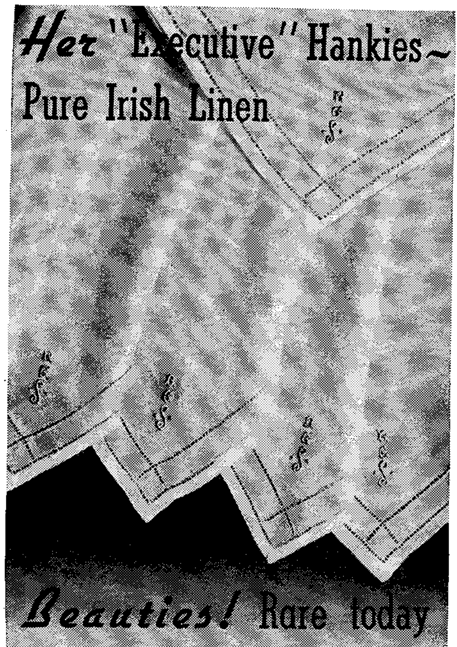
WITH difficulty, I put to Colette the final, frightful question: Was there a gas chamber and a crematorium at Ravensbrück? This proved to be one of the things which, perhaps for a double reason, Colette said "*on ne peut pas nommer.*" Before leaving the camp, the released French prisoners had been blackmailed by the Nazi camp *Kommandant* into promising not to reveal "the worst" of the camp; if such news reached the press in France, "the worst," whatever it was, would be meted out at random among those thousands of women remaining behind. So Colette spoke instead of the worst at Auschwitz, the Silesian camp for Poles and Jews, some of whose overflow of Jewish women seeped into Ravensbrück. Wherever gas chambers and crematoriums existed, she said, they had lately been used only once a month, because of Germany's coke shortage.

The severest Ravensbrück punishment, which often led to death, was twenty-five blows on the bare buttocks with a heavy stick. This was administered by an S.S. officer. An S.S. doctor was always present to test the victim's heart reaction. If the prisoner's heart could stand only ten blows, the doctor called a halt; the remaining fifteen were administered the next day. Septicemia developing in unhealed flesh wounds caused by such beatings was a commonplace. Prisoners were beaten for the possession of jewelry or of a prayer book of any faith, those two disparate treasures here on earth.

All the prisoners' watches, wedding rings, money, clothes, blankets, and other possessions were taken from them when they entered; a receipt, a typical legal Nazi flourish, was given them. In Auschwitz there were daughters of the three or four most famous, rich, and powerful Jewish families in all Christendom—girls who, after the Nuremberg law, had proudly worn around their throats a gold star of David on a beautiful gold chain. These emblems had been snatched from them. In Ravensbrück no one ever got anything back which had once been handed over.

Every day Colette's mother mailed her a parcel from Paris; in a year she received only ten. The Swiss Red Cross, whose young Dr. Mayer was responsible for the delicate negotiations that finally released the three hundred French women, apparently left thousands of packages at the Ravensbrück outer office; few were ever seen inside the barracks. According to Colette, the German *Offizierinnen* and the Polish *Blokowas* and *Stubewas* took charge of the packages—as they did of the slightly thicker soup and toasted black bread which were the S.S. doctors' concession

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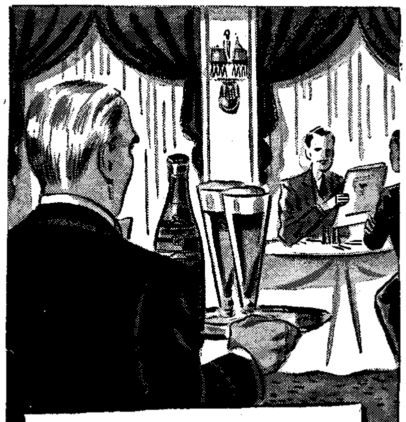
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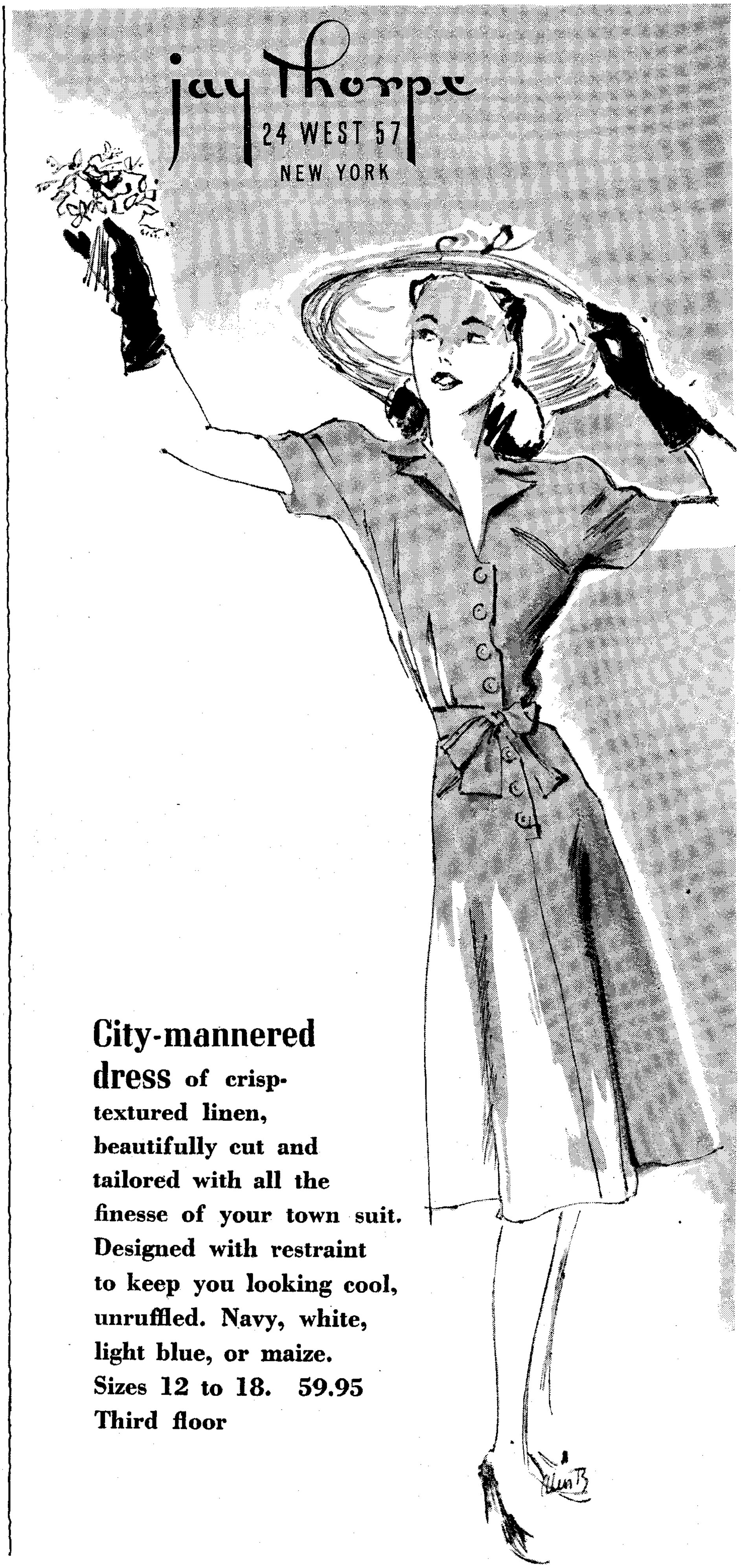
to women palpably sick to death with starvation and dysentery—and then occasionally tossed sweaters and scarves (sent from occupied, bombed-out homes) to a few lucky prisoners to prevent their freezing and stopping work.

In prison, where there was no money, everything yet had its price. The women were entitled to a mark or so a day for their labor, provided they signed a paper declaring that they were voluntary laborers for Germany. Being a political deportee and anti-Fascist, Colette refused to sign. A few German women in the camp wore the black badge which indicated that they had refused to work for the *Partei* in labor gangs. Yet even these Germans showed no spirit of fellowship with the other women.

UP to the day Colette left, new wretches from everywhere were constantly being brought into camp, and this gave it an air of dreadful busyness, dramatized by the new arrivals' shrieks of fear throughout their first night and by their first beatings the next morning. Ravensbrück was not only the *Straflage* but the liberation camp for the women of all the occupied countries, so general despair was mixed with the exultation of those few who came there only to go on to liberty. Like all German prison camps, it was run exclusively by S.S. men. Aside from the constant comings and occasional goings of prisoners, which provided a little weak talk, and aside from a dazed curiosity to know who had just died, there was almost no conversation in the monotony of horrors at Ravensbrück. At night, when each set of four women had fitted themselves, with disgust, head to feet and stomach against buttocks so as not to fall from their narrow bunk, they lay, without whispering, in agonizing exhaustion instead of sleep. They could hear the baying of the guardian dogs, fine German police and Belgian breeds, trained so that even when on leash in the daytime they would leap at and bite passing prisoners. At night, on the loose, the dogs snuffled and growled outside the barracks.

As the Allied armies swung over the Rhine, Ravensbrück began to change and seemed to be getting ready for the inevitable. Some Dutch women who had appeared at the camp early this spring, when the English began making inroads into Holland, were set, under the lash, to planting hastily prepared flower gardens, which would brighten up the grounds if the Allies didn't arrive too soon, and the barracks were given a fresh coat of paint on the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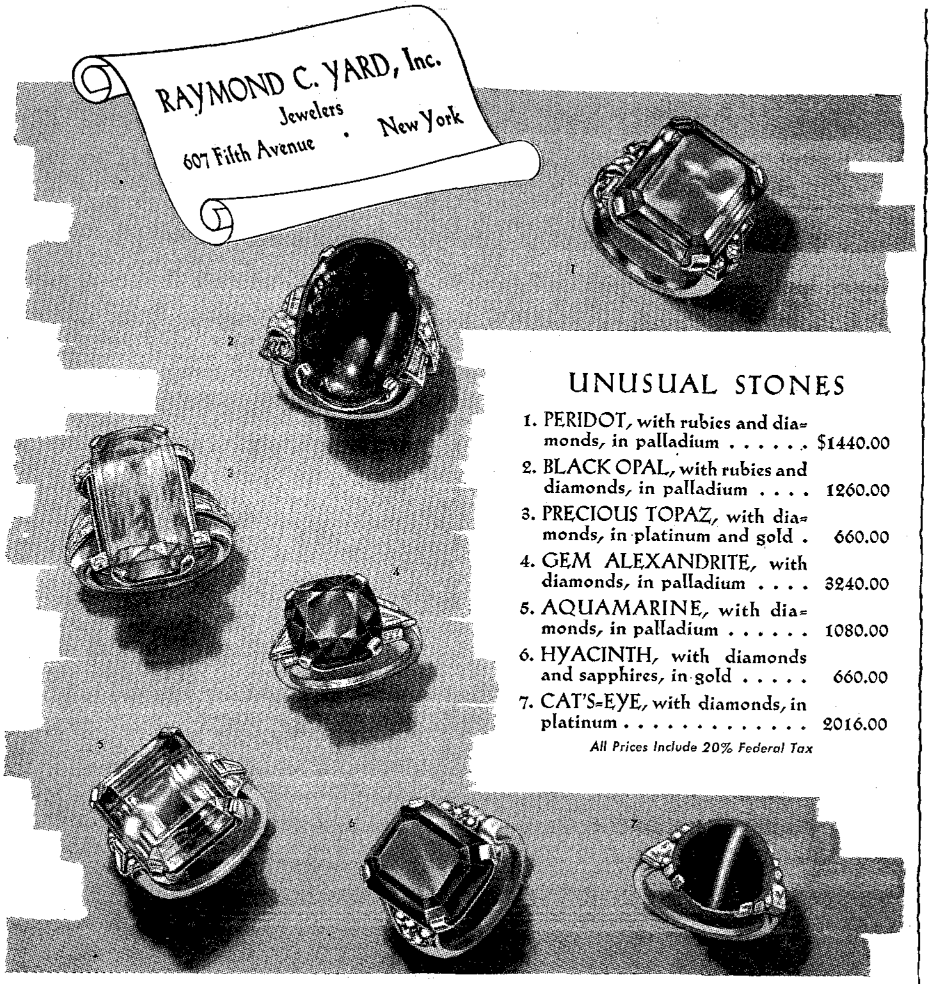

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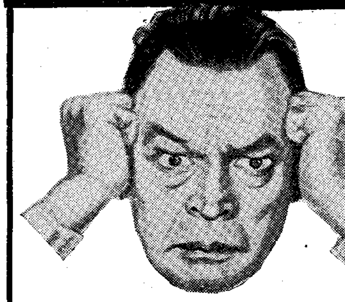

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outside. Inside, the deaths continued.

When Colette was told that she had been chosen as one of the three hundred French women to be exchanged, she didn't believe that any of them would actually leave. Three days before the great day, the three hundred were ordered into the camp showers, which terrified them, since they knew that in camps in which gas is used, the victims were often sent into the showers beforehand so that their pores would be well opened for the gas. After bathing, Colette and the two hundred and ninety-nine others were given cotton dresses and drawers and their shoes and stockings and prison blankets were taken away from them. For three days, in bed and out, they shivered with confusion, expectancy, incredulity, hope, and cold, in the damp, German spring. On the last day, they were given some dead civilians' clothes—coats, shoes, and stockings, and scarves for their heads. In a final parade of authority, the *Offizierinnen*, *Blokowas*, and *Stubewas* accompanied them to the camp gate, lashing at them with the leather straps in farewell.

Outside the camp, the prisoners climbed into trucks driven by Canadian prisoners of war. The Canadians were like the first figures in a good dream. Then came three days of nightmare, when the trucks ran out of gasoline and were held up in a small Bavarian town. Only when the prisoners crossed the border into Switzerland did they feel safe. In relief, a few of the older women died. The two hundred and eighty-nine living French women arrived in Paris at the Gare de Lyon on the Saturday morning after President Roosevelt died. As Colette said, it would have been a sad homecoming in any case. Neither she nor any of the other women could forget what they had learned by heart and in body. On their minds, and in their memories, were the thirty thousand other women still in Ravensbrück.

—GENÊT

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From a release of the Heritage Book Club*]

... *second*, because we are now depositing in your receptive lap a beautifully illustrated edition of the book....

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WHISTLER'S GRANDMOTHER

THE little old lady on the train obviously wanted to talk. She had got on at Albany and she was sitting in the seat next to the aisle. She looked rather charming, in a neat black coat and an old lady's hat, and she watched the woman next to her, who was reading a mystery, smiled at the children who constantly hurried up and down the aisle of the crowded car, and looked affectionately at the two sailors in the seat across the aisle.

At last she turned to the woman beside her and said, "I'm sorry to interrupt you, but how soon do we get to New York?"

The younger woman smiled politely. "At six o'clock, I think."

"Thank you," the old lady said. "I can hardly wait. I haven't been to New York in nearly fifteen years."

"It must be exciting."

"I'm going to see my grandson," the old lady said. "He's home on leave."

The younger woman hesitated, then closed her book and leaned back. "Really?" she said. "Where has he been?"

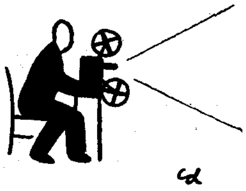
The old lady waved her hand vaguely. "In the Pacific."

"How wonderful," the younger woman said. "You'll certainly be glad to see him."

"I'm all the family he has left."

"I guess he'll be glad to see you, too," the younger woman said.

"Let me show you his picture." The old lady opened her pocketbook and took out a folding cardboard picture frame, with spaces for two pictures facing one another. One side had the picture of a soldier standing in front of a barracks; he looked very young. On the other side was the same soldier in front of the same barracks, but he had his arm around a pretty girl in a flowered dress. "He's very handsome," the younger woman said. "Is this his wife?"



The man in the seat in front of them, who looked as if he might be a prosperous businessman, was half listening. He had on a light gray suit. The paper he had been reading sagged in his hands. The old lady leaned forward and touched his shoulder. The man turned around. "Let me show you a picture of my grandson," she said. "He's coming home on furlough."

The man took the picture and nodded solemnly. "Fine-looking young man."

"It's the first time he's been near home in two years," the old lady said. "He couldn't come upstate to me, so I'm going to New York to him."

"I've got two sons in the Army," the man said. "Sure glad to see those rascals when they come home."

"Are they in the Pacific?" the old lady asked.

"In Mississippi. Both together, so far. They enlisted together."

"How proud you must have been," she said.

The old lady turned to the two sailors across the aisle. "I haven't been to New York in fifteen years," she said, leaning forward and raising her voice. "And now I'm going to meet my grandson. He's on a furlough."

When she held out the picture the two sailors rose and came across the aisle to look at it. "Are you on *your* way home?" the old lady asked them.

"No, Ma'am," one of the sailors said, "we're on our way back."

"Pretty lively time the last few days?" the man in the gray suit asked.

The sailors laughed, and the old lady said quickly, "I hope my grandson is cheerful like you boys. It's been pretty hard for him."

There was a silence, and then the man said reverently, "Guess they've all had a tough time, those boys."

"This your grandson's wife?" one of the sailors asked, passing the picture back to the old lady. "Mighty pretty girl."

"Depend on a sailor to notice a thing like that," the man said, and he and the sailors laughed again.

"That's his wife, all right," the old lady said with a trace of bitterness in her voice.

"She looks like a very nice girl," the younger woman said.

"Very nice girl," the old lady repeated scornfully. She leaned over and tapped the younger woman's arm. "The way that girl's been acting!" Her voice trembled slightly. "She hasn't been fair to my grandson when he was fighting overseas."

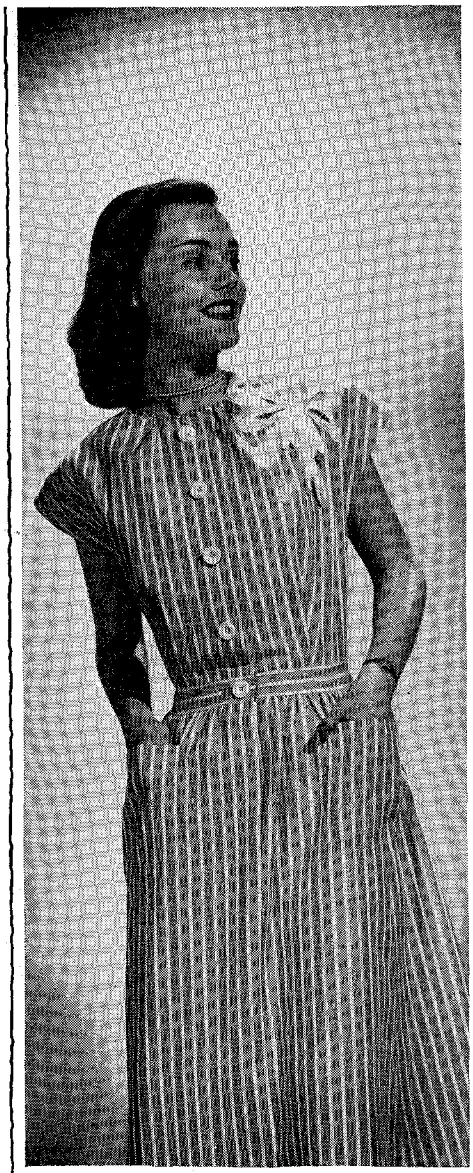
"That's not very nice of her," one of the sailors said.

"Coming up to visit me," the old lady said, "with her fur coat and her indecent shoes. Talking all the time about how dead it was up where I live."

"Where does she live?" the man in the gray suit asked.

"She lives in New York. My grandson now, he has to stay in New York when he comes back."

"Maybe you're mistaken about her,"



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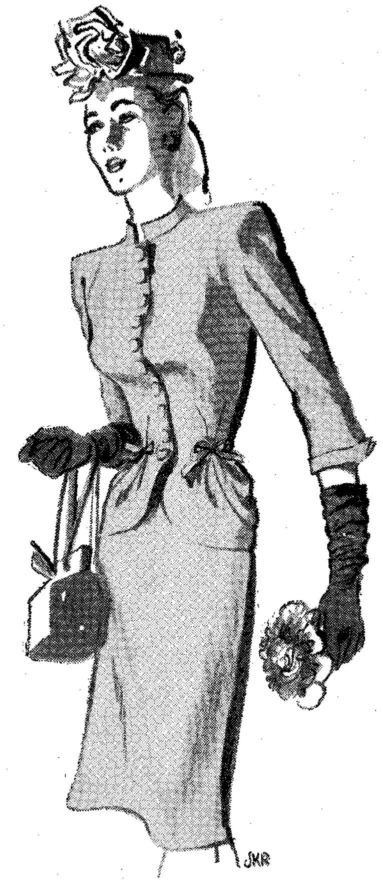

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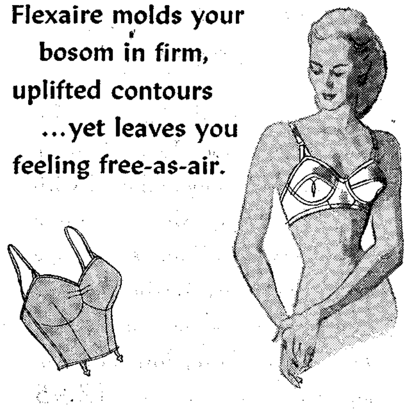

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the younger woman said. "It's so easy to make a mistake about people."

"True is true," the old lady said. "My grandson's wife, she stayed with me a while upstate. She used to get letters from men."

The younger woman started to say something and then stopped, and the man said, "How do you know?"

"Don't you think I can tell a man's handwriting when I see it?" the old lady asked. "I know when a woman like that, with her clothes and the way she talked, when she gets letters every day they're from men. It's time my grandson heard."

"You mean you're going to tell him?" the man said. The sailors looked at the old lady and the younger woman stared at her book.

"You wouldn't want to do a thing like that," one of the sailors said.

The old lady nodded emphatically. "All the way to New York," she said, "to see she gets what's coming to her."

"Maybe you're being too hard on her," the man said. "Maybe she can explain everything."

"True is true," the old lady repeated. "I don't have to listen to anything *she* has to say."

"Is your grandson's wife meeting you at the train?" the younger woman asked.

"She didn't even ask me down to see my grandson," the old lady replied. "She doesn't know I'm coming, anyway."

"Listen," the younger woman said, "why don't you sit down with her and have a long talk about the whole thing? Maybe you could clear it all up without saying anything to your grandson."

"I'm not making a long trip like this to listen to her stories," the old woman said.

"You ought to give that girl a chance to speak up for herself," the man said.

"It's not that we don't think you're doing right," one of the sailors said. "It's just that it seems sort of hard on everybody, him coming home after so long."

"I'll thank none of you to interfere," the old lady said. "I can take care of my own affairs."

After a minute the sailors slipped quietly back to their seat and the man returned to his paper. The younger woman said softly to the old lady, "You know, you're not being very charitable."

"I asked her to stay on and live with me in my own house," the old lady said,

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"and she told me no, right to my face."

The younger woman waited for a minute and then went back to her book.

WHEN the train plunged into the tunnel to Grand Central, the old lady gathered her packages together, ready to get off. The younger woman stepped out into the aisle to put on her coat and found herself standing between the sailors and the man in the gray suit. When the old lady rose, she dropped one of her bundles and the man picked it up and handed it to her. She took it carefully and slipped her hand through the string around it. "It's homemade doughnuts," she said, smiling at them amiably, "for my grandson."

"I hope you have a pleasant visit," the younger woman said when the train came to a stop.

"Thank you," the old lady said. "Will you excuse me, please?"

As the younger woman stepped back, she realized that for a moment she and the sailors and the man had been standing in front of the old lady, as though trying to block her way.

She followed the old lady out of the car, and had a brief picture of the sweet, grandmotherly old face as it turned to look at the people on the platform. Then the fragile black figure disappeared into the crowd.

—SHIRLEY JACKSON

•

STOCKHOLM—The world's first loaf of "tetraploid" rye bread was tasted in Sweden at a recent meeting of the Swedish Academy of Agriculture. Prolonged experiments at the Svalöv station, conducted under the supervision of Prof. Arne Mintzing of Lund University, have resulted in the successful cultivation of tetraploid rye, a species containing sixty-four chromosomes, as against thirty-two for ordinary rye, and having a grain 50 per cent larger than the normal one. At the trial baking the bread made from this kind of rye was found to taste just as good as that made of ordinary "diploid" rye.—*The Times.*

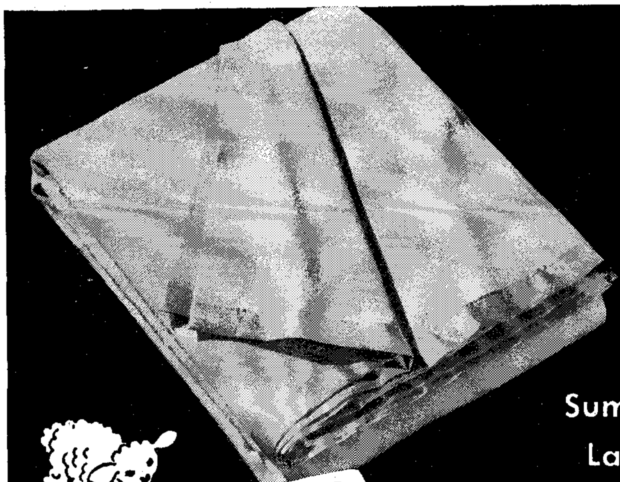
Thank God!

•

WHICH COLUMN OF THE CLEVELAND "PLAIN DEALER" D'YA READ?

It is his [President Truman's] custom to take daily setting-up exercises. Walking is a hobby. He doesn't smoke.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer, April 13th, page 6, column 3.*

Truman puffed nervously at a cigarette before he moved to the north end of the cabinet room . . . —*Same paper, same day, same page, column 4.*



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

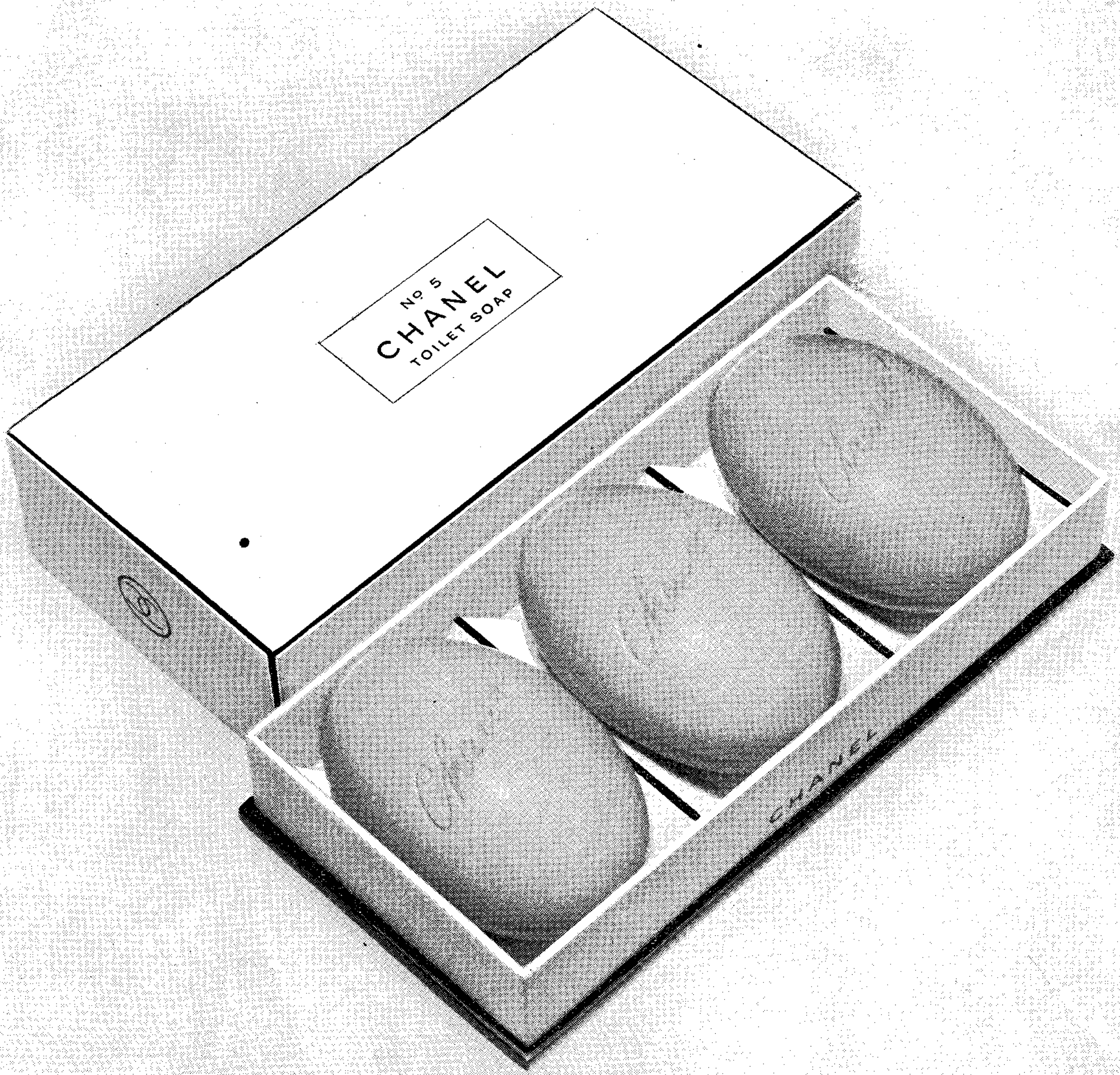
FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE was a time when women of moderate means had to get through the summer as best they could with informal sports clothes of a kind suitable only for the country and with those fluttery prints which supposedly did not crease and crumple. That, of course, is all changed now. American fabric and fashion designers have got around to making hot-weather clothes with clean, sleek lines and a look and feel of coolness.

At Kathleen, 118 East 60th Street, you will find a collection of town and country sun dresses. One, which I think is my favorite, is made of a brown spun rayon and has a fold of the fabric in turquoise across the décolletage, a narrow band around the hem of the skirt, and cuffs on the bolero jacket. A black spun rayon linen tailored suit that is perfect for town has lapels, cuffs, and a gilet of red-and-white checked rayon faille. There are good rayon crêpe prints here, too—blue, gray, or red, with white polka dots. These have a bow at one side of the draped neck. A Paisley rayon crêpe afternoon dress has cap sleeves and a skirt knotting low in front to form drapery. Another, in white rayon jersey with black-and-red floral designs, has a square neck and stitched-down pleats. There are also some pleasant ensembles for mature women—dresses with jackets or short capes to match. Among them are several of those beloved navy-and-white print suits that are getting to be so hard to find—rayon crêpes with cattlebrand patterns, rayon shantungs with sprawled designs, cupids and hearts on navy rayon crêpe, and so on. The cupid-and-hearts ones have a V neck, a narrow sash that crosses and ties around the waist, and a separate, waist-length cape. Prices here have a comprehensive range, from $19.95 (no ensembles at *this* price, naturally) to over a hundred bucks.

THE COTTON SHOP, at 543 Madison Avenue (55th), has always been proud of the fabrics that go into its simple, well-cut summer dresses. There still are Scotch ginghams in bright kitchen checks. The dresses of this material button firmly down the front and have a flat ruffle at either side of the oval neck; $17.95. Next, there is nice striped seersucker, with stripes that are woven and not printed. The square neck and the short sleeves of a dress in this material are edged with white piqué loops, and there are gathers at each side of the skirt. This is just $22.95, but there is no house-dress look about it. Then there is men's shirting, which is used, for example, in a button-down-the-front dress that has a bluish-gray top piped with bright red to match a gray-and-red-striped skirt. A pastel sheer rayon with a small jacquard pattern that reminds you of damask is used for tailored or more formal dresses, the latter of which have deep, latticework yokes. A rayon butcher's-linen item (particularly attractive in lilac) has three pearl buttons below the square neck, three more just above the hem, and a skirt that ties in a bow on one hip. This place likes printed rayon handkerchief linen for sun-back dresses with wide, fitted diaphragms, full skirts, and tiny boleros. There are jacketless sun dresses, too, often made of pin-dotted rayon jersey. There are also tailored play suits, as well as a more feminine one in a pencil-stripe rayon oxford cloth. This has a diamond insert through the diaphragm and attached shorts that look like a skirt; the rayon gabardine wrap-around skirt that goes with it fastens with one button at the waist and has a kangaroo pocket smack across the stomach. As for colors, it comes in aqua or salmon pink with a black stripe and a cinnamon-brown skirt; in black and white with a black skirt; and in navy and white with a navy skirt. It's $24.95.

THE misses department at Best is busy at the moment with bouffant cotton evening dresses for the young, at from $17.95 to $29.95. A crinoline petticoat to make them even more flippant is $2.95. A dress in a Liberty of London sort of print has a bodice trimmed with bands of cotton-lace flowers and threaded with grosgrain ribbon. The décolletage of this one can be on or off the shoulders, as you please. Another dress, of the same fabric, has a heart-shaped neckline, cap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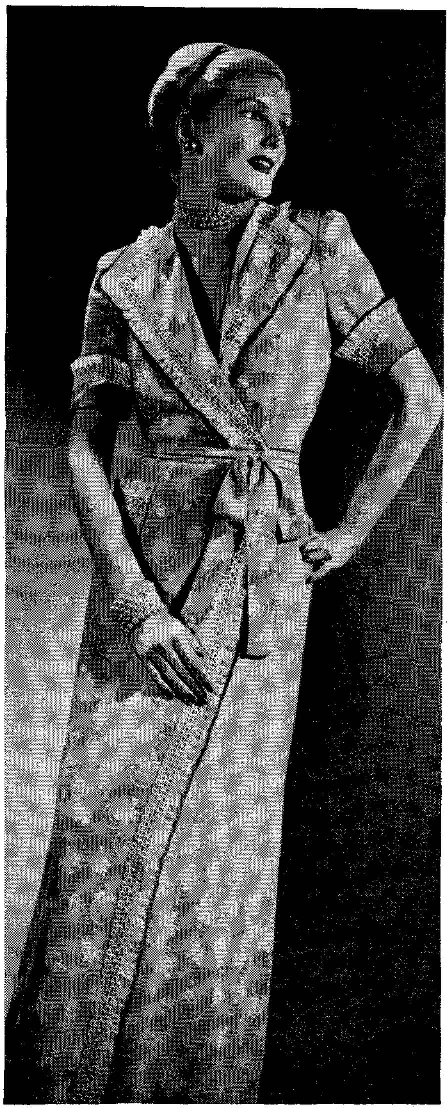

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sleeves faced with bright grosgrain, and a set-in belt of grosgrain in front. A white waffle piqué with a rose print has self scallops as its only trimming; a two-piece version of this has a short, fitted jacket with scalloped edges, a square neck, short sleeves, and a really voluminous skirt. There is, besides, a multi-striped cotton, with a shoulder-strap top, that has narrow banding and bows on the skirt. At Best, you'll also discover nice inexpensive evening jackets. One, in black, white, pink, or blue rayon faille, is collarless and has scalloped lapels and slanting pockets. Others are of wool, in dark, bright, or pastel colors, plain or trimmed with narrow white braid embroidery.

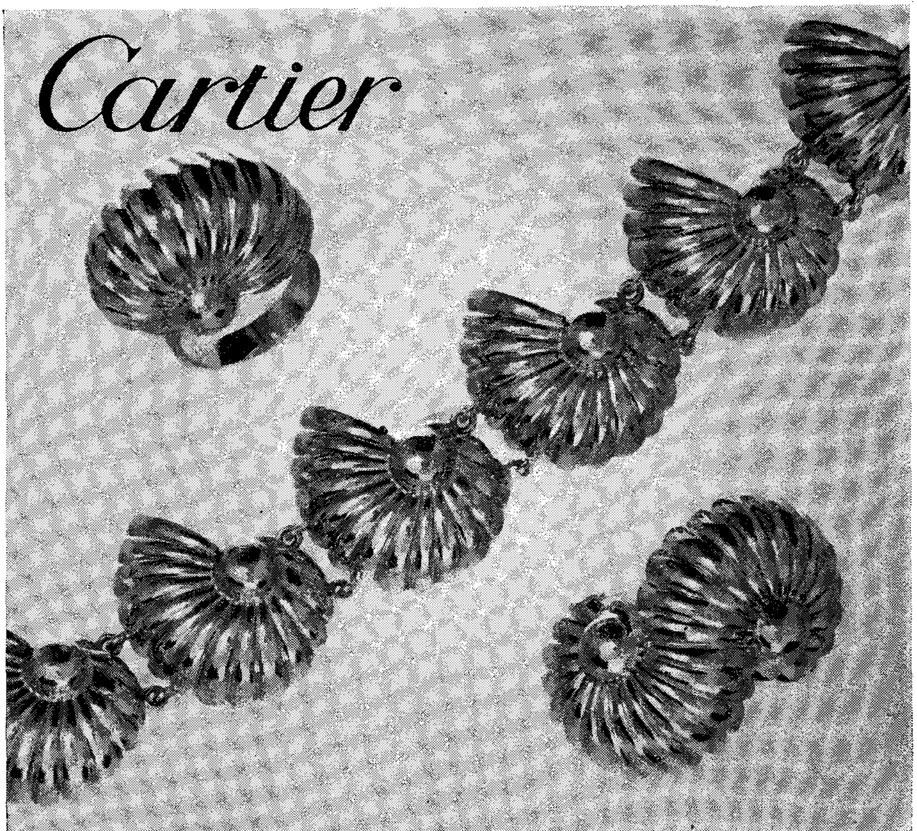
Jane Engel, at 1025 Madison Avenue (79th), now carries clothes for all ages, from infants to substantial matrons in size forty-two. She is making the most fuss these days over her new women's dress department, in which there are clothes in sizes from twenty on up and running from $19.95 to $85. She has good rayon prints, such as one with a black design on a pink or aqua ground. It has the V neck and surplice bodice that large women dote on, three-quarter sleeves, and spaghetti trimming on one shoulder and the opposite hip. The dress comes in navy sheer, too. Then there is a handsome black rayon faille suit with a slightly fitted jacket that is fastened at the waist with two buttons and has two flat bows masquerading as pockets. The skirt is a simple gored business, and the cream-colored rayon marquisette gilet has sequins scattered on the lace jabot. It's an all-day, all-evening thing, and a particularly successful one. Engel has cool-looking suits, in checked gray-and-white rayon sheers, with collarless jackets and white rayon faille vestees. For the country, there's a green, brown, or gray spun rayon tailored dress with a round split neck and narrow white lattice trimming on either side of the row of small pearl buttons that fastens it down the front; $19.95. In her fairly new negligée department, Engel shows some things, in sizes ten to twenty, that cost from $5.95 up to around $50—flowered seersucker wrap-arounds with tailored necks and short sleeves; striped seersucker fitted affairs with white eyelet embroidery giving the illusion of a jacket in front; tailored robes in a rayon Tattersall that resembles challis; or (for femininity on the rampage) a flowered rayon crêpe with marquisette ruffles. A "coffee" coat, of striped waffle piqué, buttons from neck to hem; since it looks like a dress, it can be worn indoors or out. It's $12.95.

Bloomingdale's Bride's Shop has nice wedding dresses, all ready to walk out of the place and up the aisle, in sizes eight (brides are smaller these days, I guess) up to eighteen. At $29.95 you get the conventional rayon satin with a fitted bodice, long sleeves, and a short train. There are also Southern-belle self-printed organdies with bouffant skirts and ruffles outlining the yoke below the collarless high neck; the ruffles cascade down the center back and form a wide flounce at the bottom; $69.95. There are custom gowns (from $39.95) and veils here, too, but the most important thing about this department is that it has now embarked on the business of making custom trousseaux, which are worked out from either Bloomingdale's own ideas or yours. They say they can finish a job in two weeks or less. Most brides, they seem to think, like pale blue rayon crêpe afternoon dresses for informal weddings, and there are short wool coats to be worn with these on the honeymoon. The custom wedding veils start at $18.75, which is the price of one in rayon tulle, three-quarter length, and constructed in three circular tiers, of which one can be worn over the face. It's topped with a floral wreath. You can, in fact, have anything from tailored suits to bridal lingerie made for you here.

The Deb hat department at Bonwit Teller has always been a nesting place for inexpensive headgear for females of all ages. Currently, there are, to begin with, all-year-round felts. I noticed one with a horsehair flange outlining the wide shepherdess brim; you're supposed to wear this one straight on your head. Not everything is of felt. There are rough straw cartwheels with narrow black velvet ribbon ending in a bow at the back of the shallow crown. The large burnt-straw poke bonnets trimmed with navy velvet are designed for the young; the tiny black felt sailors with gathered horsehair softening the brim are for more dignified women. There are also youthful black horsehair bonnets with open crowns, and elegant lacy crocheted straw pillboxes with two pink roses in front. Very custom, very smart. Prices range modestly from $8.50 to $12.50.

Sweet-Smelling Stuff and Things: Helena Rubinstein has thought up a miniature beauty course for busy people who want to know how to administer their own beauty treatments. One $5 lesson, which takes about an hour and a half, is supposed to be all you need. The girls here ponder your skin and then tell you how to take care of it, show you how to make up, instruct you about self-inflicted massage, and so forth. They don't go into the hair question. Michel, of the hairdressing salon, has some pleasant ideas on that score. He is famous for his permanents (right now he is cold-wave crazy, but he does all kinds) and for his hair styling. His most radical new coiffure is of Grecian ancestry, with the hair in front anchored sleekly by a double leather Grecian band and the rest of the hair in a loose Psyche knot above the hairline in back. . . . DuBarry is making much of a strawberry-and-cream makeup. There is a lipstick that has unusually luscious and lasting substance and the vivid color of a ripe strawberry, and a face powder of a creamy beige. No pink, for a change. . . . Bendel has a new sachet, to perfume and soften bath water, in his lovely scent 10 West, a delicate, refreshing floral. In nine-ounce size, with a little cup in the stopper that holds exactly enough for one bath; $6, including tax. . . . Those who like their summer perfumes light, gay, and floral should be reminded, too, of Lynette's Blue Sapphire perfume and toilet water. Lord & Taylor have it. . . . Those who like spicy scents will enjoy Mary Chess's new Kentucky Spice potpourri, in a decorative white pottery jar of Chinese inspiration; $6, with tax. . . . Women who have valiantly faced the fact that heavy earrings must be put on so tightly that it is torture will be interested in a new little gimmick—EarrinGrips. (The name is the manufacturer's fault, not our printer's.) Just tiny little rubberlike caps you put over the screws or the clips of the earrings to make them more merciful. Lord & Taylor and Saks, great humanitarians that they are, harbor these.

FOOTNOTE: If you are looking for someone who will clean and block your panamas, you might try the Empire Hatters, at 520 Eighth Avenue (36th). This year, as you may have already learned, it is hard to find anyone who is willing. The Empire people say that they have a thousand blocks and that they can finish the rejuvenation process in from ten days to two weeks. They'll do any sort of straw or fabric hat too, for that matter. —L. L.



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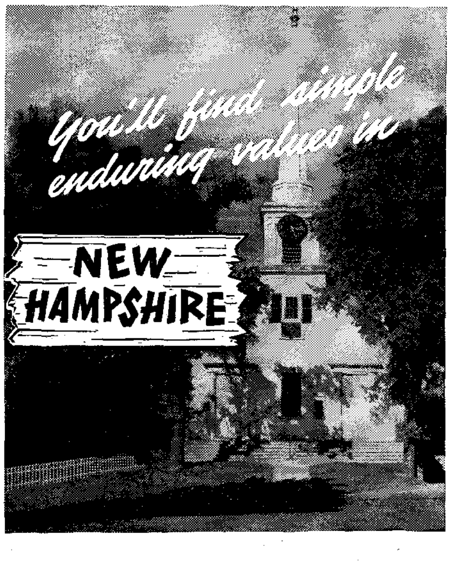

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THE ART GALLERIES

Americans and Europeans

ON the whole, the position of the refugee artists in this country has been a tough one, and the complaints that have occasionally been levelled at them by American painters and others should be considered with that fact in mind. If they've been cliquey—and it's true that a good many of them have—it should be remembered that the pulls of old friendships and associations are strong, particularly in a foreign country. If they've shown a certain condescension at times toward American art, it should be acknowledged that, in a historical sense at least, that attitude was justified; the French tradition may quite possibly be dying, but it isn't dead yet, and every Frenchman, big or little, carries with him the prestige of Renoir and Cézanne and all the others who have made the wheels of the world go round, artistically, for the past seventy-five years. Add the fact that these men did not really want to come here in the precise way they came, hurriedly and in flight, and with all the regrets and uncertainties that such a way of coming entails, and you have a fair explanation of any recalcitrance in their attitudes.

Where they have failed, I think, is in not taking full advantage pictorially of the physical facts of the country itself. I would cite André Masson, whose new oils and black-and-whites form the current offering at the Buchholz, as one of the few exceptions. While so many of the others have remained locked away in their studios, painting as if with eyes deliberately averted from everything that wasn't reminiscent of Paris (with the result that for most of them their stay here has been a real period of marking time), he has had the courage to look around him. Though he is one of the most introspective of painters, with a style that is abstract as well, there is no question but that he has profited by the experience, and his work, particularly in his past couple of exhibitions here, has shown a richness and variety of pattern that it rarely had before.

I am not chauvinist enough to imply that this country was responsible. There is no magic in the air here or anywhere else, and Masson's gain has derived primarily from his ability to absorb new impressions and integrate them with his previous knowledge. You won't see a great deal anyway, superficially at least, of the progress that I've been speaking about in the current show. The deep, smoky color is there, so suggestive of our autumn coloring and so much more interesting than the hot, high-keyed tones he used before coming to this country, and so, to a certain extent, is the intricate pattern. But on the whole the work represents a step back from his earlier showings.

Masson has two main ways of attacking his abstract subjects. One is by investigating their philosophic content and then developing it pictorially. It's a method that is at once "literary" and allusive, and it is perhaps best expressed in his "Meditation on an Oak Leaf" of a year or so ago. The other is more discursive. It consists of a series of decorative arabesques on a design that is basically representational. In the collection on view, there is a series of "Visages," or "Portraits," some imaginary and some real, that are done in this manner, and since it happens to be the style of his I like least, I was dissatisfied with most of them. I see no reason, for example, for the little sparkles of yellow set like tiny glancing lights in the "Portrait of Dikran Kelekian;" they "dress up" the canvas, no doubt, but beyond that their presence in the design seems purely arbitrary, and I had much the same criticism—that the design was sacrificed for the purpose of superficial effect—of such pieces as "Heraclitus" and "Ephemeral." I liked better his "Man's Head with Eagle" and "Sibyl with Omens," both very tense in feeling and organization. A set of sketches for a projected large painting called "La Résistance," celebrating the spirit of the French underground, plus a series of lithographs, complete the collection. All of these, especially the lithographs, are filled with a brooding quality, half savage and half sombre, which is occasionally extremely effective.

FOR security reasons, I couldn't tell you, even if I knew, the exact number of service men now in the Second Service Command. But there are enough of them, anyway, to put on an extremely good group show, as the exhibition of their work at the Art Students' League will testify. Paintings, photographs, and black-and-whites are included, as well as a few sculptures, and the level of the work is so high that beyond mentioning a few really standout pieces—for example, Reginald D. Massie's small oil called "Indian Orderly," done in high glazes in the Flemish manner; Charles R. Salerno's drawing "No Broken Bones;" and "Station Hospital," the tight, tiny water color by Robert S. Smullyan—I shan't bother to do any listing. The fact is that they're all amazingly good.

AT the Nierendorf they are showing new oils, gouaches, and drawings by Josef Scharl. Scharl is first of all an Expressionist; he has no hesitation, in his "Portrait of Albert Einstein," for instance, in painting his subject's cheeks dark brown, the chin ochre, and the forehead a series of striations of red and yellow, and his color in other canvases is almost equally arbitrary and emotional. There is a sound sense of values behind the fireworks, however, and coupled with it a sensitiveness to design that is unusual in members of his school. Combined, the two produce some exceptional paintings, as is shown by such pieces as "Autumn Landscape," with its Klee-like, tessellated pattern; "The Orchard," and "Forest," which seems literally pulsing with green.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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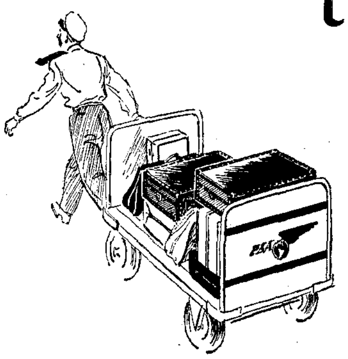

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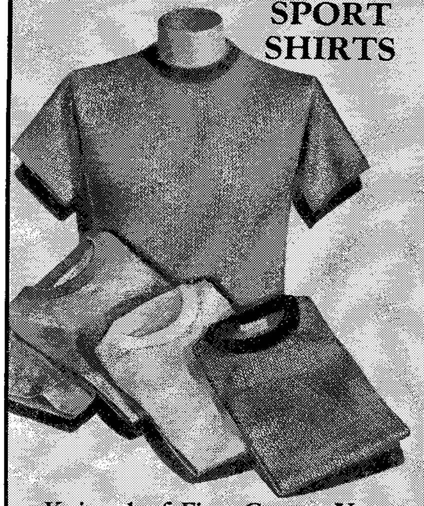

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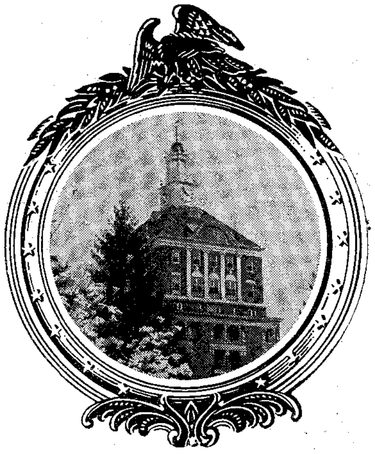

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HUNTING RIGHTS ON SAIPAN

SAIPAN, MARCH 25

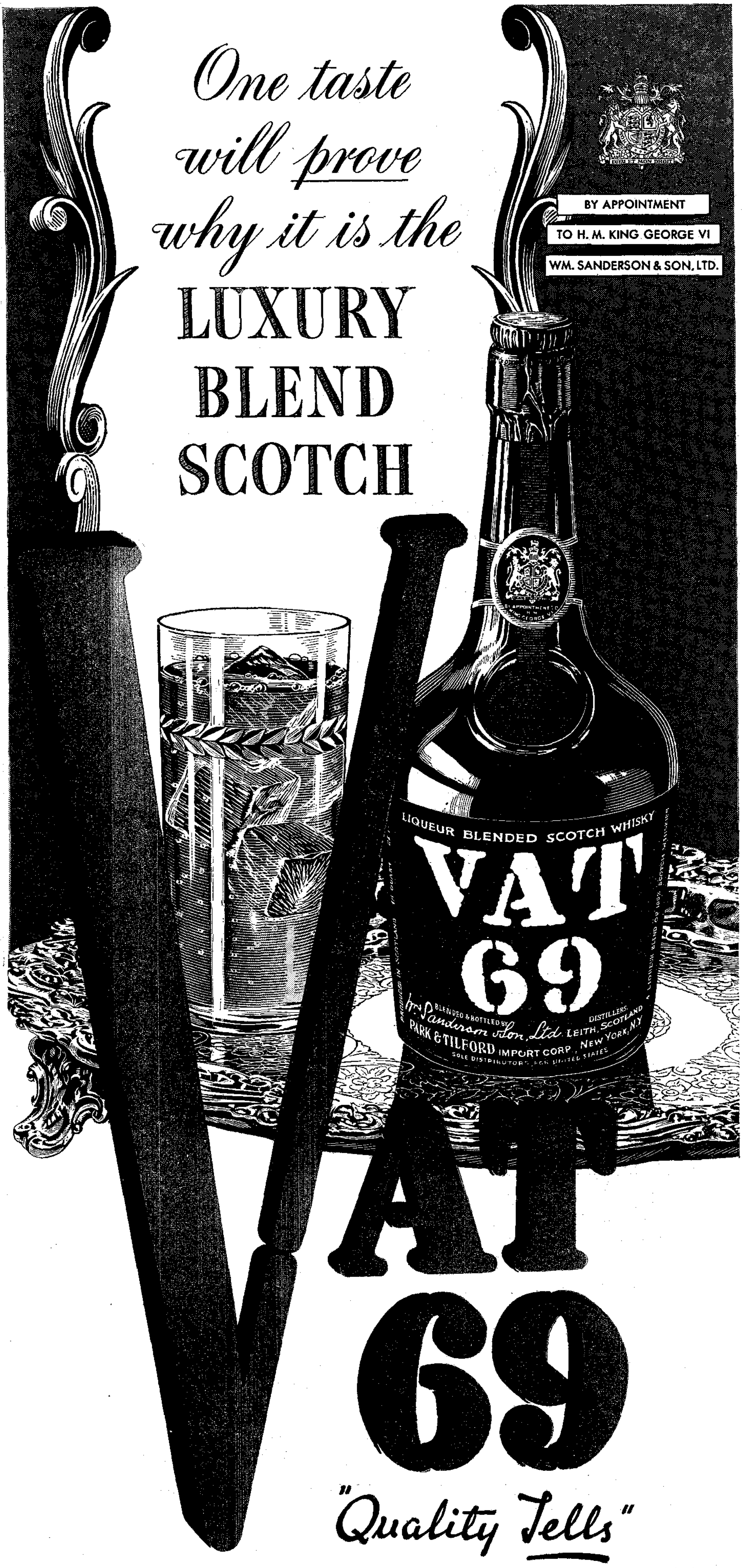
THERE comes a point in the history of each Pacific island we have taken from the Japanese in combat when the island is said to be "secure." There's nothing in the Army, Navy, or Marine rule books which defines this condition. Roughly, "security" implies that our forces are in complete tactical control of the island and that certain secondary steps can be taken, such as the construction of permanent installations for the island's command or garrison force and the organization of the naval or air base in whose interest the island was invaded. Interpretations of security vary widely among the admirals and generals. General MacArthur, for instance, gives the word a conspicuously liberal meaning. The bitter street-fighting phase had just begun in Manila when the city was, in the broad view of the General's communiqué, securely ours. The island of Saipan has been secure—comfortably so—for a long time. Organized Jap resistance ceased last summer. B-29s, operating from what is now a highly elaborate base, have been smashing at Japan from Saipan for many months. The island has barbershops, bars, and indoor and outdoor theatres equipped for both movies and stage shows. On the shore is the island's command club, containing a bar of epic, early-Tijuana proportions, where the bartender in a certain sector, if you ask for a whiskey, will direct you to the subdivision a block and a half south. "This department is for Martinis only," the barkeep says politely. Very near this showcase of Seabee Gothic style is an Engineer depot with an open-air movie house called the Castle Theatre in its midst. And rising near the theatre, on the eastern, or inland, side, is Tokoyama, a cliff six hundred feet high, on top of which, in recent months, armed Japanese soldiers sat watching the picture show every night and following the dialogue with great ease, since the whole region is one vast sound box. "They are the coolest men you ever saw," I was told one day a couple of weeks ago by Pfc Carlton Pennington, a dark, stocky, Negro infantry soldier who comes from the neighborhood of a little town named Quitman, in south Georgia. "I don't know if they still watch the movies much, because here a while ago we put on a pretty good sweep through that cliff. But when you find them, you find they've been drinking our water and eating our rations and it keeps them pretty bright and healthy."

"They ain't so healthy since young Carlton been taking aim with his big squirrel gun," said a Negro soldier sitting next to him, a sergeant from Macon named Marion Tarver.

Sergeant Tarver, a number of his fellow-soldiers, and I were talking in an Army barracks, and the subject was Jap hunting. I asked if Private Pennington was especially good at this work. Tarver replied that since the first of the year, Pennington had killed four and wounded two lame-duck, or post-security, Japs in the course of nine patrols against them. His squirrel gun was a B.A.R., or Browning automatic rifle. Pennington, Tarver, and the rest of the men were members of the Twenty-fourth Infantry Regiment, whose enlisted men are all Negroes. The Twenty-fourth has a long and notable history, during most of which it has served on detached missions, independent of any division. It fought at Santiago and San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American War and some of its men volunteered for guinea-pig duty in the first yellow-fever tests made during and after that war. It has operated in the Pacific for three years of this war, mostly in so-called service jobs, in the New Hebrides and Solomons, building airfields and stringing hundreds of miles of communication wire through the jungle. Last September, when Saipan was "secure" but still infested in its more remote and rugged regions by disorganized Japanese soldiers and by timid Japanese civilians, the Twenty-fourth was sent here to mop up. It has been combat with overtones of Indian fighting, and the men of the Twenty-fourth have enjoyed it.

Right along, higher strategists on Saipan, as elsewhere, have tried to reduce the fugitive-Japanese problem by promise and propaganda rather than by force. The great majority of the fugitives on Saipan have been civilians and therefore non-combatants—thirteen thousand Okinawa, or "Okie," Japs and thirteen hundred Koreans. Most of these succumbed, in the very early days of our occupation, to promises or simply to the need for food and medicine, and by the time I first visited Saipan, in early February of this year, all but a very few of them had entered our lines and were quartered in Camp Susupe, a refugee center and labor coöperative on the southwest shore. I visited Susupe and there I heard something about the Japs still hiding in the hills and caves to the north and east. The civilians in the camp were almost unanimously ill or convalescent—from malnutrition, from anemia, from yaws or other sores. Great numbers of them also had tuberculosis. They tended to blame the Jap soldiers still at large for their woes, though undoubtedly the inevitable shortage of food and water, as well as their living conditions even in prewar years, had much to do with their wretchedness. The Jap soldiers had hogged the water and food supplies in places of refuge, had infected the civilians physically with the few diseases they flattered themselves on having been free of before, and had poisoned them mentally with the doctrine that the American butchers would cut them up for export in the canned-meat trade if they surrendered. Almost every civilian who came in expected death or torture. Some of those in hiding had to be coaxed in by the few doctors or educated politicians among them, or by the Buddhist priest, a plump, youngish fellow with a crew haircut who later became the most popular man in Camp Susupe with the American camp supervisors.

WHEN I got back to Saipan from Iwo Jima, earlier this month, I found that much more information had become available on the Japanese who were still holding out—now almost entirely soldiers, and strictly anti-social. The Twenty-fourth Regiment had recently conducted an elaborate ten-day campaign against the cliff called Tokoyama. An artillery barrage and a propaganda barrage over a public-address system, followed by a very personal sweep of the cliff and the draws leading from it by Pennington, Tarver, and other brush fighters, had netted two hundred and two Japs, dead and living, most of the former military and most of the latter civilian. When the Twenty-fourth arrived on Saipan, there were believed to be between two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and three hundred Japanese soldiers at large on the island. This figure had now been revised upward to five hundred, including those who had been killed or had surrendered. When I got back from Iwo Jima, there were still abundant signs, some of them bordering on impertinence, of the presence of unliquidated Jap soldiers in a good state of health and a fair state of organization. "They're fresh," said a Negro technical sergeant named Charlie Harden. "In one place they been camping we found five of our own twenty-five-gallon cans of water. And C rations."

The commander of the battalion to which Harden, Tarver, and Pennington belong, Lieutenant Colonel James Wells, said he thought that in at least one case the Japs had overreached themselves. "They came right into our camp the other night to steal grub," he said. "One of the things we are missing is a case of oatmeal we left open with poison in it to get some rats that have also been moving in on us. The Japs who eat that won't be doing themselves any good."

Harden summed up the situation a moment later by saying, "These Japs left now, they're scarcer but they're tougher." This seemed a logical development: the few Japs remaining at large were those with the greatest power of resistance to American blandishments, and, being fewer, they had proportionately more supplies. I wondered if they had any tangible goal in view. Harden and Wells guessed that they were waiting for the Japanese fleet to come and recapture Saipan.

"That's a poor prospect, don't you think?" I said.

"I guess so," said Harden cheerfully, "but you can't sell these boys left around here now. You got to shoot them."

I was curious about the brush-fighting aptitudes of the men of the Twenty-fourth against an enemy that had a fair reputation for this style of combat, so I asked Sergeant Harden, who is a light-colored, lightly built youth of twenty-two, if he were a country boy. "Where I come from is Hogansville, Georgia, and they have lots of farms around there," he said, smiling, "but I'm a town boy. Before I joined up with the Army four years ago, I was a soda jerker in Hogansville." Pennington, the man with the four dead Japs to his credit, does come from a farm. However, a great number of men in the regiment are from cities—Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Boston, New Orleans. Like the rest of our Army, they obviously do not have the instincts or training which make the Jap in the brush or jungle easy pickings for, say, certain of the more warlike natives of the Solomons or Fijis. They do, however, have youth, good eyes, and good reflexes, they enjoy their work, and they have come, in the post-security battle of Saipan, to be able to meet the hidden Japanese on better than even terms. In these contacts, the man who lies in wait has the advantage over the man who moves. The Japs, though their general policy on Saipan now is violently bashful and non-aggressive, are apt to pick off and strip any lonely walker or souvenir hunter on the island. A favorite American tactic in close-at-hand mop-up work has been to operate from ambush. The Japs know this perfectly well, but there is not much they can do about it, for they have to move about sometimes to get food and water. This they do by night. By day they hide.

OUR mopping up to date, especially the big operation on Tokoyama, which cut the Jap force by at least half, has pushed the guerrillas back into the more inaccessible parts of Saipan, where they live less comfortably and do less harm. Tokoyama, right in the heart of downtown Saipan, in the bar-and-theatre belt, also had the advantage of being close to the Japanese civilian farms as well as to good spring water. The fugitives used to raid these farms for potatoes, tapioca, cane sugar, and papaya. Japanese military prisoners in a stockade nearby furtively supplied them from their rations of American cigarettes and candy. All this is now over. The Jap raids in the more barren territory inland are growing more precarious for them and less rewarding. The Twenty-fourth knows where and when to look for the Japs. Caches of arms and supplies are found, or evidences of fires and cooking. Harden, Tarver, and Pennington told me of an ambush they had planned a few nights earlier in which two Japs were killed and others probably wounded. It was over quickly, as usual. Once the ambush party tips its hand and position by shooting, there's little use of further operations in that locality for the time being. "We got downhill from where we thought there was some of them in the brush," Pennington said. "That put them in the open when they moved. They moved, going for water. Our fire drew their fire, but not where the most of us was. We got a couple—maybe more."

"They don't get any of us," said

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Harden. "Only one man wounded since we began this deal."

Now and then scouting troops from the Twenty-fourth have managed to corner some Japanese soldiers in a cave. When they do, they threaten to use flame-throwers if the Japs won't come out. More than once this has been followed by the sounds of an explosion inside the cave and, a little later, by the finding of Japanese bodies there. Exploded grenades leave few traces of their existence, but observers have no doubt that this formula of Japanese suicide under the threat of flame-throwers has been used many places—most recently on Iwo Jima. The bodies of Japanese guerrillas killed that way or by the guns of the Twenty-fourth, if they are not immediately discovered, are apt to be booby-trapped when they are found. This and a number of other ruses have taught the men of the Twenty-fourth a great wariness. Their score, when I talked with them, was a hundred and eighty-five Japanese captured and a hundred and eighty-five killed since they took possession of the hunting rights on Saipan. Their major coup, of course, was the Tokoyama operation, and they still talk with enthusiasm of the ten days when the fur flew and their wily, stubborn little enemies died or surrendered in droves. One man in the regiment saw a Japanese soldier racing down an open draw from the top of the cliff with a live goose fastened by a leg to the belt of his uniform. He shot the soldier and took the goose alive.

"The prettiest thing that happened there," said Harden, "was when Sergeant Ike played Jap songs over the loudspeaker and some of those Japs came in with tears in their eyes." Sergeant Ike is a Nisei interpreter attached to the regiment, and the records he played over the public-address system during the reduction of Tokoyama were sentimental Japanese folk songs. He has enjoyed great prestige in the regiment ever since.

—John Lardner

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Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of Mrs. S. Kiewici, 611 E. 21st St. Attending guests were Mr. and Mrs. B. Szymanowski, Mr. and Mrs. E. Szymanowski, Mr. and Mrs. R. Szymanowski, Mr. and Mrs. S. Szymanowski, Mr. and Mrs. T. Szymanowski, Mrs. and Mrs. J. Szymanowski, Mr. and Mrs. V. Szymanoski, Mr. and Mrs. . . .

—*Erie* (*Pa.*) *Daily Times.*

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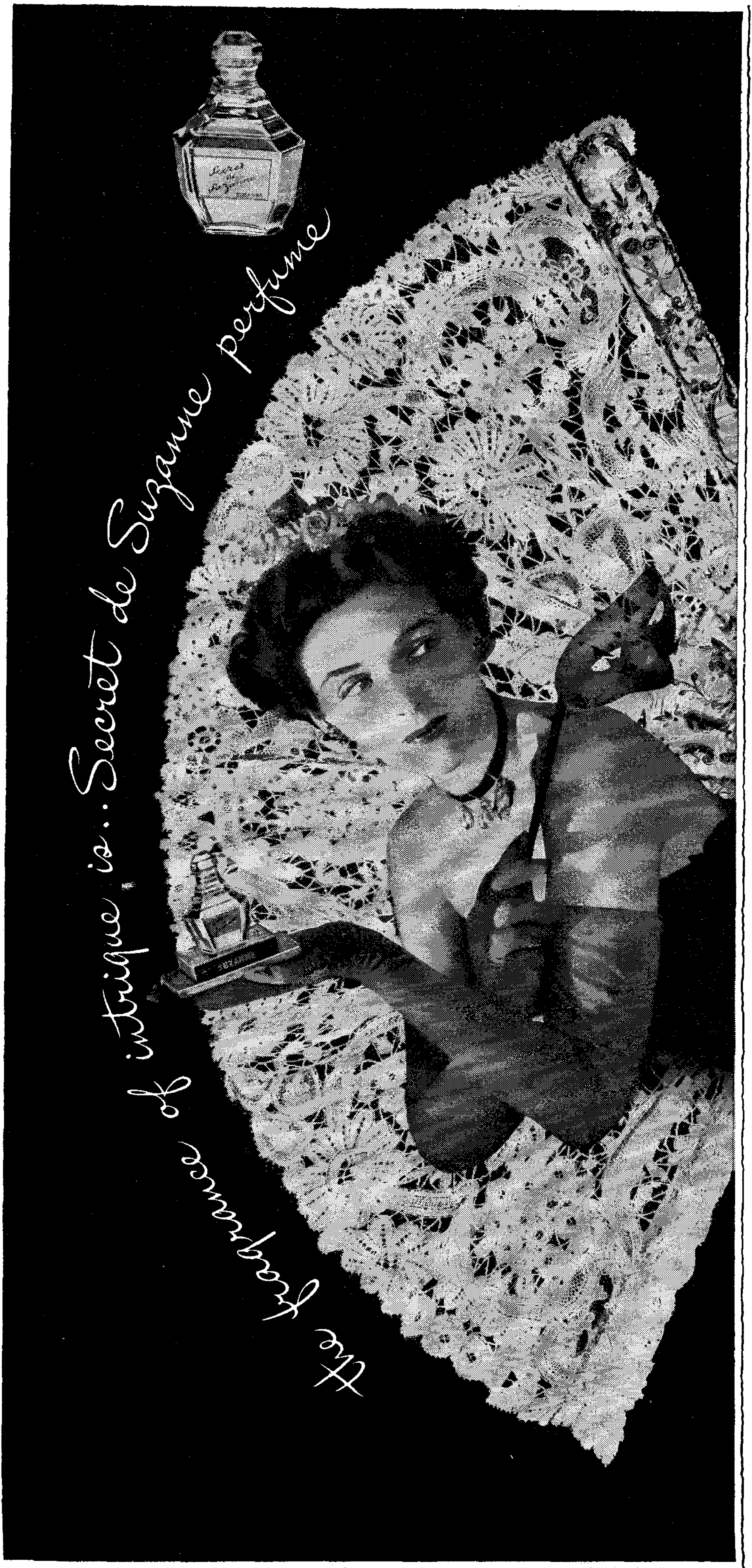
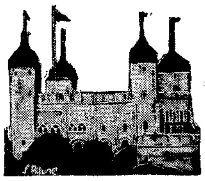


SUZANNE PERFUMES

LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 29 (BY CABLE)

ANY one of the wonderful headlines the newspapers are serving up these mornings would have been enough to sustain a week of enthusiastic discussion back in the lean days, but much of the talk one hears among Londoners at the moment is concerned with hopes and trepidations for the future instead of with the entirely satisfactory present. It would be cheering to be able to say that the reports from the San Francisco Conference were producing the same waves of exhilaration and of will to succeed that Yalta did. Perhaps the fact that, so far, people here seem to expect little from the Conference is really a good omen, since even a minnow brought home from it will be rapturously acclaimed as a whale. The Polish difficulties did not, of course, make an encouraging first impression. It seems ironic that Poland, the name which worried war-fearing Britons in 1939, is the name that is worrying war-weary Britons in 1945. Poland was the technical reason for going to war; one hopes it will not prove the technical dilemma that will endanger the prospects of a good peace. It is sometimes difficult not to wonder whether some upper-class British are as sincerely distressed over what the form of Poland's government will be as they sound or whether they aren't merely concerned with seeing Russia shown up as unwilling to compromise. Even the left-wing section of the press had to admit regretfully that Moscow's secretive attitude about its dealings with the Lublin government has been "unfriendly." But it would be wrong to say that people here feel utterly despondent about the outcome of the San Francisco Conference. The fact is that they seem to be less optimistically certain that it must succeed than grimly certain that it simply cannot be allowed to fail.



IF the Conference is the big worry of the moment, the big sensation, which also has to do with the future, because it brings up the subject of our treatment of the conquered, is the revelation of the horrors of the German concentration camps. It has taken the camera to bring home to the slow, good-natured, skeptical British what, as various liberal journals have tartly pointed out, the pens of their correspondents have been unsuccessfully trying to bring home to them since as far back as 1933. Millions of comfortable families, too kind and too lazy in those days to make the effort to believe what they conveniently looked upon as a newspaper propaganda stunt, now believe the horrifying, irrefutable evidence that even blurred printing on poor wartime paper has made all too clear. There are long queues of people waiting silently wherever the photographs are on exhibition. The shock to the public has been enormous, and lots of hitherto moderate people are wondering uncomfortably whether they will agree, after all, with Lord Vansittart's ruthless views on a hard peace. While the violent revulsion has not produced any particularly helpful answers to the question of what is to be done with the Germans, it has suggested one or two things that might not be done with them. Plenty of angry Englishmen would like to know that German prisoners of war here would no longer draw double the rations a civilian gets. After photographs of Buchenwald's walking skeletons, Britons were understandably incensed by the thought of Nazis growing plump in English prison camps. If, as some people think, the sudden piling on of the horrors is an attempt to prepare the British and American publics for the stiff terms Moscow seems determined to impose on Germany, it has certainly succeeded here. Whatever the Russians ask, it will not be enough to wipe Buchenwald and the rest from shocked British minds.

ASIDE from the communiqués, there are other cheerful signs that V Day is not far ahead. The other day workmen started pulling down the surface shelters in the streets, an operation which Londoners watched contentedly. People are still inclined to tap cautiously on wood whenever they say that it seems funny without the V-2s, which it is now permissible to report fell repeatedly on London and were probably the worst ordeal the population has had to stand. The guarantee that it was really all over came on Monday with the long-awaited and almost symbolic order to turn up the lights again. The order did not apply to street lighting, which apparently needs some fixing before it can function once more, but it was expected that at least homes, hotels, and night spots would be twinkling and festive. The order, however, was the biggest flop of the war. The West End streets were full of people strolling along to see

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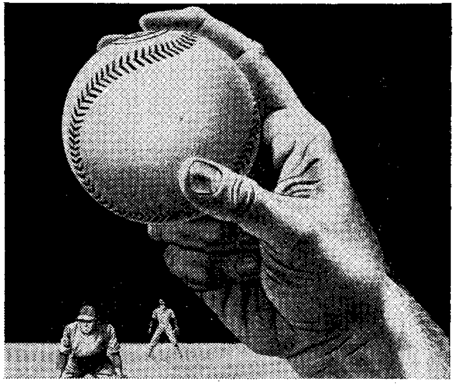

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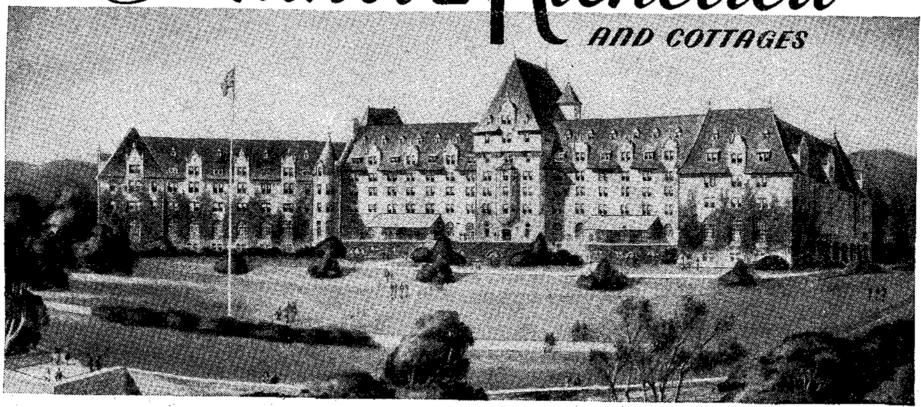

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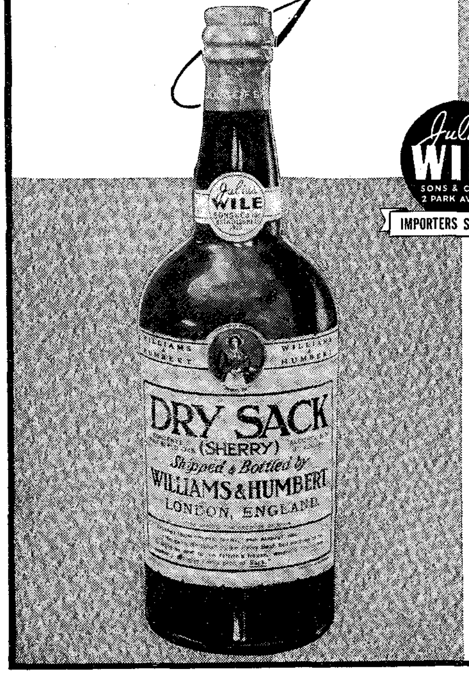

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the lights; they must have thought it funny that about all they could see were the usual slivers of light glinting from the houses of citizens who had been drawing the curtains every evening for five and a half years and could not get out of the habit even now. One or two restaurants took the blackout stuff off their swinging doors and the big hotels were lighted up, but on the whole London looked about as dutifully murky as usual. The St. James's Street clubs were among the few buildings which daringly left their big windows uncurtained. Passersby stopped and stood on tiptoe to peep at the old gentlemen sedately reading their *Times* and sipping their coffee in what was to Londoners a wildly fascinating setting—a lighted room which was throwing its brightness far into the street without attracting the attention of a warden.

Possibly the old gentlemen were brooding over the Budget report, which was to be published the following day and turned out to be the mixture as expected, inasmuch as there were no new reliefs of any importance but no new burdens, either. The figures on net incomes, prewar and war, which were given in the Budget provided much food for brooding in these clubs. Seven thousand people had net annual incomes of six thousand pounds and over in 1939, the report said, but there were only eighty in that category in 1943. The figures showed an increase of three million persons in the group which earns between two hundred and fifty and five hundred pounds a year. Some of the things that Socialist orators in Hyde Park have long been clamoring for on Sunday mornings seem to have come about not through a bloody revolution but through a very bloody war.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

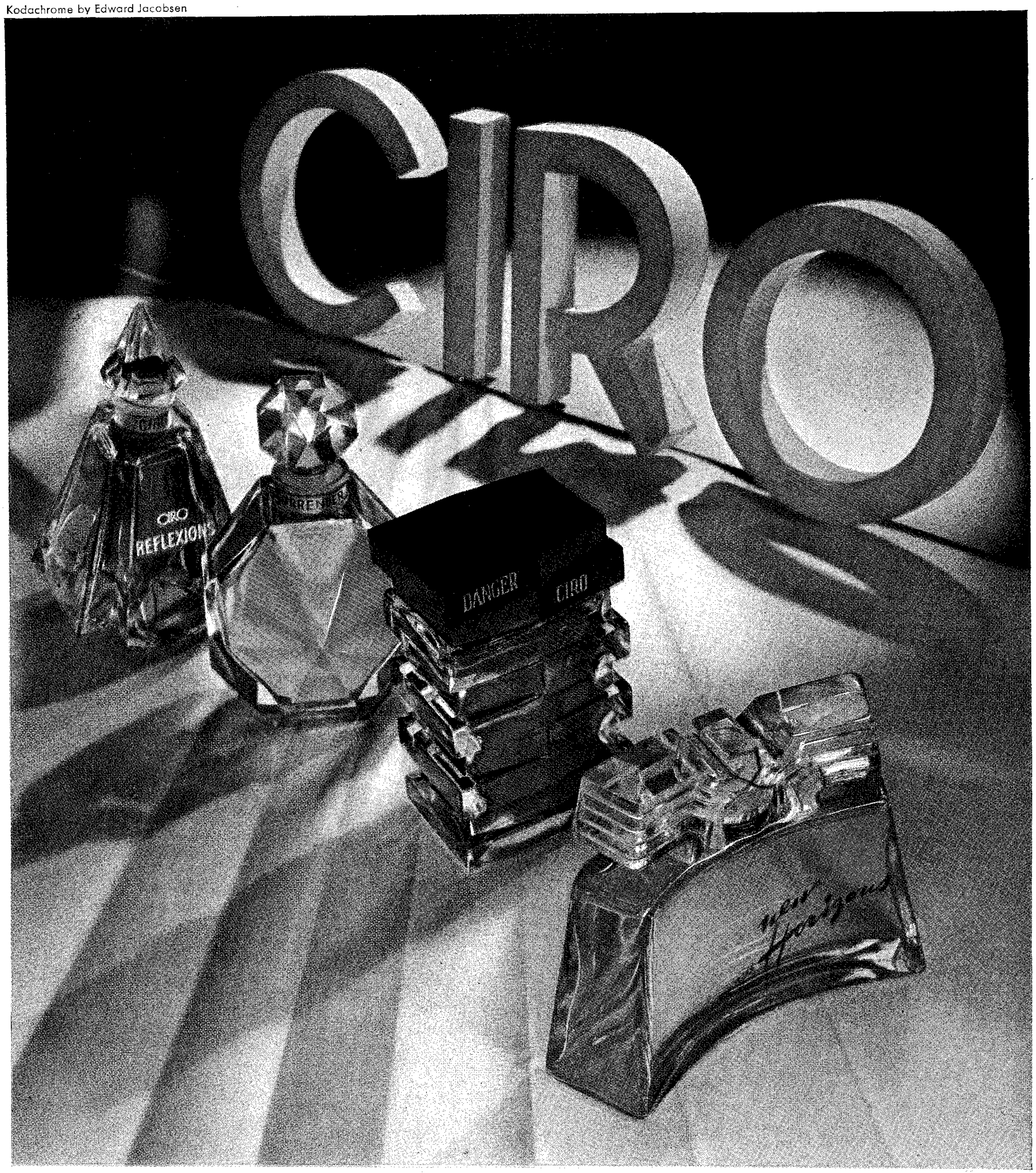
•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT
(DIRTY BOWL DIVISION)

[*Oliver St. John Gogarty in Tricolor*]

I was about to go away from the basin in the men's room of a train without drying it for the next comer, when a fellow traveler intervened. "You can't do that," he said. "You should polish up that basin or folks will wonder where you *was* raised." I did as I was bidden; but from his use of words I knew where he was raised. He was raised among illiterates; and no polishing was possible for him. He had given himself away, a "worthless boon" as Wordsworth might have said. He did not know that meaning of grammar or the meaning of the words he used. Had I asked him what he meant by "basin," he would have pointed with impatience to the metal dish; but he would not have connected "basin" with "basinet," the antique helmet used by the moss troopers.

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobsen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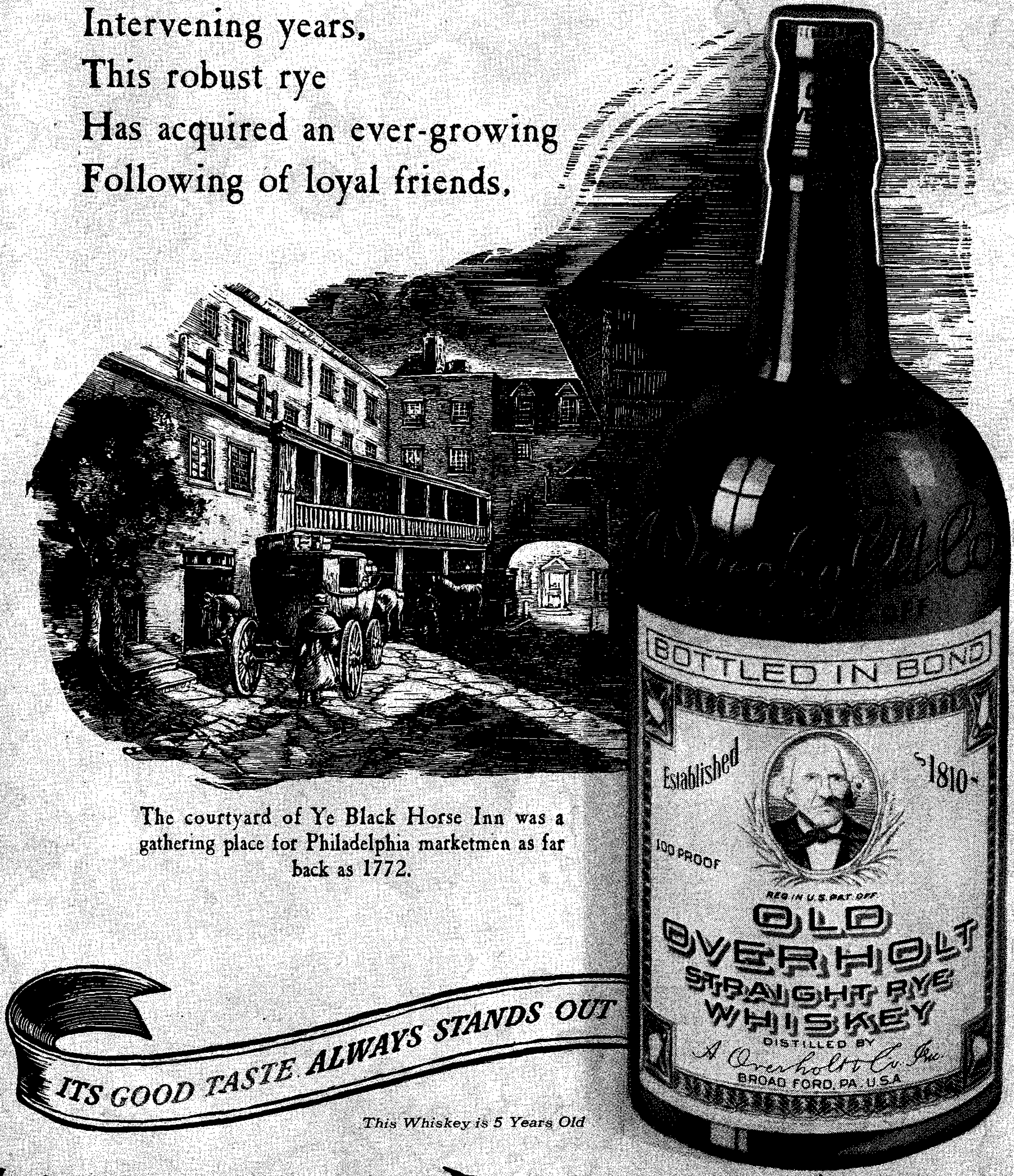
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Recitalists

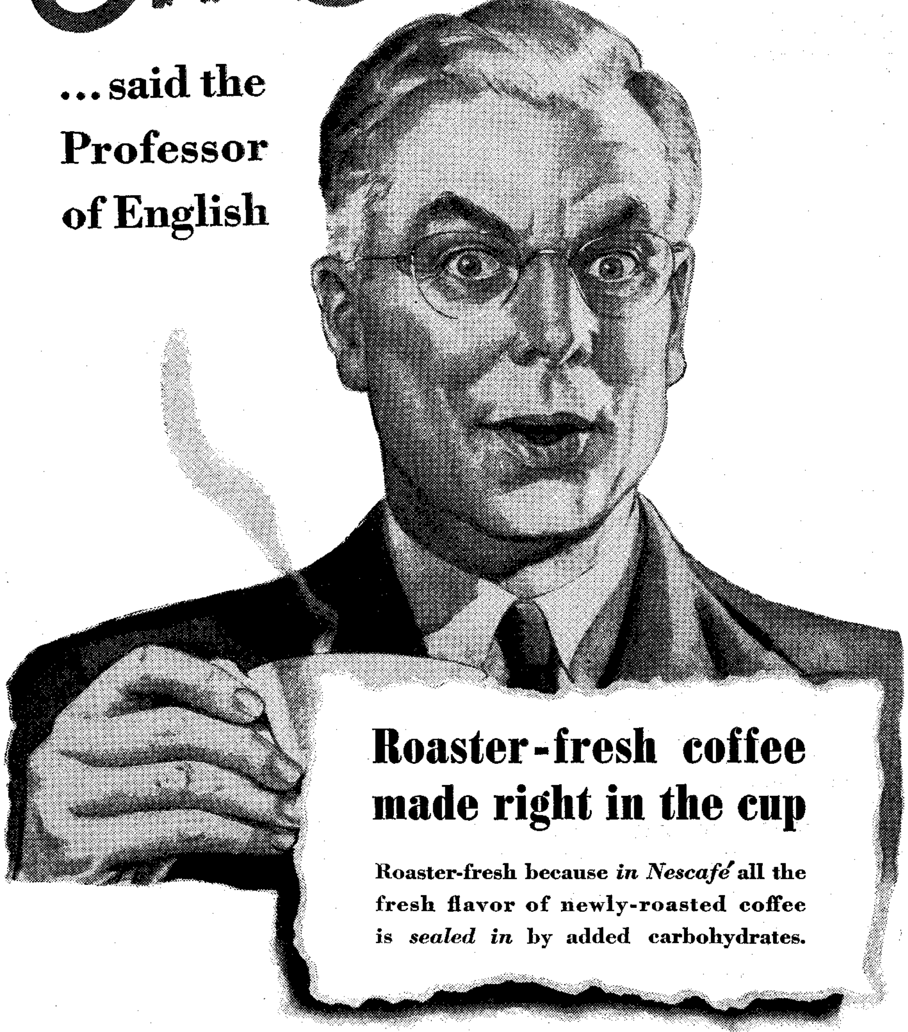
WANDA LANDOWSKA'S Town Hall concert last week demonstrated again the versatility of a great artist. Mme. Landowska appeared as harpsichord soloist, as ensemble player, as arranger, as program annotator, and even as hostess for the evening's proceedings. The program, which was devoted to Polish music and music with Polish influences, had an agreeably informal quality. When Mme. Landowska was assisted by an octet of chamber-music players, the mood was that of several friends who had gathered in somebody's apartment to play compositions they liked. At the end of a group of Polish folk songs, arranged by Mme. Landowska for strings, winds, and harpsichord, Mme. Landowska invited the audience to choose which number should be repeated as an encore.

It is hardly necessary to call attention once more to the sensitivity, musicianship, and virtuosity of Mme. Landowska's presentations, but there can be no harm in making note of her remarkable instinct for characterizing a mood. The chances are that there has never been a better evocation of the courtly, romantic style than in her performance of two polonaises by Prince Michael C. Oginski. (Oginski, who died in 1833, was the most recent composer represented in the concert.) I suspect, however, that the Oginski polonaises aren't really as good as Mme. Landowska made them sound. Her arrangements for chamber orchestra of Polish folk material were fresh and natural, and I shouldn't be surprised if these charming airs became favorites with many chamber-music societies. In more formal vein, there was a sonata for two violins and harpsichord by Szarzynski, a compact and interesting essay, in which the fiddles were played admirably by Joseph Fuchs and William Kroll.

MUSIC composed in the past few years was a prominent feature of the recital by Vivian Rivkin in Carnegie Hall. In addition to performing piano solos, Miss Rivkin collaborated with Joseph Fuchs (Mr. Fuchs had quite a

"OH BOY!"

...said the Professor of English



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busy week) and Nikolai Graudan in the first concert performance of Dmitri Shostakovitch's trio in E-minor, which was written last summer in memory of the composer's friend Ivan Sollerinsky. As usual when new Shostakovitch music is presented, there wasn't much agreement among the lobby debaters. For my part, it seemed that although the composition reveals great feeling and the customary Shostakovitch ingenuity in writing for instruments, there are some diffuse patches that work against the total impression. Still, in spite of its moments of wandering, the trio is a substantial and often absorbing creation, and I think that its third movement, an elegiac largo, may have separate performances on its own. Miss Rivkin and her associates played the trio with great understanding and skill.

Among the other offerings were two piano works by young composers now in the services—Musician 2/c Alan Shulman and Pfc Sol Kaplan. The Shulman "Cradle Song" was a simple, effective, and not too conventional lullaby. Mr. Kaplan's "Toccata, Song, and Dance" had power and a kind of modern dash without any sacrifice of fundamental melodic appeal. Miss Rivkin deserves credit for her enterprise as well as for her prowess at the piano.

FRITZ KREISLER, in his latest Carnegie Hall concert, introduced violin-and-piano arrangements of two movements from his own string quartet in A-minor, and they proved to be attractive additions to the violin repertory. The noted Kreisler tone was in evidence throughout the evening, as well as Mr. Kreisler's individual approach. It isn't easy to describe the appeal of his playing, but I think that it has to do with a certain personal, human communication that comes through and over the music. He plays for you, not at you. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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Dinner preceding the Fourth Quarterly Conference will be served in the Parish Hall. All members and friends of Christ Church are urged to attend and hear the reports of the activities of the past year. Reservations for the Sinner should be made through the Church Office.—*Bulletin of Christ Church, Park Ave.*

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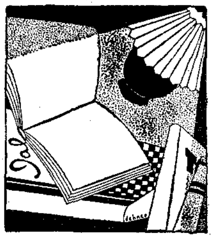
BOOKS

Indian Summer of George Santayana

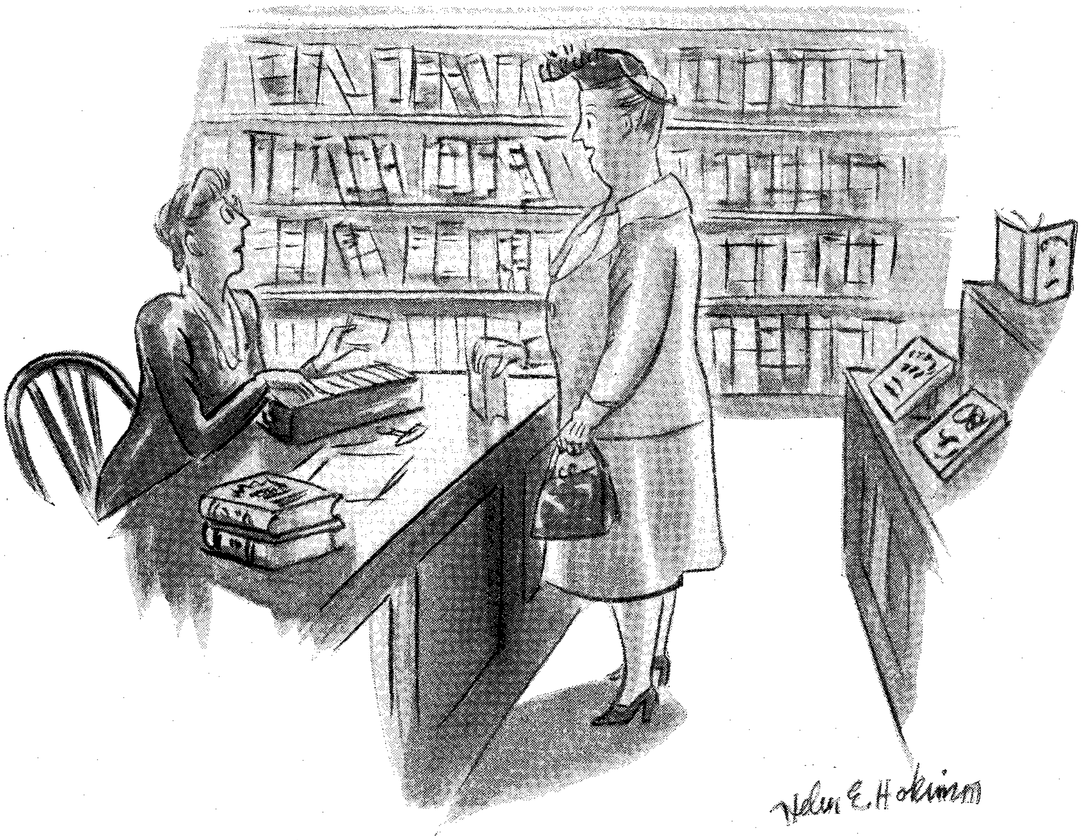


GEORGE SANTAYANA'S memoirs, of which a new section has just appeared, "The Middle Span," Volume II of "Persons and Places" (Scribner), are one of the most astonishing events of this publishing season, as they were of that of 1943-44. Written during the years when Santayana has been turning eighty, this book is so brilliant in color and wit and has so much intellectual vitality that, even more than the late writings of Shaw, it gives us a new idea of how little the possession of these qualities may be dependent on age.

It has always been Santayana's practice to relate arts, religions, and systems of thought to the backgrounds of those who have conceived them. And, having established his own philosophical position in "The Life of Reason" and "Realms of Being," he here presents his own personality, his situation in the human world. The purpose of this autobiography emerges more explicitly in this volume as an attempt to put before his readers, in a precise and definitive way, who and what Santayana is. We tend to think of him, in the United States, as a professor of philosophy at Harvard, who retired and went abroad and devoted himself systematically to expounding a philosophical system. But he makes it very plain in this book how far he was from ever regarding himself as either a professor or a professional philosopher in the narrow academic sense. Philosophy, he says in connection with his unsatisfactory studies in Germany, "remained my one all-embracing interest, not indeed as a science, only as a balance of mind and temper, in which all the sciences and arts should compose as true a picture as possible of nature and human nature." And he writes thus, at the end of the volume, of the close of his academic career: "The professor was dead, the man revived, spoke in the professor's place . . . There was no occasion to change my subjects, to abandon even technical philosophy or my interest in academic life and the humanities. But all was now a voluntary study, a satirical survey, a free reconsideration: the point of view had become at once frankly personal and speculatively transcendental. A spirit, the spirit in a stray individual, was settling its accounts with the universe."

Nor did he ever truly belong to New England. We have seen his life only from the Cambridge end, and, forgetting his pure Spanish blood, have been ignorant of his years in Avila, the town in Spain where his family lived and to which he was always returning, where he could sit in his sister's house, "entirely independent," behind two barred windows that gave on the square, and listen to the vendors' cries, the church bells ringing for mass, and the talk of people passing by or of old women who stopped to gossip, and where he "might have been in the seventeenth century." The beginnings of this divided life he described in the previous volume, and he now explains its implications as they related to the decisions of his mature years. He discusses his position among Protestants as a Latin of Catholic breeding and says that it presented an obstacle to his marrying. "I know that there are some," he goes on, "who . . . even pretend to have become Protestants, and bury as deep as possible the fact that they were born Catholics or Jews. But I am not a man of that stamp. I have been involuntarily uprooted. I accept the intellectual advantages of that position, with its social or moral disqualifications. And I refuse to be annexed, to be abolished, or to be grafted onto any plant of a different species."

The advantages of being uprooted are illustrated in this second volume by travels and personal adventures more varied even than those of the first. Santayana continued to alternate between Harvard and Avila, but he also studied a year in Germany, and he liked to live in England, where he used to go on yachting trips with the eccentric and unsociable Earl Russell. No Englishman and no American could have written of London as he does: "It was precisely to the inveterate stranger in me that London had mightily appealed. All those hollow principles and self-indulgent whims of a decadent age had merged in the English gentleman into good form and sly humor; and in the cockney they were reflected in his good-natured derision and comfortable jol-



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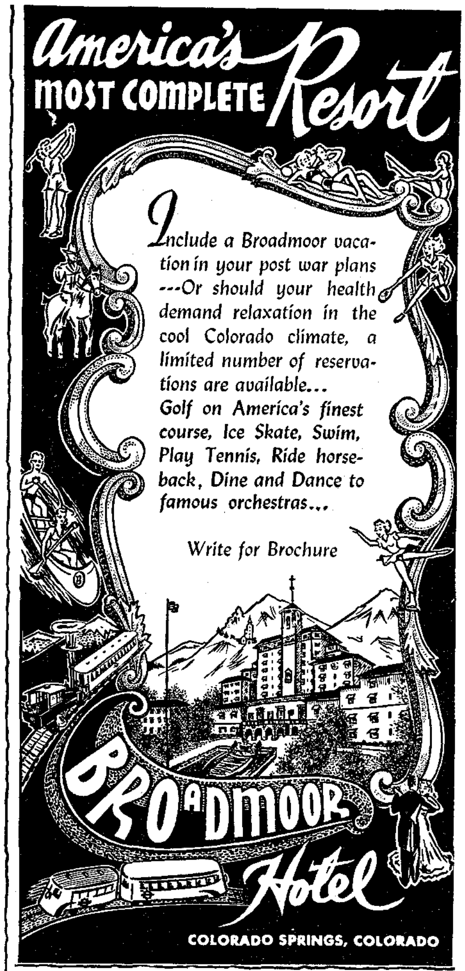
lity. . . . Not that great things have happened in London; it has no such memories as Rome or Florence; but being a commercial city, a port and the center of a colonial empire, it has encyclopedic contacts, and means of knowing the world at a distance without being very much disturbed by it in its own back-parlor." Nor would any Anglo-Saxon of our time have been likely to make the same kind of criticism of the theatre of Galsworthy and Shaw. "I think it must have been Protestantism," he writes, "that so completely extinguished Elizabethan genius. When the theatres were reopened at the Restoration, writers and audiences were utterly cut off from the healthy current of national life, and from the great classic and poetic tradition. They cared only for wit and satire and the evil pleasure of scandal. Now the wish to be edified has been added; but that limits the already slight range of the plays, without infusing into them anything poetical."

On the Americans of the turn of the century, with his knowledge of intimate experience and his detachment of an alien Latin, he is also a unique witness. He tells the stories both of the expatriate artists, such as the poet Trumbull Stickney, at ease neither at home nor abroad, and of the Bostonians who remained at home and "illustrated the decline of an age—the age of the great merchants. They were in one sense its ripe fruits, but in another sense they marked the dissolution of that economy, its incapacity to maintain itself for more than three generations. . . . But this decline," he adds, "regards only a phase of society, not the life of society as a whole, which in New England was growing richer and more vigorous as it passed out of the period of great merchants into that of 'big business' and was merged in the vast American vortex." With this vortex he also had some contact in the person of John D. Rockefeller, whose son-in-law he had known abroad and at whose house he visited. The dinner-table conversations which Santayana reports with Rockefeller, in which he and Santayana seem always to have talked at cross-purposes, belong to the class of incidents of which it used to be said that they provided ideal subjects for Max Beerbohm. One of the most curious features of this volume is the pages that Santayana devotes to Yale, which he sometimes had occasion to visit and which engaged his attention and impressed him as did any strong affirmation of an attitude toward life. He analyzes and expounds the Yale point of view, as distinguished from that of Har-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vard, with the same pleased interest and perfect poise that he brings to that of German philosophy or of the Catholic Church in Spain. For the whole story is a kind of poem of diverging points of view and of the varied types of perfection. "I discount idealizations," he writes of his later years, "I forgive onesidedness, I see that it is essential to perfection of any kind. And in each person I catch the fleeting suggestion of something beautiful, and swear eternal friendship with that."

"Persons and Places" is an autobiography with a metaphysical plot: it stands somewhere between Proust's great novel and "The Education of Henry Adams," less dramatic and intense than the former but much richer in wisdom than the latter, and with more of humanity in it, with much more of the color of life and the understanding of human beings than the "Education" of Adams included. If his book, in the long run, proves inferior in interest to either, it will be because Santayana, always an exile or an alienated native, has had no intimate and painful experience of the life of any social group, as Proust had of the decadence of France or Adams had of the big-business era in America. But he has furnished one of the highest examples of flexible international intelligence in a period that needs it badly.

—EDMUND WILSON

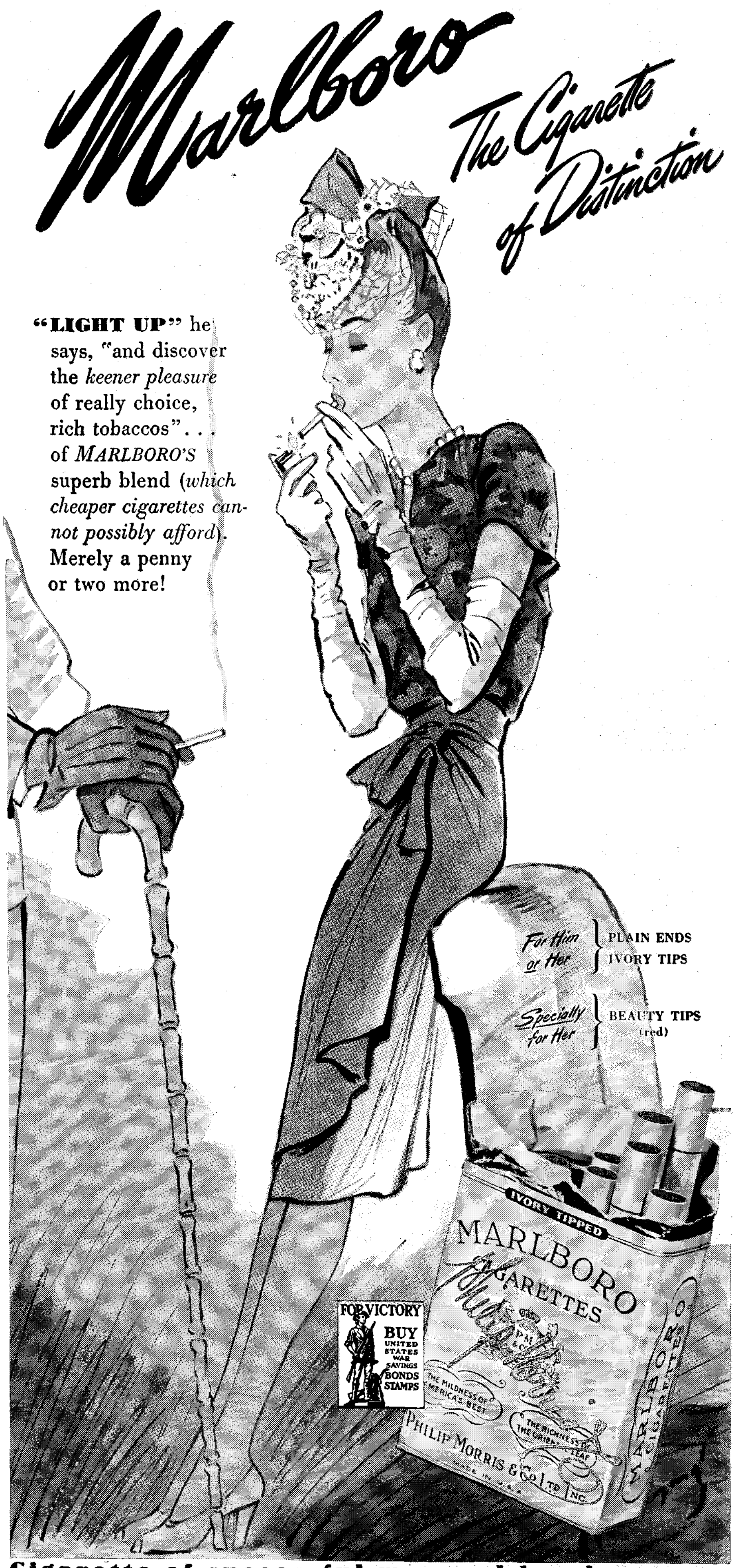
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THEY CHANGE THEIR SKIES, by Letitia Preston Osborne (Lippincott). Life in a Honduran pension patronized by Americans, a couple of Jewish refugees from Hitler's New Order, and a number of just plain Hondurans. The originality of the incidents that make up the slight story will not startle you, but the atmosphere is vivid and the characters have a certain humorous freshness that helps compensate for the vacuous ending.

GENERAL

AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES, by Ira Wolfert (Simon & Schuster). The dramatic and astonishing story of Lieutenant I. D. Richardson, U.S.N.R., who got ashore on Cebu when his ship was sunk and, instead of surrendering after the fall of Corregidor, joined the guerrillas under a Filipino colonel on Leyte. As a major in the guerrilla forces, Richardson played an important part in organizing the roving partisan



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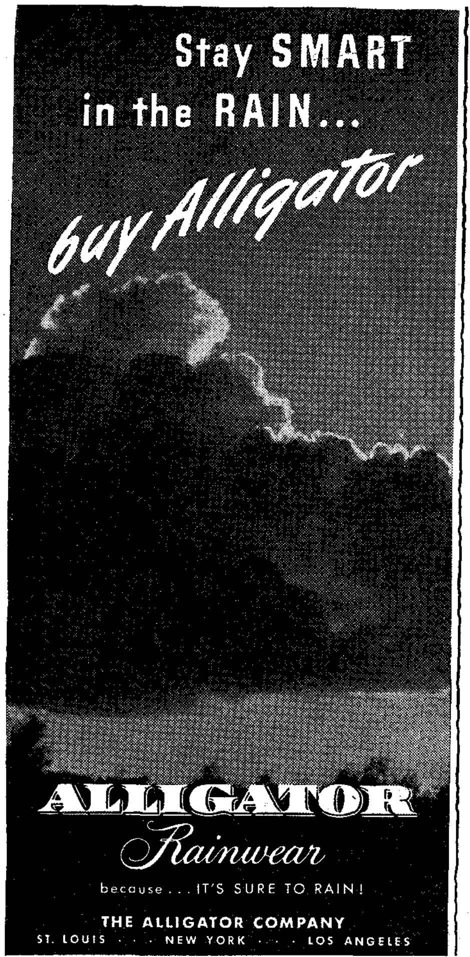

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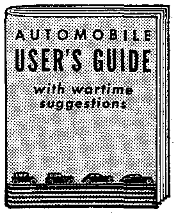

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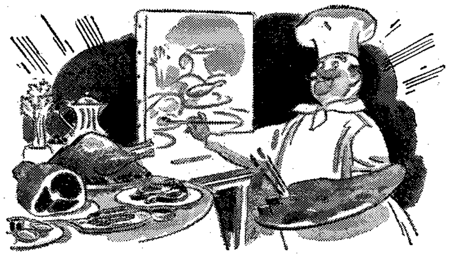
bands into an efficient fighting force with a high nuisance value and had the satisfaction of guiding MacArthur's ships through the minefields by radio when the Americans landed on Leyte last fall. Like all "as told to" accounts, this is puzzling in spots: sometimes it reads like fiction, as in the rather Hemingwaylike romantic passages; sometimes it sounds not at all like the speech and self-expression of a youthful radio technician. However, if Mr. Wolfert, who is a careful prose artist and novelist as well as a newspaperman, has hopped the narrative up here and there, the result seems to be to the good. As he says in his foreword, the story is larger than Richardson himself, for it shows how primitive, uneducated men can be trained, and can train themselves, to become politically aware fighters for freedom.

THIS IS THE MASTER RACE, by Milnes Levick (Bernard Ackerman). A slightly more than pamphlet-size gallery of portraits, done in ink and cold venom (with accompanying text), of a series of imaginary inhabitants of Nazi Germany, ranging from a submarine officer to the superintendent of a slave-labor factory and so on through a variety of other pleasant specimens. There is fury in both text and pictures, but the author's anger has not prevented a considerable insight into the workings of the Fascist mentality.

NAMES ON THE LAND, by George R. Stewart (Random House). The writer of "Storm," a biography of a hurricane, seems to be attracted to subjects which at first glance appear unrewarding, but his books point up the fact that most writers are satisfied with the trodden ways. Mr. Stewart's current preoccupation is the origin of American place names and how they came to be given; his handling of the subject is a triumph of what might be called creative research. He avoids a mere catalogue of funny names and diverting facts and arranges his material chronologically, beginning with the Spaniards and coming down to our own day. Along the way, he probes into the various states of mind and the changing fashions in reading, thinking, and morality that are responsible for the names of our cities and rivers and states and villages—the Providences and the Californias, the Troys and Romes, the Brookdales, Glencoes, and Scarsdales as well as the more rugged Knock-'Em-Stiff, Gouge



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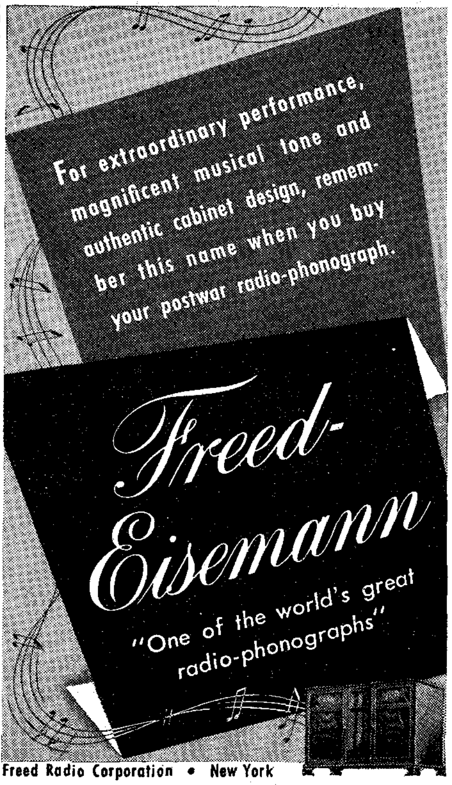

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Eye, and Hell-out-for-Noon City.

Diplomat in Carpet Slippers, by Jay Monaghan (Bobbs-Merrill). A well-known Lincoln scholar presents the Civil War President in the unfamiliar rôle of diplomat—an important one which has been largely neglected or skimped by other biographers. The book opens on the eve of the war which cleaved the country, at a time when the old predatory powers of Europe, already restive over the radical Republicans' victory with Lincoln at the polls, were preparing to jump in at the first good opportunity and walk off with substantial prizes. The Illinois lawyer, harassed by the intrigues of a coalition cabinet and threading a careful diplomatic course through the war years, playing one foreign ambassador against another, vacillating here, conceding there, to reach his great goal, makes a fascinating story, and Mr. Monaghan gets the most out of it. Good photographs and contemporary cartoons.

Reader's Companion, edited by Louis Kronenberger (Viking). This volume, one of Viking Press's Portable series, is an anthology of reading matter—no other classification would quite do the job—that Mr. Kronenberger says he put together solely to please himself. These are brave words, implying that the editor is not afflicted by the occupational maladies of anthologists, the most malignant of which is the desire to show off, the mildest of which is contentment with confining oneself to the old reliables. The implication would seem to be correct; by way of proof, a quick flip through the pages of the book reveals "The Emperor's New Clothes" wedged between a swatch from Boswell's "Johnson" and Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilych," one of the few over-anthologized pieces in the book. There are also short stories (by Henry James and Flaubert, among others), essays, aphorisms, light and dark (or heavy, or whatever the word is) verse, and literary bric-a-brac. Mr. Kronenberger has contributed an introduction which is a nice piece of writing itself.

Tattered Coat, by Nash Buckingham (Putnam). After a lapse of six

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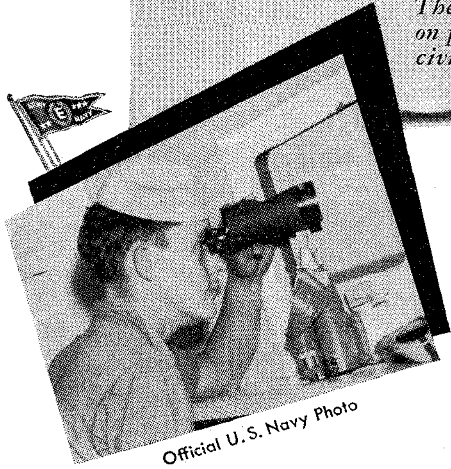

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years, the author, a well-known field shot and conservationist, has produced another volume of hunting reminiscences like his "De Shootinest Gent'man." The new book is similarly full of the minutiae of fall afternoons, hard-working dogs, and canny wildfowl that sportsmen appear to consider the world's best literature. Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

PAINTINGS AND PAINTERS, by Lionello Venturi (Scribner). One of the few academic critics who are capable of enjoying both Botticelli and Picasso writes a pleasantly guided tour of the history of Western painting, or—as the book's subtitle puts it—from Giotto to Chagall. Fifty-three halftone illustrations.

PLASTIC ART AND PURE PLASTIC ART, by Piet Mondrian (Wittenborn). A collection of this artist's occasional writings which presents much of his credo about the functions of modern abstract art. Dry reading, on the whole, but important. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER ON ANGLER'S ISLAND, by Helen Reilly (Random House). Inspector Christopher McKee, visiting at an Army post on an island off the New England coast, helps a handsome young Wac, Miss Elizabeth Spires, who is unable to explain to the police just how the insigne from her garrison hat had turned up near the corpse of a lady she detested. Since Miss Spires and all of her friends have serious emotional problems, McKee's detective work goes slowly, but Homicide Squad methods prevail in the end. Not as satisfactory as the mysteries turned out by Miss Reilly in the days when she wrote like herself instead of like Mrs. Eberhart.

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

FROM: LEE CRANE PUBLICITY DEP'T.
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The New Yorker
Dear Mr. Editor;

On Monday April 2 at 3.30 p.m. over the entire Blue Network (WJZ) on Johnny Olsons' Ladies be seated Program and new song will be introduced written by yours truly the title being 'I WOULDN'T BELIEVE A DONKEY BUT WHO COULD DOUBT A TREE.

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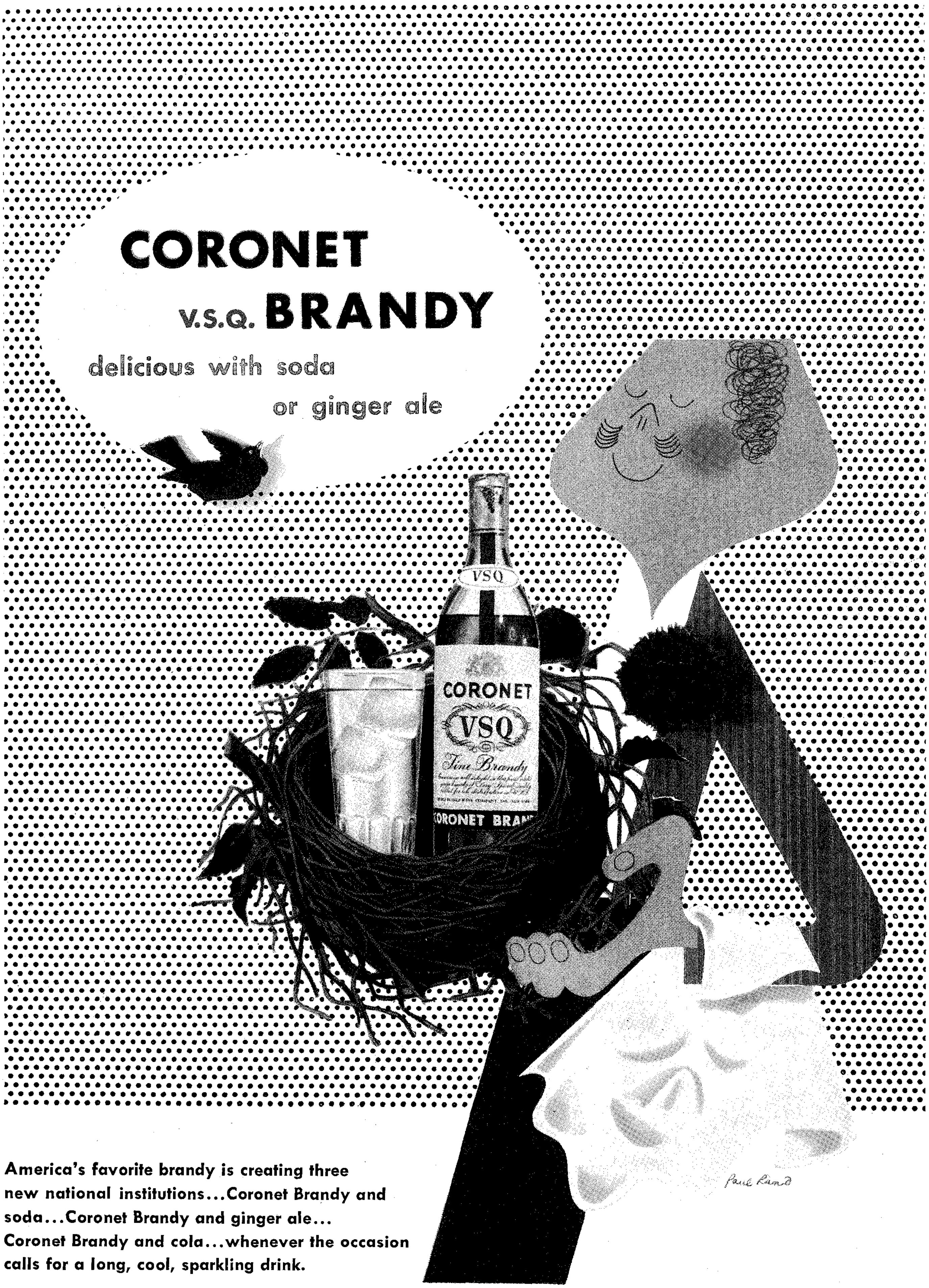
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